THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 203, Number 2

JULY 12, 1930

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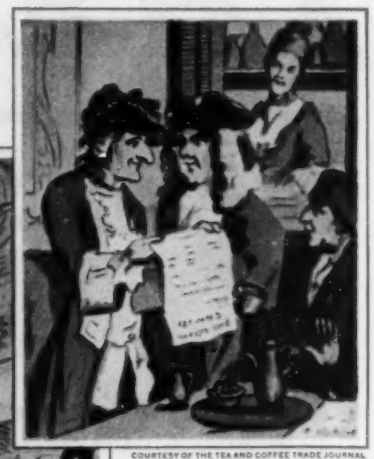
10c. in Canada

Henry Ford—Ben Hecht—Leonard H. Nason—Margaret Culkin Banning
Captain Charles B. Scully—Katherine M. Schmitt—Joseph Hergesheimer

You'd smile at the coffee flavor that 18th century England prized ~and call it too harsh for modern, critical tastes!



COURTESY OF THE TEA AND COFFEE TRADE JOURNAL

At the left, a scene depicting an English inn kitchen of the late 18th century, after a contemporary illustration by the English artist, Thomas Rowlandson. *Above*, "coffee house politicians" of a somewhat earlier date. Since then, styles in coffee production, selection, roasting and packaging have all changed tremendously—but never faster than in the last few years.

But are you sure the coffee you serve today brings you *all* the better flavor that 1930 owes you?

Discover DEL MONTE Coffee today—and taste the richness and flavor that modern science and skill *should* bring to your table

You'd naturally expect the coffee you get today to be better than the harsh, bitter coffees that tempted 18th century palates—better, even, than the milder coffees that later took their place!

But the most important thing to know is whether the coffee you serve on your table brings you *all* the better flavor this *newer* century owes you! Are you getting the very best that modern resources and skill should produce?

A cup of DEL MONTE Coffee can answer that question best.

In adding coffee to its line, DEL MONTE had all the experience of 70 years in creating quality products. We had discovered that careful buyers wanted quality and flavor above everything else—we had learned how to keep the quality and dependability of DEL MONTE Products uniform, year after year.

With this broad experience, we set out to create DEL MONTE Coffee with an entirely new point of view—with no established prejudices for any one type of coffee, with no formulas or blends created under less favorable conditions, with no old equipment, with no older type of package.

We were in a position to start fresh—to take advantage of *every* improvement in coffee production—bringing the full resources and knowledge of 1930 to bear on this single brand.

The result is DEL MONTE Coffee—a new quality standard in coffee—the kind of coffee you would expect DEL MONTE to put on your table.

If you would welcome a better coffee flavor—if you have faith in the other foods DEL MONTE has brought to your table—ask your grocer for a can of DEL MONTE Coffee today. Revel in its rich aroma and full-bodied goodness. Enjoy its wonderful quality and supreme flavor. Here, you will say, is an entirely new achievement in coffee selection, blending and roasting—a really modern coffee—the coffee that 1930 owes your table.

Fresh as the Day it was Roasted

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of DEL MONTE Coffee to risk losing any part of it!

In this modern, hermetically-sealed, air-proof package, DEL MONTE Coffee retains all the volatile oils that give it so much of its new distinction and better flavor.

Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich, as full-bodied—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you fresh from the roaster.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE COFFEE

A MODERN COFFEE - FOR MODERN TASTES

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TODAY
even in the desert they stop for *the pause that refreshes*

AT KINGMAN, hot-spot of the Arizona desert, the big T. A. T. monoplane swoops to earth. Out come the passengers —to stretch, relax and find *the pause that refreshes*. The adobe station bakes in desert sunshine. But quickly they move inside —to inviting shade and a big ice-box filled with Coca-Cola. What a place for such a drink! • • • And yet nobody is surprised. They've found it everywhere across the continent . . . at Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York; at Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Waynoka, Clovis, Albuquerque, Winslow. And they'll find it at the Grand Central Air Terminal, Los Angeles. • • • All the big passenger planes come down at intervals to let passengers put their feet on the ground. And ice-cold Coca-Cola, a-tingle with delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment, is always there.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

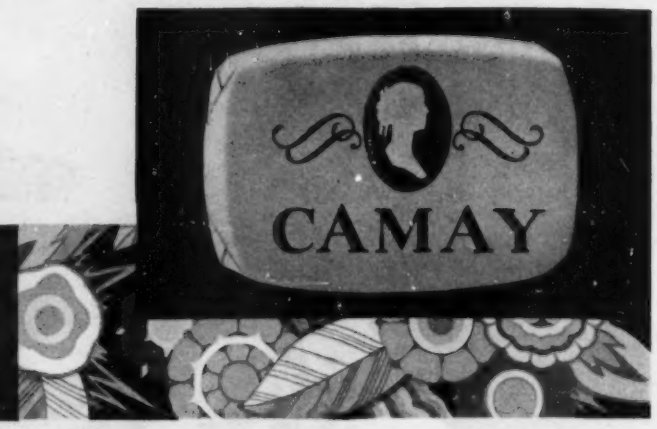
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN — Grantland Rice — Famous Sports Champions — Coca-Cola Orchestra — Wed. 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time. — Coast to Coast NBC Network

NINE MILLION A DAY

I'm being agreed with!

All over America girls are discovering there never before was any complexion soap so gentle as Camay



REALLY, I'm so *pleased!* Is there anything nicer than to find yourself agreed with by people whom you respect? And girls from every part of the country write me that they are *quite* as enthusiastic over Camay's gentle way of caring for complexions as I am, myself!

So many of them feel this way that Camay has changed in a few short months from a name known to only a few of you, into the most talked-of complexion soap in America!

Was it the approval of America's most eminent dermatologists that started Camay towards this great success? Of course, I don't *know.* But it looks very much as if my announcement of its unanimous approval by 73 of these great physicians had made almost every girl want to try it.

And every girl who wants a good complexion (I'm sure there can't be one who *doesn't,* even on a desert island!) *ought* to want to try it, because Camay is the only complexion soap that has ever received unanimous approval from the only really qualified authorities on the care of the skin.

But I have an idea that Camay's own lovely, gentle self *really* explains its success. The very first time you use Camay, your complexion knows that it has found a friend and protector. It fairly purrs with gratitude when Camay's velvety soft lather cleanses away dust and make-up and the excess oil that pores just *will* manufacture whenever you get the least bit warm.

And, after you've used Camay for a scant week or so, you suddenly realize you've *never* before found anything like it to keep your skin fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

I can't believe there's anybody in this whole wide country who doesn't know Camay by this time. But, if there should be, I have just this to say: Please get a cake at once and start giving your complexion a care that is not only exquisitely gentle and fragrant, but absolutely scientific as well. Isn't *that* a wonderful combination?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-70, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP
[CALLED CALAY IN CANADA]—10¢ A CAKE

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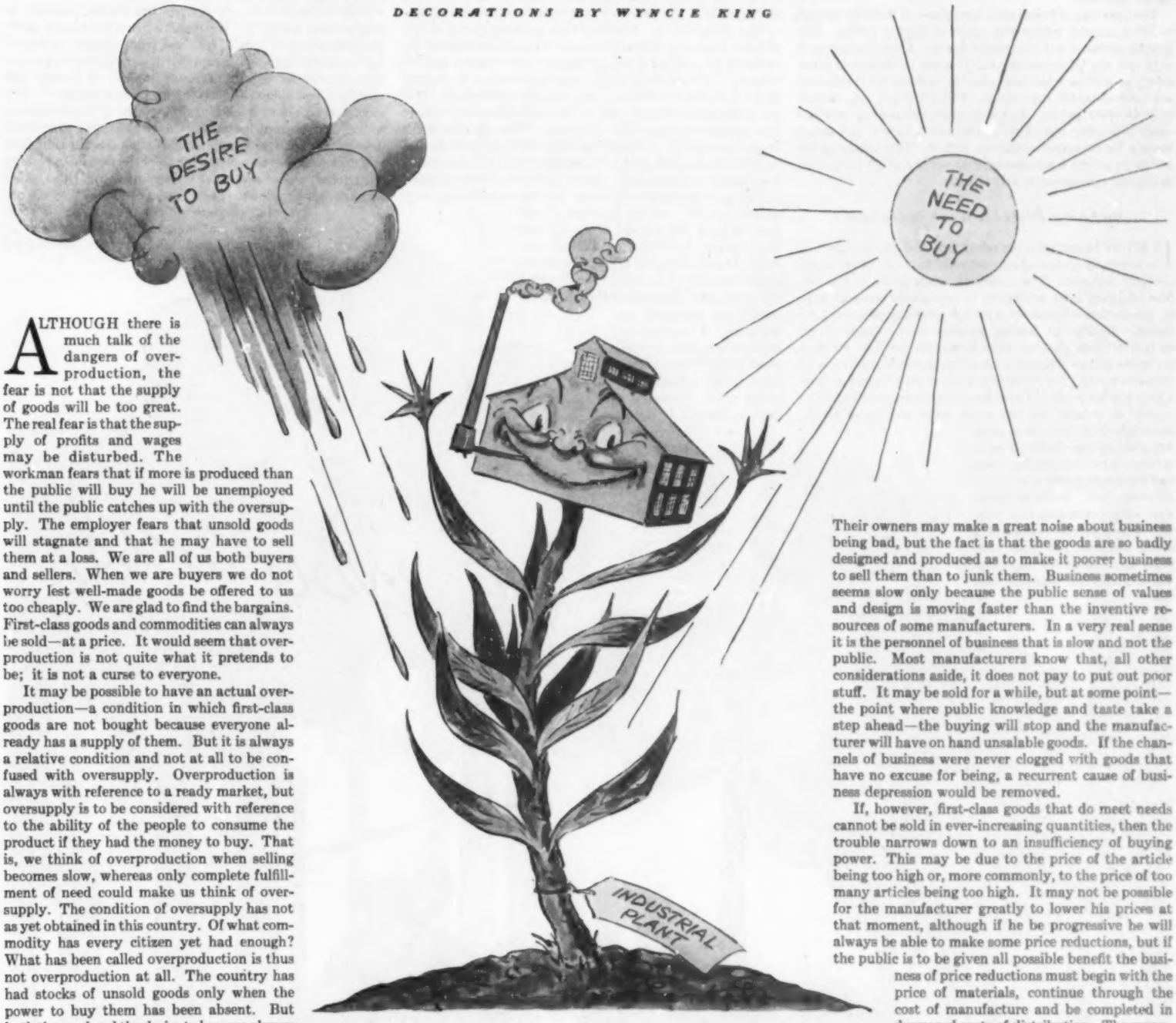
The Fear of Overproduction

By Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING



ALTHOUGH there is much talk of the dangers of overproduction, the fear is not that the supply of goods will be too great. The real fear is that the supply of profits and wages may be disturbed. The workman fears that if more is produced than the public will buy he will be unemployed until the public catches up with the oversupply. The employer fears that unsold goods will stagnate and that he may have to sell them at a loss. We are all of us both buyers and sellers. When we are buyers we do not worry lest well-made goods be offered to us too cheaply. We are glad to find the bargains. First-class goods and commodities can always be sold—at a price. It would seem that overproduction is not quite what it pretends to be; it is not a curse to everyone.

It may be possible to have an actual overproduction—a condition in which first-class goods are not bought because everyone already has a supply of them. But it is always a relative condition and not at all to be confused with oversupply. Overproduction is always with reference to a ready market, but oversupply is to be considered with reference to the ability of the people to consume the product if they had the money to buy. That is, we think of overproduction when selling becomes slow, whereas only complete fulfillment of need could make us think of oversupply. The condition of oversupply has not as yet obtained in this country. Of what commodity has every citizen yet had enough? What has been called overproduction is thus not overproduction at all. The country has had stocks of unsold goods only when the power to buy them has been absent. But both the need and the desire to buy are always present. I am assuming, of course, that the unsold goods are of a design and a quality to meet the needs and the desires of the people.

At all times, but especially at the end of a boom, the market contains goods that remain unsold, not because of overproduction but because there exists no reason why anyone should buy them; whatever their past usefulness, they no longer fill a need. Their owners may make a great noise about business being bad, but the fact is that the goods are so badly designed and produced as to make it poorer business to sell them than to junk them. Business sometimes seems slow only because the public sense of values and design is moving faster than the inventive resources of some manufacturers. In a very real sense it is the personnel of business that is slow and not the public. Most manufacturers know that, all other considerations aside, it does not pay to put out poor stuff. It may be sold for a while, but at some point—the point where public knowledge and taste take a step ahead—the buying will stop and the manufacturer will have on hand unsalable goods. If the channels of business were never clogged with goods that have no excuse for being, a recurrent cause of business depression would be removed.

If, however, first-class goods that do meet needs cannot be sold in ever-increasing quantities, then the trouble narrows down to an insufficiency of buying power. This may be due to the price of the article being too high or, more commonly, to the price of too many articles being too high. It may not be possible for the manufacturer greatly to lower his prices at that moment, although if he be progressive he will always be able to make some price reductions, but if the public is to be given all possible benefit the business of price reductions must begin with the price of materials, continue through the cost of manufacture and be completed in decreased costs of distribution. The manufacturer often sees how swiftly the economies in manufacturing are being swallowed up in wasteful distribution, and this distribution may not be within the control of the manufacturer. There is no point in economizing in manufacturing if, at the same time, the suppliers and distributors charge all that the traffic will bear. This is merely to emphasize the fact that the task of putting business on better foundations depends on

every department of business and not alone on the manufacturer. Nothing can be cheap when any part of a commodity is dear. The only point where we cannot consider cheapness in the sense of price reductions is in human labor. Labor costs must be kept down, but the only infallible way of doing this is by keeping wages up.

In general it can be laid down as a principle that sales prices to the consumer can always be cut, and in an emergency it may pay to cut the prices to below the line of profit. The increased business will in the course of time create larger profits. We have a number of times cut our prices below what we believed to be the cost of production and the immediate benefits have been of two kinds. The larger volume of business resulting has not been the most valuable of the benefits. That which has most profited us has been the effect which this arbitrary cutting of costs has had on our organization—that is, on all of us. It has always made us more alert and more resourceful. I find it is more profitable to give more attention to the producing organization than to the selling market. We pay comparatively little attention to what is called "the sales end of the business." We believe that the sales are largely determined by the ability and progressiveness of the manufacturing organization. Therefore it is not without experience that I say prices can always be cut, and with great benefit to both maker and user.

The lowering of prices may sometimes of itself be enough to bring articles within the range of buying power. But buying power is not a constant figure. Lowering prices is only one way of increasing it. It must be increased absolutely as well as relatively, else the market for things will not be constantly expanding. Therefore it is not enough only to lower prices. Industry must also aim at continuously providing out of its operations a larger and larger income for everyone connected with it. This brings up for review in a very fundamental manner the whole subject of industrial management and finance.

No Lamp-Posts for Weak Industries

IT MUST be settled in our minds first that this thing which is generally spoken of as overproduction has never as yet actually occurred. The occasional stagnations in the free flow of goods from producers to consumers seem to have no connection whatsoever with the quantity of goods produced. Instead of fearing genuine overproduction, we should welcome the day when it may be possible, for then everyone will be supplied with all the goods and services he needs or wants. From the beginning of time there has been a striving for goods. There has never been a period when people in general did not want more and more goods, although there have been periods when people definitely gave up the hope of ever getting them and accepted poverty as an inevitable fact. Some of them were even persuaded that poverty was a virtue instead of a social disease. We must candidly agree with the moralists who contend that mankind does not exist only to possess material objects, but it is most certainly true that, until society from top to bottom is satiated with goods, we shall scarcely have the opportunity really to discover what life is about. Therefore we can look forward to the day of actual overproduction as the day of emancipation from enslaving materialistic anxiety. Unfortunately there is no prospect of that day coming soon. The people as a whole have not as yet suffered from plenty.

Of the three elements which alone or in combination cause the stagnation which is so wrongly spoken of as overproduction, two are within the control of business itself, while the third is largely within its control. Quality and price are affairs of design, engineering and management, while the increasing of buying power is, for that portion of the nation's income which results from industry, an affair of design, engineering, management and finance.

Since a surplus of unsold goods is never due to factories having actually produced too much, it is not surprising that the superficial view that depressions are due to overproduction invariably leads to adopting measures to relieve the situation which, in fact, only make conditions worse. The patient is given a drastic treatment for a disease he has not.

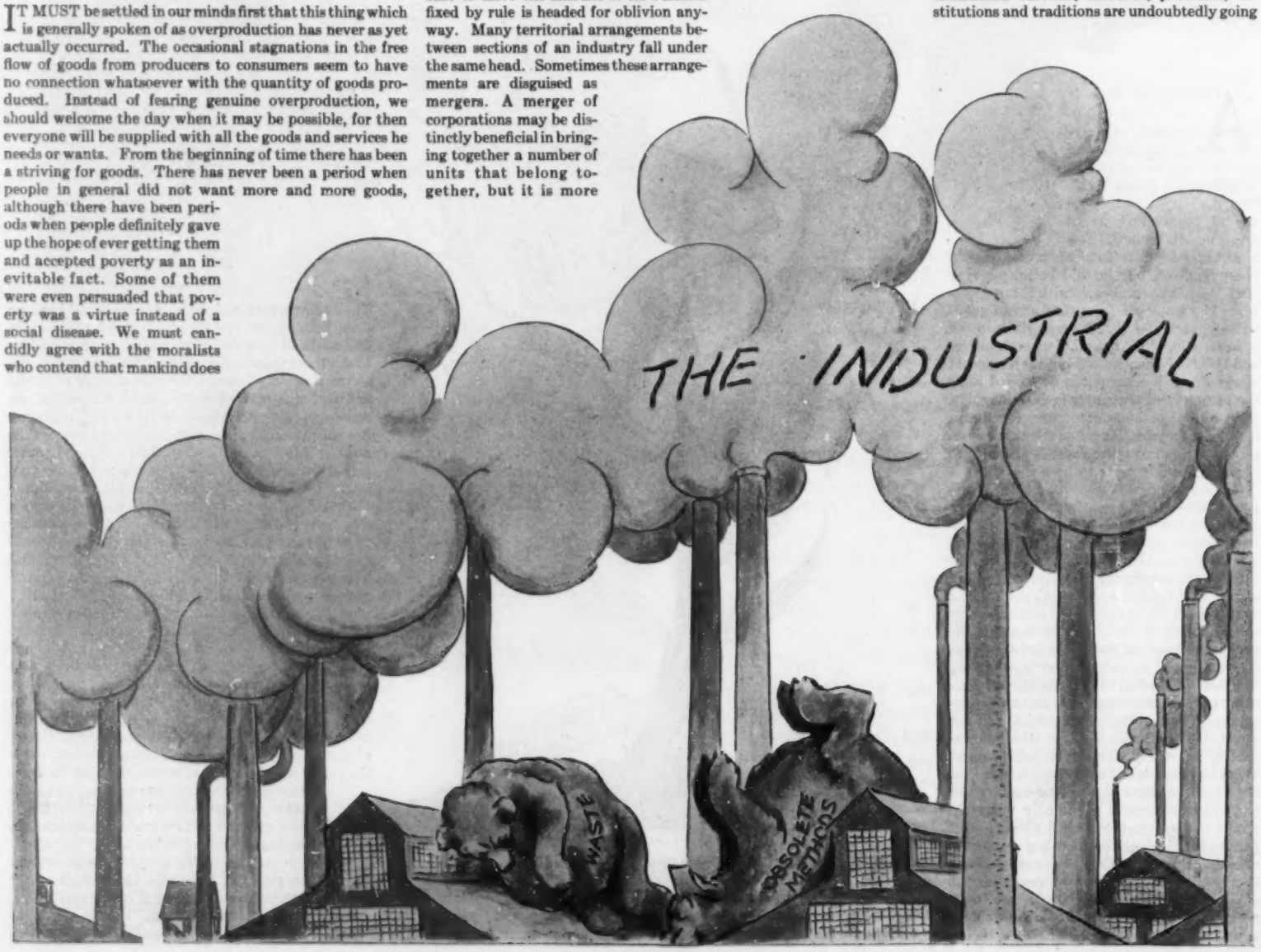
In the older days of medicine, the doctor, after making his diagnosis, invariably let out some of the patient's life blood. The patient was supposed to get stronger by being made weaker. Our business doctoring is still in that stage.

The prescriptions, whatever they pretend to be, all get around to raising prices, cutting down production and decreasing the buying power of wages both directly and indirectly. A very fashionable prescription aims at cutting down the production until it exactly fits the demand. It is an interesting thought, but it proceeds upon the fallacy that production depends on demand. The opposite is the truth for business. Demand depends upon production, and so, if the production drops, the demand will drop and, therefore, under this proposed scheme production and demand will go hand in hand to oblivion. This, however, is not very serious, for an industry that would consent to have the amount of its business fixed by rule is headed for oblivion anyway. Many territorial arrangements between sections of an industry fall under the same head. Sometimes these arrangements are disguised as mergers. A merger of corporations may be distinctly beneficial in bringing together a number of units that belong together, but it is more usual for weak than for strong corporations to merge. No lamp-posts have been provided for weak or overstimulated businesses to cling to, and so they are apt to cling to one another. The embrace is called a merger.

However, the reorganizing of so many industries to meet the conditions of today—even though the reorganizations do not meet the conditions—is at least a recognition that the need for reorganizing exists and that we have passed the peak of a certain phase of industry. The recognition of that fact is the first step toward a more thorough reorganization which will insure steady progression and make impossible the recurrence of such orgies as have from time to time taken place in the stock market.

Putting Business in its Proper Place

THE changes which are now coming about are, as has been indicated, very comprehensive. They involve more of a change in our mental attitude toward things than in the things themselves. We need a new view of the business unit, of its profits, of employment and of thrift. Essentially we must get rid of the notion that we are the servants of business and proceed to put business in its proper place as our servant. This means that all along the line we shall have to cease serving things and make things serve us. We need a higher and more wholesome thrift, in which things will be valued only for the service they render, and only so long as they render it. We have to get rid of that miserly attitude which is born of fear and which results in hoarding instead of using. This applies to our business organization as well as to our personal affairs. A change has already come about, and we might as well realize it. The change need not of itself bother anyone. It is the natural order. The pessimist who sees things going to pieces is not deluded; he is correctly reporting what he actually sees. The optimist who sees things soaring to perfection is an equally good reporter—he sees what he says he sees. But neither sees the whole picture. Their reports of what they see are true, but they are not comprehensive. Certain established customs, methods, processes, institutions and traditions are undoubtedly going



to pieces, and irrecoverably. This irrecoverability strikes fear in many people. They want yesterday to come back. But yesterday is not coming back. The old era is dead and is being buried bit by bit.

It is the collapse of many dominant methods and institutions that alarms people. That need not alarm anyone. The evolution is perfectly natural.

The Product Oft Proclaims the Producer

ONE of the great changes that have come about has to do with the increasingly large number of men who are no longer working exclusively for money. Today none of the real leaders is working for money. All of them have more money than they can use, and they continue to earn money in large amounts as a part of the machinery of monetary supply for the whole of society. All so-called private fortunes are nothing less than public reserves. I have noticed that those who work exclusively for money, and for a time earn it, do not retain it unless they continue the use of it for the public. The desire for mere money has a way of defeating itself—a very sure way. It is quite the same with a business, and particularly so under the new order of things. If the main objective of any business is the earning of a fixed dividend, then that business is surely doomed. Profits must come as an incident to doing the job well or they will not come at all. There is nothing fixed about any business, and it has to be prepared at any time to change its product and methods of manufacturing. A unit of industry, a business—call it anything—is only slightly a collection of buildings and machinery. An estimate of the value of any business based on the property or facilities it owns is practically worthless. No one would think of paying carpenters according to the kind of tool chests they have. The man with a good set of tools ought to do better work than the man with a poor set, and therefore command a higher wage. But that would have to be demonstrated; it could not be taken for granted.

A factory is only a tool, and its value lies in its production. This production is based on the power and the methods that the managers have put behind it. In many respects the factory itself is a greater thing than its product. If the product is a machine of any sort useful to the public, that is the thing admired, but the really admirable object is the machine that makes the machine—the factory organization and equipment that make the thing which the public buys. The factory is a potency which may be turned to many uses besides that for which the public knows it best. Power, the knowledge of power, the use of power, and not merely the specific product of power in which, for the moment, we happen to be interested—that is what an industrial establishment signifies.

A manufacturing company is only as good as its product, and unless that product be constantly improved it will not constantly draw the public to its buying. That is elementary, but often this fundamental seems to be neglected, for not otherwise could so many companies be judged for financial purposes solely on their past records. A record of success presupposes that some valuable experience has been gained. But if the company loses its active management—the men who made its success—then that company, no matter how much property it has, must make its way all over again unless the new managers are able to avail themselves of the former experience. This is frequently shown in an old company which, under a new management, goes in for quantity production, not to meet demands as they are created but just to produce a great quantity of goods to force on the market. Under these circumstances quality is always neglected. The neglect may not be—probably is not—intentional, but if the emphasis of the management is upon volume, then the men all the way down the line will feel it, inspection will be put aside if it interferes with output records, and of course the quality will go down.

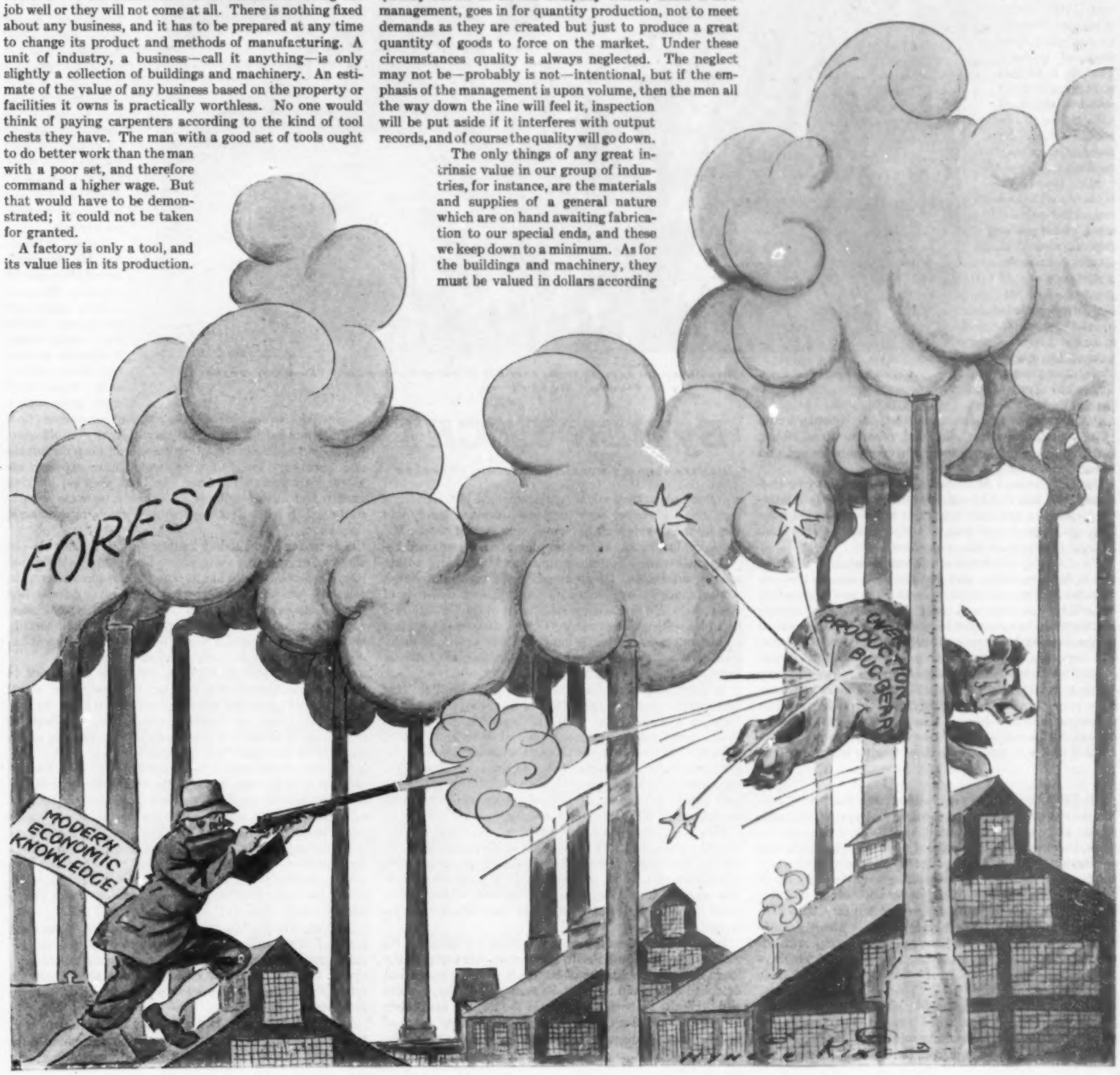
The only things of any great intrinsic value in our group of industries, for instance, are the materials and supplies of a general nature which are on hand awaiting fabrication to our special ends, and these we keep down to a minimum. As for the buildings and machinery, they must be valued in dollars according to the meaningless methods of accounting that are required by law. Actually they are worth only what we can do with them. Our shop is not the mere material fabric; it is twenty-five years of time, twenty-five years of experience, built into management and method and machinery. The greatest elements of a machine or a shop are those you do not see—the invisible essence of time and devotion and the slowly acquired wisdom that have gone into it. It is our business as managers to design a shop that will make the product, and, since every day we should learn something about how to better our product or the manner of its making, both the product and the shop are constantly changing.

A Laboratory of Factory Method

OUR policy—which we have found no reason to amend—has been to regard ourselves as charged with discovering the best way of doing everything and to hold every process employed in our manufacturing as purely experimental. Several years ago I said:

"We know from the changes that have already been brought about that far greater changes are to come, and that, therefore, we are not performing a single operation as well as it ought to be performed. We do not make changes

(Continued on Page 132)



Baby Milly and the Pharaoh

Mr. Gershky Stood Up and Was Pulled for Several Yards Into His Favorite Garden Bed. "Look Out for the Flowehs," He Cautioned

By BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

HERMAN GERSHKY was worth around six hundred million dollars. People who liked to quibble—and the movie industry is full of such—put his fortune at three hundred million. There were still others—those shrewd nonentities to be found on all curbings, watching all the parades—who were ready to argue that Mr. Gershky had very little money of his own, but that he controlled hundreds of millions. That is, if he had wanted to, he could spend a thousand million; or if he needed money, he could raise a thousand million.

Mr. Gershky himself, who had spent his youth and much of his maturity counting nickels, didn't know the right answer. If you had asked Mr. Gershky point-blank how much money he was worth, he might have answered, with Czar Paul—the mad one—"as much as there is." As a matter of fact, Mr. Gershky would have scratched his flat, bald head unhappily, and looked bored, and said nothing, and been very embarrassed and thought you a fool.

But just because Mr. Gershky was too rich to be concerned with how rich he was, the subject did not lack interest for others, and Mr. Gershky's little ears would have long ago been burned away if the discussion of his bank balance had had any effect on them.

Mr. Gershky had entered the movie industry when he was in his late forties, and had puttered around like any financier, buying, selling and organizing, and barricading himself behind more and more lawyers. Then suddenly Mr. Gershky had changed from a financier into a sort of fungus bearing his name and spreading all over the world. For some fifteen years Mr. Gershky had then sat in one office after another and grown more and more awe-inspiring to his associates and rivals—as he retired more and more from contact with them. And finally Mr. Gershky had undergone another change—passing from a fungus into a bas-relief Pharaoh—a sort of half-fabulous potentate imbedded in a new empire of—God forgive the word—art.

II

OF THE fifteen or twenty subsidiary czars who conducted the Gershky Amusement Enterprises, and with whom Mr. Gershky consulted, needlessly, from week to week, there was none but seemed physically, mentally and spiritually superior to the Pharaoh. These production heads, studio heads, sales heads and general financial heads were as windy and finnagling, as devious, as full of guile, greed and personality as the general military staff of a Mexican revolution. Their energies were about equally divided between the slam-bang, catch-as-catch-can business of movie-making and selling, and the subtle, hightytighty, Oriental intrigue involved in the keeping of their jobs.

The superiority of Mr. Gershky's group of nobles, their keener grasp on the details of his enterprises, their handsomer faces, their more worldly minds and more dynamic spirits were all, however, discounted by the fact that, toil and triumph as they might, they remained Mr. Gershky's employes. However high they rose, however gaudy and bizarre the powers they maneuvered into their hands, Mr. Gershky, fat, squat, bland and round-faced, remained beyond their reach—as if he occupied and functioned within another dimension. He appeared once a week in his office, whose windows overlooked the tangle and tom-tom of Broadway. He would come sidling out of the elevator and treading softly, almost apologetically, down the corridors to his sanctum, leaving behind, in those employes lucky enough to witness his passage, a confused sense of wrongdoing.

So great, so powerful was the name "Gershky" in their minds that they felt their attitude in his actual presence failed to do him justice. While an inner backbone within them curved itself into the immemorial salute to Pharaohdom, while their spirits postured in the ancient and poetical obeisance before the Light of the World, being Americans they kept their bodies straight, held their breaths, tried to look natural and at the same time deeply infatuated with their work as Mr. Gershky moved by.

The tension he inspired was very pleasing to Mr. Gershky—pleasing in a minor and almost childish way. For Mr. Gershky was not vain. He lacked the imagination to understand his own greatness in the eyes of others. He was almost entirely without that egoism which makes great men dramatize and delight in their effect upon inferiors.

In short, Mr. Gershky wasn't thrilled by himself. He was a simple and cautious little Pharaoh. He accepted the inner awe and obeisances of his court with a pleased but detached mind, and at heart he remained as shy, evasive and ineffectual a social being as in the days of his broken accent and nickel nursing. Now, after so many years of quite maniacal success, he would no more have been capable of arresting the attention, let alone commanding the respect of strangers, than of leading the symphony orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

But this shyness made Mr. Gershky a perfect Pharaoh. For because of it he never competed with his own greatness. He was, in fact, incapable of expressing greatness, of giving it any dramatic or manneristic outline. And this delinquency was, as always, a good preservative for his reputation. Its result was that when he appeared in the flesh he became more of a legend than ever, for he was incapable of obtruding a human and disillusioning figure on the almost fabulous preconceptions he encountered in people's minds.

Arrived in his office, Mr. Gershky's secretaries would summon the subsidiary czars and the weekly conference would ensue. A stranger, attending these conferences, would have come away with a deep conviction that Mr. Gershky was an out-and-out fool. For, surrounded by his nobles, Mr. Gershky would start talking in a mild, uninteresting voice, and keep on talking and repeating himself until one would have expected his listeners to burst with ennui. Instead, they sat hanging on Mr. Gershky's words as if all their fates were secretly contained in his reiterative babble—which, in a manner, they were.

The reason Mr. Gershky had grown to talk like this—he who had once been a very concise if ungrammatical financier, who, socially, was hardly capable of a comment on the weather—was that for a good ten years—ever since he had mysteriously rid himself of a partner—nobody had interrupted him. Also Mr. Gershky, being a shy and socially ineffectual man, found a happy relief from his general human incompetence in these hours of conference.

Here he was garrulous. Here the vague little spirit of the man, protected and coddled by this inner court, emerged and gamboled lamely about the premises for several giddy hours; a diversion which cost Mr. Gershky thousands of dollars, if the accumulating salaries of his high-priced nobles were to be calculated.

The conference usually lasted until Mr. Gershky became satiated with his own reiterations. So perfect was the respect in which Mr. Gershky was held that none ever thought of turning on him, when he was finally run down, hoarse and winded, with any sort of argument. Each noble, at the conclusion of Mr. Gershky's verbigeration, consumed a few minutes repeating fragments of the Pharaoh's discourse, during which the latter listened proudly and excitedly, bursting into happy exclamations of "Fine! That's wight! Oak! Exactly! Puffeck!"

And when each of the czars had been patted on the head for his fine parroting, the company arose and—as on this early summer afternoon which was to usher such disturbing events into his life—Mr. Gershky found himself all too quickly alone, all too completely abandoned to his own greatness.

His court, as always, had obsequiously withdrawn, each member thereof eager not to seem too sycophantically interested in the Pharaoh, and all of them instinctively

contributing to the industry's illusion that Mr. Gershky was too vast, too empirical a figure to waste his time with any of them. But Mr. Gershky's vastness and empiricalness were external qualities on which neither his soul, nor his heart, nor yet his mind could feed.

Never was there a more touching illustration of the fact that too much greatness is almost as useless to its possessor as none. For Mr. Gershky was so important that there was really nothing he could stoop to with which to occupy himself, and nobody he could speak to, and no one, not even his most intimate nobles, who dared, without summons, speak to him.

There were several thousand things to which Mr. Gershky could, as a matter of fact, have turned his hand this afternoon. He could have called in any one of his stenographers, told her to change her name, telephoned his nobles in Hollywood, set into operation such a blistering ballyhoo as would have converted her within six months into a world figure and popular idol. Indeed, there was almost nothing one could think of that Mr. Gershky couldn't do with a wave of his cinema wand. He could make stock-market panics, create stars, order parades, throw up skyscrapers, frighten the wits out of a hundred thousand employes—his nobles included—tangle destinies, answer dreams and shower gold in a way that would have made Merlin and Aladdin gape like amateurs.

But Mr. Gershky was too sensible a man to engage in any of these sleights of hand. He left such didoes to his lesser rivals, the runner-up Pharaohs of Hollywood. The less he did the more awe he inspired, the more incalculable his powers seemed to those others whom he ruled.

So Mr. Gershky, abandoned by his court on this early summer afternoon, sat twiddling his thumbs and feeling as lonely and restless as any five-dollar-a-night watchman. In a simple, unegotistic way he felt a vague envy for the lesser mortals of the world, and his flat, bald head drooped under the weight of its glittering crown. He puttered for a time among the papers on his desk. He thought of calling up his friend Sam Meyer and taking him on for a round of golf on his private links, but he remembered that Sam was sputtering in the throes of some merger and would start spouting prophecies and statistics like a maniac.

He rose from his desk and looked out of his health-glass windows and scratched his head and wondered at his own restlessness. At sixty a man should be content to sit back and be Pharaoh. But the simplicity that was the basis of Mr. Gershky's nature rebelled this afternoon against the hierarchal trappings in which he must move. Not a violent rebellion but a wistful, unformed day-dream such as disturbs the wool-gathering thoughts of a suburban housewife stirred Mr. Gershky's heart and sent him walking, or rather sidling, out of the carved doors of his sanctum into the corridor.

Here he stood, irritably aware of the electricity his presence engendered in the spirits of the half-dozen hirelings who were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him. Scowling to conceal just what he did not know, Mr. Gershky walked slowly down the corridor, peering into one office after another, and being met each time by such frightened and confused eyes—quite as if he were a bogy man—that he hurried on.

He turned into another corridor, bethinking himself of Chollie Frieda, his chief noble, a gentleman thrashing around in ambitions that embraced no less than the Pharaoh's own shoes. Mr. Gershky was fond of Mr. Frieda and admired the clever and unscrupulous and always smiling manner in which he had elbowed his way through his fellow nobles, hamstringing, knifing and garroting as he went, to a position at the Pharaoh's right hand. Mr. Gershky was not beyond enjoying the thought of the assassinations and pogroms that lay behind the always deferential but amused face of this right-hand man of his. He paused. Mr. Frieda's door was open—a sign that he was not at his desk. He stood listening

"I Am Baby Milly," She Said Mincingly

abstractedly to the sound of typewriters and giggles and discussions and the scurrying of feet, and the revolt that had sent him sidling out of his sanctum grew stronger, or at least his unrest and old-mannish wistfulness deepened. Whereupon, at this moment, as if some magician even more powerful than Mr. Gershky had heard his plaint and answered it, his eyes lighted on an occupant of Mr. Frieda's office—an unexpected and wholly delightful occupant.

This occupant was neither standing nor sitting, but lay on the carpet, stretched on its stomach, its heels in the air, its chin cupped in its hands, its eyes intent on a large picture book. Mr. Gershky smiled. The presence of a child in Mr. Frieda's office struck Mr. Gershky as a very incongruous thing. He studied the little one with an increasing sense of calm and delight. She was hardly more than six, and her pale, slightly chubby face was framed in a symmetrical casque of coal-black hair, as if it had been carefully fitted into a chiseled ebony frame. She seemed very exquisite to Mr. Gershky, and his simple heart contracted with a peculiar emotion—almost pity—at the spectacle of such innocence lying on the floor of Mr. Frieda's office.

Mr. Gershky was no promiscuous child lover. It had actually been years—fifteen, at least—since he had spoken to one. But such was his mood at the moment that Mr. Gershky held his ground and continued to regard the little one with an expression whose tenderness and unsophistication would have startled the entire personnel of the Gershky Enterprises.

The occupant, aware of this scrutiny, slowly turned her eyes upward and favored Mr. Gershky with a dark, unwavering and half-sleepy stare. Mr. Gershky smiled at once, as if he were about to offer it some peanuts. Then he blinked his eyes, clucked tenderly and made a face. The occupant, without moving a muscle, regarded these manifestations of Mr. Gershky's favor with a Mongolian calm, and the Pharaoh, still clucking gently, as if in the midst of a strange barnyard, advanced into the office. Obeying some long-repudiated set of impulses, he leaned over and placed his hand very gently on the occupant's head and patted it. There was no immediate result. The occupant continued to regard Mr. Gershky with a peculiarly concentrated aloofness that began to startle him. He found himself looking worriedly at the

(Continued on Page 97)

She Made Crayon Sketches of Him That Looked Like Coal Scuttles and Mountain Ranges

FISHERS OF MEN

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

To Port They Had a Boat Already in the Water, With Two Men Keeping Her Off and Others Sliding Down the Falls to Get Into Her

I SAY, you know, come out of it!"

"Huh?"

"Come out of it. That's my bunk, you know!"

"Who said?"

"I said."

There was a tiny room, dark, but with a glazed porthole through which came a kind of gray glow, and a narrow bunk under the port, beneath which were narrow drawers. There was a man outstretched on the bunk, a long dark form in the gloom, and another, who addressed him, standing beside it. The standing man braced himself against the bulkhead as the vessel rose to a sea, then staggered as she tumbled down the other side. From somewhere forward came the thump of boarding water. Whr-rump! Bang!

"I'd like to turn in, if you don't mind awfully," continued the standing man.

The form on the bunk groaned sleepily and sat up, throwing back a long black coat that he had used to cover himself in place of a blanket. The dim light from the port glinted on the standing collar of the dark tunic he wore. There was an anchor there embroidered in silver, and a silver bar. The man that stood beside the bunk made a movement of impatience or surprise.

"Are you—are you an officer?" he gasped. "Isn't that an American rank badge?"

"Yup. Ever hear of the Americans?"

"Oh, yes!" said the other. He seemed about to say something, but thought better of it.

"I'm sorry I took your bunk," went on the American, "but I came aboard after dark and no one seemed to care whether I slept on deck or below; so I just found the first empty bunk and turned in."

"Oh, quite all right!" said the other man automatically. The American struggled into his overcoat, rummaged a little, found a cap and went out.

It might have been, perhaps, an hour after daybreak. It was winter and cold. The sea, lead-colored beneath a gray sky, heaved like an angry woman's bosom. The ship was small, a tiny steamer of the overgrown trawler type, and she tossed about in most disturbing fashion. If there was land abeam, the clouds, or the cold fog, or the snow gusts hid it. The American turned up the collar of his overcoat and clawed his way forward to the lee of the house, whence he again surveyed the sea, sadly rubbing his cheek where a twenty-four-hour beard bristled.

"I wonder," he muttered to himself, "what the British word is for coffee."

To his astonishment, a tall man, garbed as a fisherman, in oilskins, clumsy boots and the remnant of a hat, came out of the cabin under the poop from which he, the American, had just been ejected, and, without a glance of recognition, went forward. It had certainly been the man that had demanded the bunk. Well, if he didn't want to sleep, that was his affair. The American blew upon his hands and considered. The deck was deserted, yet there must be food on that steamer somewhere. He would go forward, sniffing, until he found the scent of food, meanwhile trying doors, and it would not be long in this small ship before he found it.

At that moment two men blew around the corner of the house. One was the tall fisherman of the bunk, and the other was a shorter, older man, in a muffler, a greasy cap and an old ragged, caped overcoat.

"This is he!" said the tall fisherman.

"Come now," said the short man, in an irritated tone; "what are you doing aboard here?"

"Why, I'm going to Stornoway."

"Who are you? What's this mean?"

"My name is Morgan, Lieutenant United States Navy," replied the American. "I'm going to Stornoway. Want to see my ticket?"

"No, no," said the short man in some embarrassment; "but how did you get aboard?"

"Well," said Lieutenant Morgan, "I walked. Golly, you know, I can't understand a word you British say, nor you me. I'm ordered to join my ship at Stornoway. She's a destroyer. D'yuh think I could find anyone ever heard of Stornoway? It's probably pronounced Magoozalum. However it's pronounced, I know the way it's spelled. I wrote it on a piece of paper and gave it to a lad, and he and I went all over Queens Dock and the Upper Harbor until we found a place that said 'Stornoway, Portree and Outer Hebrides Steam Transport Co.' This is the Stornoway mail boat, isn't it?" he concluded with some apprehension.

"Yes, but you might have made an inquiry or two before coming aboard. Did you show your ticket to anyone?"

"What for? They'd click and cough at me! I don't bother trying to speak to them any more. I have my orders, my transportation and all that. Want to see them?"

"So you just came aboard and turned in! That's a bit of cheek, you know!"

"Well, it was dark. I couldn't sit up all night. This is a public conveyance, isn't it? It goes to Stornoway, doesn't it? Don't tell me it doesn't! I've had enough hard luck getting to Glasgow! Man, I've seen Scotland in the last week or so! They can have it!"

"Er—quite!" agreed the short man. He fingered his chin in an embarrassed way. "Most annoying," he muttered.

"Well, it's annoying for me," agreed Morgan. "But there's a war on, and we have a destroyer flotilla over here that hides out in these awful places, and a man has to get to them somehow or other."

"Er—yes!" muttered the short man. "Paige! This way just a moment!"

"I was wondering about breakfast," coughed Morgan, as the two oilskinned men moved away.

"Er—of course. But just a minute. Er—be good enough to stay where you are for a minute. We'll have breakfast for you shortly. Um-m, breakfast. In a moment."

The two men withdrew around the house and Morgan could hear their feet clumping forward. He shook his head wearily. He had received—oh, so long ago—orders to join a destroyer at Stornoway, that appeared to be a port on the island of Lewis, northernmost of the Outer Hebrides. It was not so far from Scapa and Kirkwall, where the fleet was, but it was a long, long way from Queenstown. He had gone across channel to Liverpool and so, after many tribulations, north to Glasgow. From here there were no railroad communications farther north, except to Fort William or Ballaculish, but from there, there were no boats. No. From Glasgow he must take the mail boat through the Crinan Canal, through Jura Sound, and up The Minch to Stornoway. Weary of struggling with English as it is spoken in the North Country of England, and Ayrshire and Argyll in Scotland, he had fallen back on the written word, and being led to the pier that bore the magic word "Stornoway," had gone aboard and flung himself down in the first cabin that had a door open.

"I understood these two very well," he thought, "and they me. They'll go off and forget me, though, as sure as little apples. Well, we've come this far in spite of all the Scots that hae wi' Wallace bled, so we won't be downhearted."

The tall man, however, returned alone and, beckoning, led Morgan forward to a tiny saloon, where there were an oilclothed table and a dozen or so iron-pedestaled chairs bolted to the deck, and, by way of decoration, a faded sign that said, "Luncheon will be served at 11:30 for the benefit of passengers disembarking at Portree." Before one of the chairs was a mug of black liquid that might be tea, and a dish of mysterious brown stuff that was evidently smoked herring. That and a pasteboard pot of jam seemed to make up the breakfast.

"Sit down," said the tall man. "Er—if you want anything ——" Here the short man in the caped overcoat entered.

"You shouldn't have come aboard, you know," he began severely, "without going to the port authorities. But since you're here, we'll have to make the most of it. But stay in your cabin, you know, and don't go messing about. We're fishermen, you know, and we can't have you in the way."

"Fishermen!" cried Morgan. "Why, isn't this the mail boat?"

"Yes, of course!" said the short man in some confusion. "Quite so! But we—er—do a bit of fishing now and then—in our spare time, you see! Er—Paige, come with me a moment."

Again the tall man went away with his shorter companion, while Mr. Morgan looked with some distaste at the mug of bilge water, alias tea, and at the salt herring. The jam, however, was eatable. He was alone in the saloon, but there were evidences of earlier breakfasters.

"Fishermen!" he grunted to himself. "My eye! If those two aren't a pair of John Bull's bellowing calves, then I'll bite my initials in a Flinders bar! They must think I've never seen any of His Majesty's fleet! Now, what the heck can they have on?"

He went out, after he had finished, and blew aft, with some thought of shaving in his mind. The sea was rising and the wind blew fiercely. They must be well into the ocean here, probably at the entrance to the Sea of the Hebrides. There were no other passengers in sight, and of the seamen that clumped by from time to time, of three, two would give Morgan an angry, sullen look from under their sou'westers. Aft, he was the object of a most unpleasant scrutiny from two men on the poop. The tall man, whose name seemed to be Paige, passed him, went into the cabin under the poop and closed the door with a bang.

"Lot of men for a ship this size," thought Morgan. "They're up to something. Well, I should worry. If they get me to Stornoway, that's all I ask."

He sat down on a towing bitt in rear of the house and settled himself to pass a nasty day as best he could.

The day continued gray and lowering. Lieutenant Morgan was not such an old sailor that he did not begin to feel some apprehension in the pit of his stomach, especially as he was cold and a search for a place dispensing stimulants was without result. He heard, suddenly, the beating of a gong. Ah, dinner! But still, it couldn't be 11:30! Luncheon for the passengers disembarking at Portree. Why, there was no land that he could see!

He stood upon the bitts to look about. There was no land, but there was a spout of water on the starboard beam that leaped high into the air; then, broken into spray by the wind, went to leeward in a white cloud. The gong still beat, and from far away to windward came a hollow thump like the slam of a door. Morgan could feel the steamer's way fall off. Feet thumped the deck, and a crowd of men, hastily putting on oilskins or life belts, hurried aft.

Morgan leaped down from the bitt and ran to his tiny stateroom. Paige, its rightful occupant, was gone, but Morgan had left his bag there, and in it was a pair of glasses. He went out with these, and up the ladder to the poop.

Thump! Crash! Forward there was a terrific explosion and the little vessel shook like a dog just out of the water. Bits of iron, flakes of rust, shorn bolts and a block rained down from aloft, rattling on the decks. Then Morgan, sweeping hopelessly among the seas with his glass, discovered what he sought. There was a sort of rock there, barely visible. Flags flew from this rock, one red and one blue and white, representing the International Code signal that means: "Abandon Your Vessel Immediately."

"Gee!" remarked Morgan. He looked hastily forward. The crew had been running about, seemingly aimlessly, but he could see now that they had put oil out, and that two rafts had already gone overside and were floating in the slick, without, however, any passengers. To port they had a boat already in the water, with two men keeping her off and others sliding down the falls to get into her. It was no mean feat, thought Morgan, to launch a boat in that sea.

"I say, you ass, won't you get into a boat or something?"

Morgan started. The voice was clear, but faint. Where had it come from?

"Come, come, you know; get on with it!"

Ah! There was a row of portholes in the after side of the tiny superstructure, and one of these framed a face that very closely resembled the face of Paige, the fisherman with the West End accent. Morgan went down the ladder and skipped forward.

"I'd like to be of any help ——" he began.

Someone on the inboard side of the porthole seemed to be having apoplexy. The face in the porthole looked at him with distaste.

"We haven't the slightest desire for your assistance!" it replied. "We'd be just awfully obliged if you'd take to a boat and get out of here! Come, now! Like a good chap. You're most awfully in the way, you know!"

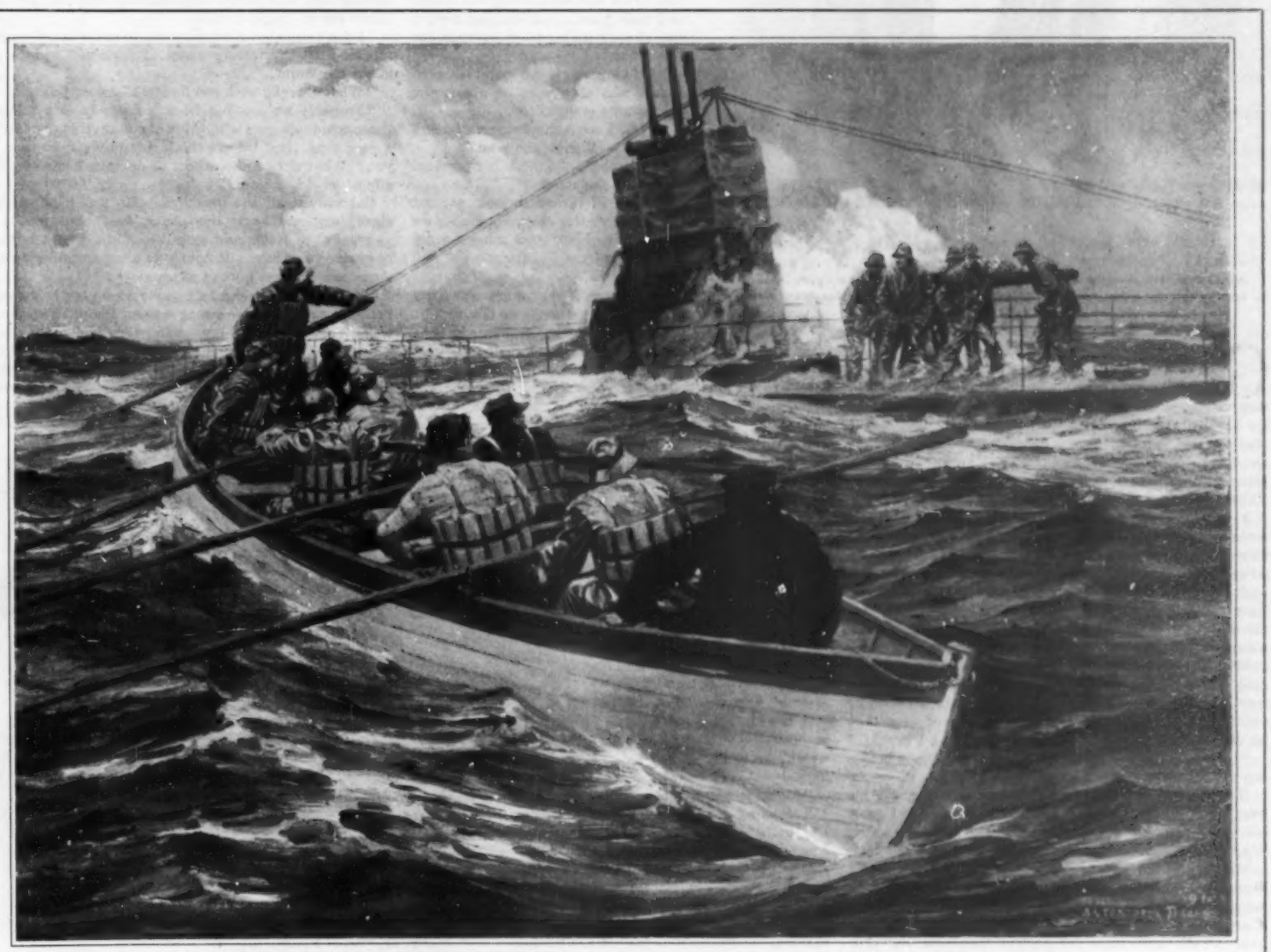
Morgan thereupon went to the side. The boat there had already cast off, but at Morgan's hail they came back and, after a good deal of difficulty, hooked on the forward fall, down which Morgan slid, scrambled into the boat and sat down. It was a big boat, and with only eight men or so in it. Morgan rummaged about for an oar to do what he could to help keep her head to the sea. The man at the steering oar called something to him.

"Hey?" Oh, yes, they were passing him a cork jacket.

"Fit ut aboot ye!" shouted the steersman.

"I dare say," agreed Morgan. He looked over the gunwale at the hurrying sea and shivered as spray from an icy dollop blew down his neck. "I don't need any cork jacket," he muttered to himself. "If I go into the drink, I want it

(Continued on Page 74)



From Their Attitudes They Were Inspecting the Boat With Their Glasses. "Ahoy!" Hailed One of the Men on the Conning Tower Suddenly. "What Ship is That?"

RED-FLANNEL PETTICOATS

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

Anne Was Wearing a Dress of Some Silvery Stuff, the Color Moonbeams are Imagined to Be. She Offered Cal the Famous Mink Coat to Hold for Her

GREAT cities have social registers, and even small cities need help in arranging people now and then. That was where Calderwood was invaluable. He not only knew who everyone was but he knew why and for how long. Also, everybody knew him. He always said that the way to pronounce his name was to accent the first three syllables, since the rest of it was Smith, so he was commonly spoken of, in and out of his acquaintance, as "Cal."

At thirty-seven he was still running the town, as far as social things went, a job which he had taken over informally about fifteen years earlier. Dozens of girls and women remembered him as an usher at their weddings and, before that, as a possibility of a husband. He might have married almost anybody in those fifteen years, and the discussion of why he hadn't had become old-fashioned, almost obsolete. Nobody cared any more or really regarded him as a still eligible bachelor, and when people said to him, as Helen Davis just had, "Why don't you get married, Cal?" he knew that it was because Helen was low on light conversation, as usual. He answered with that air of intense agreement which was sure to get a laugh:

"I must, Helen. I really must get around to it before my mileage depreciates me any further."

He had come to the party a little late, for reasons of his own, as all his reasons were, and he saw at once that it wasn't getting on very well. It was an autumn one at the Washington Club, designed to take care of any left-over high spirits among the young married people and unclaimed debutantes, now that the boys and girls had gone back to college. During the summer, when a dance at the club was a series of interwoven and interminable encores, people over twenty-three were apt to feel their age, but now dances were shortening, along with the days, and tonight everybody should have been content and having a good time. That was what the party was for—to keep things going in the dull stretch between the summer and the Christmas holidays, to help take care of the overhead of the club. Cal knew, because he had started it. This dinner dance was designed to be one of a series, but, looking about him, Cal could see no future for the rest.

Yet it wasn't for lack of attendance. More people had come than had been hoped for. The big tables and the small ones set about the edges of the ballroom were all filled. The Waves were having a large party. Cal had been asked to join that one, but since he was chairman of the social committee, he had preferred not to get tied up with a group so inbred in its own smart exclusiveness. Looking it over as he came in, he saw that the Waves had brought a good many of their usual collection of intimates with them, as well as Anne Frayne. Jim and Dolly Marble had gathered up fourteen or fifteen couples, whom the Waves might have invited, but hadn't, and organized a Dutch-treat party which had the large table next to the one occupied by the Waves and their guests. An informal merger was already taking place between the two groups.

"Isn't it pretty here tonight?" asked Helen, who always spoke about the decorations at dances.

"Yes. I see Anne Frayne's back."

"Back? Where's she been?"

Cal laughed. "I mean her personal back," he explained.

Helen half turned to look, got out of step, and the easy, commonplace friendliness of her voice was suddenly ripped to pieces by disapproval and hostility.

"I suppose if she wants to wear a dress like that, there's no law against it. Anne does pretty much what she pleases and she's been given a lot of rope. But she goes altogether too far. She hasn't any right to insult people because they don't suit her. She's going to lose every friend she has if she doesn't look out."

It wasn't like Helen to be so vindictive. Besides, Cal had often heard her defend Anne. He was surprised to the point of inquiry.

"What's she been up to?" he asked.

"Oh, it isn't that anybody cares," said Helen, "but I think what she said tonight was altogether uncalled for."

"Did Anne make a speech?"

"She might just as well have. Everybody heard what she said, sooner or later. She told Jim Marble that it would be quite a good party if there weren't so many of the red-flannel-petticoat crowd out."

"Meaning just what?"

"Meaning all the people I'm with. My friends. Me. And you know it, Cal."

Of course he did, and he began to see what was wrong with the party. The music stopped and people went back to their tables as if they were fortifications. Judging from the mixing that was being done, the two sides of the ballroom might have been under quarantine. The Wave party and its satellites had one side to itself. On the other were the Davis crowd with sixteen couples, the Cymes with ten, the Jennings with eight. Those were the young married people who weren't as gay as the Wave crowd, who didn't make dancing a habit. But they had been especially urged to come tonight, for they were needed to keep the club alive. There weren't quite enough of the gay ones to do that. Cal saw that the half-humorous, half-coaxing letter his committee had sent out had done its work in getting people there. He didn't at all like to have Anne Frayne undo it with one smart, cruel phrase.

He had danced first with Helen Davis, as if he were reading the introduction to a book. Cal often picked someone like Helen at the start of an evening; some girl whose position as well as person he wanted to compliment. That was not snobbery. It was a recognition of old friendship and of long-standing social values. Helen had become rather dull since her marriage, and nobody knew that better than Cal. She was dull because she was rich and happy, and had neither trouble nor temperament to sharpen her charms upon. But there had been a time not very many years ago when she was a lovely wraith of a blond girl, much sought after, and her family, the Mark Holdens, had always been noted for the entertaining they had done in the big green house on Oak Avenue. There was a tradition about Helen's presence at a party which Cal liked to recognize before he went on to what might be more-savory enjoyment. Helen's home was rather splendid now; she had several cars and three compensating children, but at a dance she no longer clicked.

"I don't see what right Anne has to make fun of people," repeated Helen, tearing away at justice, "and to talk about red flannel."

"What's wrong with red flannel?" asked Cal.

"Probably we are dull from her standpoint. None of those people she goes with think about anything but having a good time. But I don't think that any way to live. Do you? What does Anne expect to do with her life? She's almost as old as I am."

Cal waived all the questions. He was good on local chronology and knew that Anne was about four years younger than Helen and looked as if she'd been born ten or twelve years later. People were always wondering what Anne Frayne used instead of age.

He took Helen back to the table where her husband sat between two estimable young women whom he knew very well. They were both pretty and they had on handsome dresses, but it wasn't doing anyone any good. They were talking facts to Joe Davis, and trying rather hopelessly to interest him. Looking at them, Cal knew what was wrong.

Cal Said, "Most People are Dull. You Can't Get Away From That, My Girl"

They were nice girls, but they lacked the evening manner. There wasn't any glamour about them, nor any surprise, nor any risk. They sat and waited for the gayety of a party to come to them instead of going after it, instead of trying to charm it. They were wrapped up very closely in their safe, rich, well-organized lives, and it made them rather stuffy. And yet he liked them all.

"I've just been telling Cal of Anne's cordial remark," said Helen.

"Do you think we're so terribly red-flannel, Cal?" asked Mary Shackleton, leaning across the roses.

"I should think you'd be glad if you were," said Cal. "Red's my favorite color. And it's getting chilly. Time to put flannels on."

Joe Davis laughed for the first time that night.

"That's the idea, Cal. What's got them all so upset? What's wrong with a good piece of red flannel, anyway?"

"It's certainly better to wear red flannel than nothing," said Dora Cass, mentioning Anne's back by inference.

"The thing that gets me is the way she assumes that you want to be just like her."

"Well, she can have her parties to herself after this," said Mary, "for all of me."

Cal didn't like that at all. "But they're not her parties," he said; "they're your parties. Why don't you all wear red-flannel petticoats to the next dance and take it over?"

Everybody found that funny.

"I'm going to," said Dora threateningly. "Just watch!"

"No, I mean it. Take her at her word."

"It would be terribly funny ——"

Cal saw it start.

"Thanks for the round, Helen," he said, and went off to dance with the very young bride of a very smart bond salesman who was a new member of the club and might be feeling strange.

He had four or five such minor duties before he went around to the Wave table to pay his respects, and Paula Wave pulled her chair close to his and abused him because he hadn't come.

"You think you can high-hat my parties, do you? Where did you have dinner?"

"At a cafeteria. I had to work late."

"Is that just an excuse?"

"I don't know," said Cal. "I'll ask the board of directors. Probably they were just kidding me when they told me they had to have a report of the lumber business tomorrow. . . . Oh, hello, Anne."

"Hello," said Anne. "I saw you come in and give the party official permission to start."

"You should have gone right ahead without me," he answered. It was rather hard to get a rise out of Cal, even for Anne. She had just come back from dancing or flirting with someone and drifted into the chair on his other side. She looked rather like a child at first glance. Her face had that expression of clear, untroubled enjoyment that a child's can have; and that was curious, because, looked at closely, it was apparent that her eyes were defiant and her mouth pathetic and, seen from the back, she was a sophisticated and rather daring woman.

The music began again and one couple after another left the table.

"Aren't you going to dance with me?" asked Anne, when they were quite abandoned by everyone.

"I hadn't intended to," he said very politely.

"Oh. Well, don't let me alter your plans."

"No. I won't."

"Do you mind if I sit here?"

"Not a bit."

She laughed at him.

"Is this a lesson or a punishment, or is it just your feet?"

"I was afraid my hand would stick to your back," he told her; "besides, you have no manners."

"Thanks so much," said Anne cordially. "I do hope so. I don't like manners. They're the dull affectations of dull people. But you like dull people, don't you?"

Cal said, "Most people are dull. You can't get away from that, my girl."

She propped her chin on her free hand and stared at the dancers.

"You can have a try," she decided aloud, after thinking it over.

"If you like," he said agreeably.

"There's a woman who sells newspapers on the corner of Market Street," Anne remarked. "I've often noticed her. I saw her there tonight as we were coming here. She's not dull. She's dramatic. She wears a patchwork of crazy clothes and she has long, grayish hair that blows about from under a man's cap, and she looks as if she doesn't care what happens to her as she shouts her news down the wind."

"She cares quite a lot," said Cal. "You mean Nellie Evans, of course. Yes, she's got a good savings account and she's quite a conservative politically. And did you ever see her dressed up on Sunday, after the noon edition's out? She looks like a very neat old maid. Oh, Nellie can be dull. All her ideas are fixed. You ought to talk to her."

"How do you know her?"

"I know a lot of people around here," he assured her, "mostly dull ones."

"You're a beast to tear up my illusions about the newspaperwoman. And you rather scare me. I'm not so dull as some of these people here, am I?"

"It's a question of how you look at it," he parried, with not a trace of compliment.

"Cal, you're getting wordy."

"I'm not quoted as widely as you," he said.

"Oh, that's the trouble. Well, I do think it's funny to see all the red-flannel petticoats turn out to get their money's worth of their dues."

"Why shouldn't they?"

"Because they don't have a good time. And they aren't amusing."

"Maybe they could be. They might be taught."

"Don't be silly. Parties are meant for those who can get away with them."

"There's philosophy for you."

"How seriously you take all this stuff, Cal!"

"Do I?"

"It Was a Great Show, Helen," Said Anne. "Good for You!"—and Was Gone Before There Was an Answer

"Still I suppose when you've concentrated on the social life of a small city the way you have for ——"

"Fifteen years," he supplied; "about five or six years before you came on the scene."

His interruption seemed to make her forget what she had been going to say.

"And then you asked me to marry you," she said instead, and laughed, "but probably you don't even remember that."

"Oh, yes, I do. I've a very distinct recollection of it."

"It's queer that I didn't take you up on it. I must have been awfully flattered. I don't remember why I didn't."

"Well, I do," said Cal, "so the reason's a matter of record."

"It's pretty lucky I didn't, now that you've turned out to be serious-minded, isn't it?"

He gave her an odd look, and she wondered what he was thinking about her. A great many people had forgotten in the last ten years that Anne Frayne had become the person she was without much help from persons or circumstances. Anne herself sometimes remembered it and sometimes preferred not to. It had been difficult at first, and if she had not been so very pretty and so very eager and never at all cheap, she could not have gone as far as she had. Her family was of the shadowy sort that afford no comfortable background. There was no dignified name, no big house to entertain in, no mother to cover up mistakes or deny them. Her father was a widowed, retired lawyer, and they lived in part of a duplex. Later on, Mr. Frayne died, and then Anne had still more to do for herself. But she had friends by that time, and ways of being useful, and a genius for being ornamental. She had been educated at a boarding school among girls who were learning how to be rich. With that scanty equipment she had somehow made her way. She had done a dozen kinds of things—run society columns on newspapers, handled exhibits, sold old furniture, been business manager of the local Junior League shop. Then she had gone to Palm Beach with Paula, while Paula had her first breakdown, and from there the very rich old Mrs. Collins had taken her abroad. Everybody expected that Mrs. Collins would leave Anne all her money. But Mrs. Collins hadn't. She had changed her mind at the end and decided that blood was thicker than water; so Anne had inherited three thousand dollars instead of eight million. There were a great many things she could have done with the three thousand dollars, and while people were advising her she had spent it all on a mink coat. Because it was such a coincidence to see a mink coat she liked for just three thousand dollars. That made a good story. So for ten years she had gone on, stared at, admired, copied, criticized,

(Continued on Page 52)

PHOTO BY FREDERICK BRADLEY

Capt. Charles B. Scully

WHY DROWN?

By Capt. Charles B. Scully

DID you know that every year in these United States between 6000 and 7500 people lose their lives by drowning? These figures are taken from the United States Bureau of the Census for the period from 1923 to 1929—a period during which swimming has known a popularity it never knew before. People of all ages who formerly never swam a stroke have become devotees of the sport, realizing that it is one of the most delightful, most health-giving exercises in the world. And as the number of swimmers has increased, fatalities also have mounted. Careful study of the figures year by year shows a rising curve in the tragedies.

Curiously enough, it is not children who compose the greater percentage of this drowning loss, for many children nowadays are taught to swim almost as soon as they are taught to read and write. The big majority of casualties are among folks from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, who may lack the skill of the younger swimmers, but who should know enough not to drown. Also, curiously, on the beaches of New York City, where I have been a life-saver for twenty years, nine out of every ten people who drown are males. In other words, the once-called weaker sex is safer in the water than the stronger one. Whether this means that women are more skillful than men, more level-headed, or merely more cautious, is a matter for interesting conjecture.

The thing to be deplored about the high mortality rate of a glorious sport is this: An overwhelming proportion of these drownings is due to sheer carelessness on the part of someone. It may be the individual swimmer; it may be the parent who permits the child to take undue risks; it may be the community that fails to provide proper safeguards for its bathers. Carelessness is the mighty hazard which the swimmer builds up for himself and for which the sea takes her grim, relentless toll.

Lose Your Head and You Lose Your Life

YES, it is very deplorable, but not hopeless, for it can be remedied. Carelessness, by and large, consists in taking unnecessary chances, as, for example, in showing off. It is estimated that 45 per cent of the entire drowning loss is composed of swimmers who have more ego than ability. A man tells his friends what a good swimmer he is—until he really believes it himself. He goes out too far, he takes a chance, and something he didn't expect happens. Perhaps he knows he can safely swim fifty feet, so he swims fifty feet out to the middle of the lake. As he turns back he realizes he is tired out, and at the same time discovers that his head is up, his feet are down, with no terra firma beneath them. He doesn't know how to get back into swimming position; he flounders, loses his head, and someone has to go after him.

Lose your head and you lose your life. This is the unbreakable law of the sea. It is a motto that should be ingrained in the mind of every swimmer, amateur or expert; of every person who ventures into the water or sets foot in a boat on top of it. Don't get panicky, keep cool, think what you ought to do; and swimming is so natural an exercise, it is quite probable you will do the right thing.

Another great water hazard, a form of carelessness, is dependence on inner tubes or makeshift rafts hooked together from floating timbers by children playing on the beach. The average motorist comes to the beach on Sunday with his family and an inner tube. He inflates the tube, and he himself or one of the children floats off in it. Now, whenever a life-saver sees an inner tube he stands by, for he knows it means trouble. Incidentally, it is of no value whatever in learning to swim. One bright, sunny Sunday at Sheepshead Bay I saw a plump paterfamilias floating about serenely in an inner tube. He was so proud of himself he was trying to attract the attention of his family on the beach by a series of cheerful "hoo-hoos." As they looked, he lifted his arms to wave, and with that gesture sank out of his tube as clean as a plumb line through a hole. Fortunately, I got him out before he had had too many mouthfuls.

Another experience, though less amusing, was that of a thirteen-year-old boy who floated out 450 yards in a tube and was carried away by the wind and tide. The first we knew of it was when his companions noticed he didn't come back, and by that time it was too late. Later, when the tide had turned, we found the tube a mile down the beach. His mother came, identified his clothes and didn't leave the beach for three days; just sat there looking out into the water, waiting for her boy to come up. While we boys grappled for the body, one life guard had to be detailed to watch her. With every bit of flotsam tossed to the surface by a breaking wave, she would cry:

"There's my boy! Mother's coming!" and make a dash for the sea.

The third day, when we did recover his body, she was still on the beach. I had been grappling, and as I felt the grappling irons take hold of something, instinctively I knew what it was. As I pulled her boy's body near the surface I sent word to one of the guards to try to persuade her to take a walk while we got him out of the water. I didn't want her to see him in that condition. But my precautions came too late. Someone on the beach set up the cry, "They've got him!" She screamed, rushed to the water's edge and plunged in. She couldn't swim, and the boys had quite a time getting her back to shore, for she was determined to drown herself.

The thing the life-saver dreads most of all is when, at the close of the day, exhausted mentally and physically, he is congratulating himself on the fact that there have been no drownings, someone comes up and says, "I've been looking all over for my friend. Here are his clothes. I haven't seen him for three hours."

Epidemics of Drowning

TRAGEDIES sometimes turn to comedies. One busy Sunday on a crowded beach a woman rushed up to me crying, "My little boy! He's gone!"

She indicated the spot where she had last seen him. I lined up the guards and we all started diving for him in formation. We had been diving about thirty minutes, until we were exhausted, when a big six-footer pushed his way through the crowd saying, "What's the matter, ma?"

He had a grand laugh at our expense, but we couldn't see the joke. A good life-saver takes his job seriously.

Drownings have a habit of happening in groups. One person starts to drown and immediately his fear is conducted through the water like an electric current. It is a kind of mob psychology, in which others, who are not strong swimmers, but who for the moment are quite safe, get panicky and start drowning also. For that reason we never let all our men work on the same job. As soon as we do, someone else gets into trouble in an unprotected spot. It also happens that too many cooks spoil the broth on sea as well as on land. The life guards can get in their own way.

Most people seem to have strange ideas of how rescue work is done. Newspaper accounts of a drowning are proof of this; they are interesting, but often very inaccurate. In their most familiar form they read something like this: "A shrill call for help was heard; the swimmer went down for

The Proper Way to Change Seats in a Canoe

the third and last time, and the rescuer was caught in the death grip."

This dramatic sentence contains three fallacies. In the first place, it is rare that one hears a clear-cut call for help in a drowning. While a man can yell, he isn't drowning. It's when his mouth fills up and he starts to gurgle that danger is acute, and a gurgle can't be heard on shore. Did you ever try to shout with your mouth full of water? A pair of watchful eyes and instinct are the life-saver's best assets. When we do hear a lusty yell, it is generally from someone in a canoe, from a swimmer who can only get one toe on bottom, or from some buoyant individual floating nicely who's decided he'd like the life guard to tow him in. We go after these fellows, but not in such a hurry as when we hear, or rather sense, the gurgle.

I have known many a case when a Smart Aleck yelled for help just to be funny, then laughed at the life guard when he came out. This type of fool creates a very definite hazard to the other bathers. While we go for him, someone else may really be in trouble. He needs a drastic form of education; we apply it by pushing his head under water until he really does need a life-saver. This treatment never fails to result in an absolute cure.

And now for the second fallacy: "The swimmer went down for the third and last time." But why third and last? He may go down once and never come up again, or he may go down and come up again one hundred and one times. It depends on how much water he takes in on the down trip and how much air on the up one. With a good mouthful of air each time he emerges, he might keep bobbing up and down indefinitely. There is no way of determining which will be his farewell appearance, and no one on shore is counting them.

Position for Prone Method of Resuscitation. First Movement. Press Downward and Forward to Simulate Rhythm of Breathing, Counting One—Two—Three

Second Movement. Remove Hands Quickly and Count One-Two

It Won't Work

THIRD, as concerns the death grip in which the rescuer is caught, which he can't break and in which he drowns, a hero. But if a life-saver drowns, he drowns himself; it's not the fault of the person he's trying to rescue. If he gets caught in the death grip, he himself is responsible for it. It means he has lost the best tool he has—his ability to keep cool. The drowning person is motivated by one thought—a frantic desire for air. He is strangling and he wants to breathe. In this panic-stricken state I have seen victims grasp at old cardboard boxes, bits of newspaper, at the proverbial straw. Is it strange that they grab at you and are unwilling to let you go? And how are you going to prevent it?

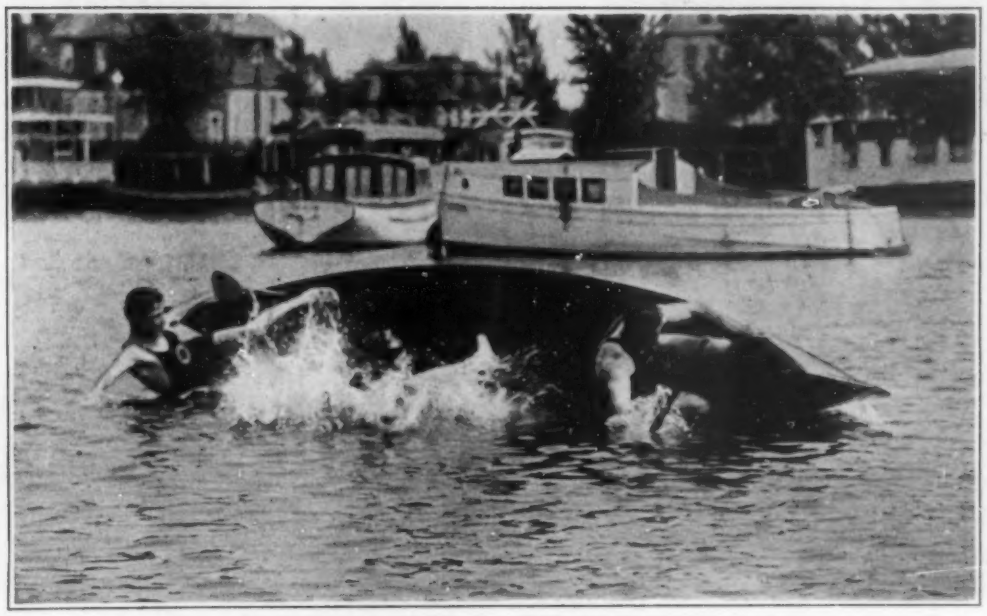
Lots of people believe that the way to make a rescue is to swim out, punch the drowning man on the jaw, knock him out and drag him in. The big difficulty with this system is that it doesn't work. It takes a good boxer in the pink of condition to knock out his man in the ring with solid footing and all his strength centered in that one punch. In a moving element like water and nothing free but the forearm, the strongest swimmer could scarcely dent a cream puff.

The good life-saver makes his rescue by remaining out of the victim's reach until he is sure he can handle him. At a distance of four or five feet, he says something like this:

"See here, old-timer, I've come to help you, but you must keep quiet and do as you're told."

If he pays no attention, just stay out of his reach until he becomes exhausted from the struggle; when he gets nice and quiet, you can take him ashore without difficulty. Many people who supposedly drown die of heart failure from sheer fright or undue struggle. They work so desperately in the water that the heart stops beating; when this happens, we can do nothing.

The easiest case to handle is that of the fellow who has been drinking, for he does not realize he is drowning, hence does not use up all his energy. By the time we get to him he still has some strength left with which to help us. But don't throw your intoxicated friend overboard in the hope of sobering him. I've seen men brought ashore just as tipsy after the enforced plunge as before it.



An Accident. Don't Lose Your Heads When This Happens

Towing In a Victim

IT IS wiser never to attempt a swimming rescue if there are other means at your command. A boat or a life preserver is faster and surer than your most powerful stroke. If you must swim out, conserve your energy, for it's going to be a harder pull back than it was on the outward trip. However you go, never take your eye from your man until you have him in hand. Watch him as you swim toward him, as a lean cat watches a mouse, for he may go down, and he won't be easy to find. Open water has no landmarks. If he hasn't been down too long and the water is not too deep, often you can locate him by the air bubbles rising to the surface. Bring him ashore with the side stroke; this gives you both legs and one arm with which to work. With the other arm grasp the victim; ideally, around the chest; if necessary, by the bathing suit or the hair. But whatever you do, don't lose your head. Try to remember, as you go, that the other fellow is drowning chiefly because he lost his.

For the past five years, as director of life saving of the New York chapter of the American Red Cross, I have trained the rookie policemen of New York City in swimming and life-saving methods, in association with Lieutenant Brilla in command of their physical-training department. The point we stress hardest with these men is: Keep your head in an accident. As many lives have been saved by quick

(Continued on Page 117)

THE LIMESTONE TREE

THE LONG HUNTER

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

JOHN DIXON FOLKES stood on the lawn at Calydon the spring of 1890 and surveyed without pleasure the deep green pastures and white fences, the brush jumps and post-and-rail jumps, the grazing cattle and burnished horses with long, drifting tails, that furnished a complete representation of pastoral Kentucky reaching to the far public road. He told himself that he hated America generally and, in particular, detested Kentucky. John Dixon Folkes—he was not quite nineteen—admitted further that the only countryside he did admire lay within the bounds of France. Even there, in the one land that seemed wholly desirable to him, he infinitely preferred Paris to the provinces. He had been born in Paris, and this was the first time he had viewed the United States; it was his introduction to the birthplace of his father's people. John's grandmother, Delia Abel, had married Robert Folkes and moved from Frankfort to Philadelphia; Robert Folkes later removed to Paris and founded the banking firm of Folkes & Mynot; and, with all the impressive Parisian families more than polite where their daughters were concerned, Robert's only son, John's father, had married Célanie Pindar of the Théâtre Français. .

John venerated all he knew about his mother—she had died seven hours after his birth—to the exact degree that he disliked everything not French. Paris was her city; she had been celebrated, adored, there; and so he had a double affection for it—because of Célanie Pindar and in itself. John Dixon Folkes' father, after his quaint matrimonial venture and Célanie's death, had almost wholly removed himself from society; he grew absorbed in the affairs of Folkes & Co.—extinguishing the Mynot interest—and painfully attentive to what he called the problem of his son. The elder John Folkes developed an extraordinary ambition for Delia Abel's grandson; he wanted him to leave Paris, the country of France, and return to Kentucky. There was no reason John could discover for his father's astounding desire, and he gave it, privately, not a particle of consideration. His father and grandfather had been greatly successful in Paris; Folkes & Co. was an established conservative fact in the affairs of Europe; John Dixon Folkes, who had never seen America until, practically, his nineteenth year, was French by every conscious association, every habit and thought. That alone it seemed to him the most admirable of states was the cause of his father's sheer contrariness.

His immediate journey and presence at Calydon were an effort to meet and overcome the attempt to establish him in Kentucky. John had agreed to visit his father's family there and acquaint himself with the blue grass—a rather ridiculous phrase of no possible civilized interest—in order to prove that any plan to separate him from France was futile to the point of insanity. His father had expressed it differently: The time had come, he said, for the Folkeses to return to their American inheritance. He didn't, he found, want a Frenchman, the result of his own infatuation for a supreme embodiment of Paris, for a son; a consummation that further generations would do nothing to minimize. It was now or never, he had insisted. Now, the younger John said to himself, addressed to the United States, and never. Kentucky, the blue grass, he discovered, was composed of almost every aspect of existence he most disliked; he was required to go everywhere on horseback, a diversion that until now he had left exclusively to jockeys. He was asked to admire fields of a new white Burley tobacco, of hemp and barley, expected to drink a horrible whisky inappropriately called bourbon, and, worse still, be part of large interminable family dinners.

The conversation on those occasions was dull beyond any descriptive phrase in his three and a half languages; it was local to the point of imbecility—endlessly repeated accounts of family traits and personal encounters, observations on the weather and the quality and prospects of the tobacco crop, the various records and pedigrees of horses on the tracks in Kentucky, at New Orleans and Saratoga. John Dixon Folkes was at once entertained and irritated by the attitude of everyone around him toward Kentucky. There was, according to them, there could be, no comparable place or people. It did no good, he had soon discovered, to explain the splendors of France to the long supper table at Calydon. A Lavinia Sash, whose husband was manager there, might listen to him with an adequate but detached show of politeness; Linda Abel, Elisha's wife, would smile, but that was all. Elisha Abel, who owned Calydon and was John's great-uncle, showed no interest at all in his accounts of Paris. Gabriel Sash, an old man with an arm hanging useless at his side, the result of a wound received in the Civil War, scarcely allowed him to finish a descriptive sentence. Old Mr. Sash was so emaciated that his face was merely a succession of bony ridges and hollows where a dry,

Susan Abel Appeared, a Figure in White Moving Through the Sunlight and Shade of the Wooded Meadow. She Came

glazed skin was stretched like a coating of dark, mottled varnish. He made it his especial affair, John thought, to cast doubt and ridicule on any suggestion that France was fair. Gabriel Sash referred to Frenchmen as frogs. He had, in his aged head resembling a decayed pear, an infernally bright, skeptical gaze that followed John Dixon Folkes with an unsparing satirical curiosity.

The others, equally indifferent to all that he cherished most, were unimportant—Nancy Sash, a dust-colored woman at the close of middle age who had never married; Belvard Sash, whose father—Belvard again—had been killed in the late war, was lost in the problem of cattle and the land; and Susan, the daughter of Elisha and Linda Abel, their only child at Calydon.

John was not actually secure in his opinion of Susan's unimportance. She was his own age; there was, in a large household of grave elders, every reason for them to develop an accord of opinions and pursuits, but from the first they had apparently regarded each other indifferently. Susan was, John realized, extremely pretty, with quantities of pale hair more silver than gold in its lights and colors; swift and engaging flushes rose in her cheeks; she had wide-opened gray eyes and her voice was open and clear, candid, like her gaze. All that—and it was a great deal—was true, but her body, like her manner, was clumsy. She owned none of the instant animation, the innate sophisticated charm, that made Parisian girls and women so vivid and desirable. Susan Abel bore no remote resemblance to Célanie Pindar. John's thoughts returned with a passionate longing, a deep nostalgia, to his mother and her entrancing world. Soon, he told himself, he would be back in France. He was suddenly flooded with the sounds, the voices and odors, of the Grands Boulevards; in imagination he was strolling past the statue of Guy de Maupassant in the Parc Monceau.

He was, nevertheless, more than a little annoyed by Susan Abel's bearing where he was concerned. It would be more admirable, John considered, for her to show at least an understanding of his worldly importance. He was a not inconsiderable part of Paris, the greatest city in all the universe, and she lived on a pasture. Simply nowhere. His grandfather had conquered the financial and social world of the Continent; his father had married Célanie Pindar, but Susan Abel, all her family, practically speaking, had never lifted themselves out of Kentucky. They had never seen, they could never see, the great world of fashion. Their indifference to it, Susan's attitude, was the result of ignorance. John was actually sorry for her. His pride, however, continued to be disturbed. Here he was in the backwoods—a word new to him that perfectly described Kentucky—filled with knowledge of important personages and events, and no one cared to hear it. Susan Abel, a girl who was sufficiently pretty, preferred the clumsy antics of plowboys.

He wondered, turning an expressive back on the Kentucky countryside and walking up to the house, about the advisability of devoting himself, for the short while he would be at Calydon, to Susan. In a very definite manner. She had never, of course, enjoyed the benefit of a civilized, a practiced, attention. That might be worth his while. Susan was, in spite of her heaviness, rather like the sweet pink-and-white peaches of Provence. At least he would upset her detachment. That reason, he discovered, was mainly responsible for his projected activity. He saw her crying bitterly with her ashen hair poured over his shoulder and begging him to love her; imploring him not to return to France alone. John Dixon Folkes smiled at the absurdity of a marriage with Susan Abel. He smiled at a vision of her in his father's elaborate house in the Rue de Penthièvre. No, he couldn't be expected to do that. In the end he would be forced to leave Susan to the more fortunate of the plowboys and to Kentucky.

It was, at the end of April, hot as midsummer, and, late of the afternoon, John walked with Susan Abel through a wood pasture to what remained of the primitive forest on a rise behind the house. The trees were very old and there was a smell of leaf mold like the air of a remote past. Susan stopped where a clear stream with a constant, small voice ran past a large shellbark tree; she hesitated, and then sat with her back against the smooth trunk of the tree. John lounged on the deep carpet of leaves at her feet. He felt suddenly curiously peaceful, far away from both the immediate surrounding presence of Kentucky and from France.

"Old Mr. Sash often comes here," Susan explained; "he loves the woods. He has loved it, Aunt Nancy told me, all his life. Only there isn't much left to love now. It's been mostly turned into fields and pastures."

He asked, "Do you love the woods?"

"Sort of," she admitted. "Don't you?"

That was the precise reply, the exact question, he had planned for. "No," John replied gravely; "I do not. You see, I have lived all my life in a great city—the greatest city in the history of the world—Paris. It is finer than Rome ever was, or Athens or Constantinople. I belong to its streets and cafés and theaters and houses. The woods, after Paris, wouldn't be very suitable for me. I love beauty, you see—beautiful buildings and beautiful women in marvelous dresses. I can't live without the wines of France."

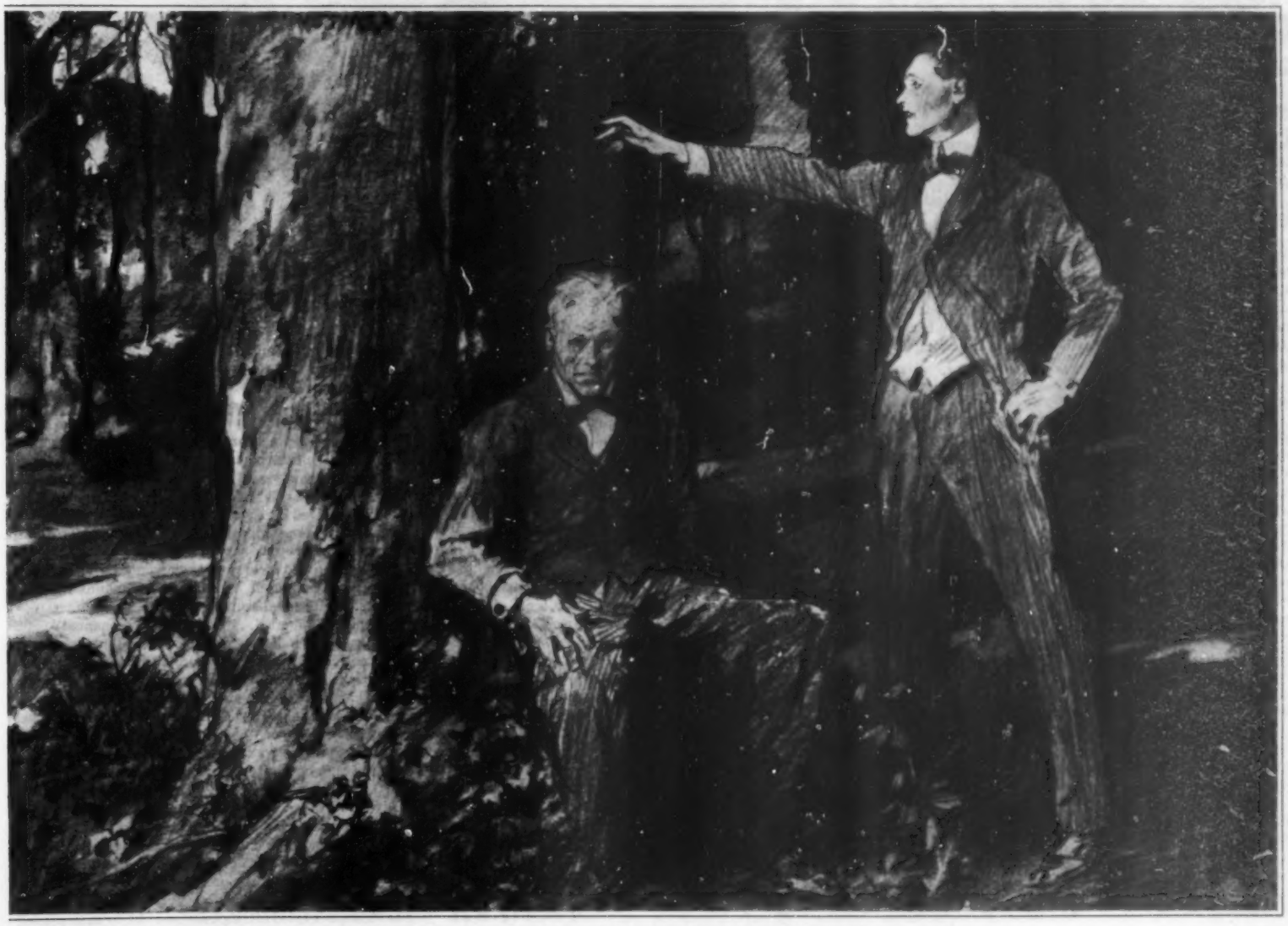
Susan Abel interrupted him: "Tell me about the women."

They were, John replied, the wittiest in the world. "That is what makes them so marvelous—not their clothes but their wit. It is like champagne. Then, of course, they are not prudes. A Frenchwoman knows everything there is to know about love. Nothing else interests her so much. It is her life. Of course, I don't really know, I have had no experience here, but you could hardly say American women were like champagne, could you? Some of them—and you are one—are like the water in this stream—clear and nice. Yes, Susan, you are a very nice girl."

Susan Abel wasn't certain, her expression showed, that she wanted to be a nice girl. Like a stream of water however clear. "I suppose a man would like the other better," she acknowledged. "You are fearfully old for your age, aren't you?" she added.

John Dixon Folkes supposed that he was. "It has been my life," he explained; "I have lived a fearfully old life. I couldn't very well help that—I was born in Paris and my mother was Célanie Pindar. I wouldn't, when you think of it, be exactly innocent. Not with our position. We are

(Continued on Page 54)



Nearer: Old Gabriel Sash, Facing the Opposite Direction, Didn't See Her, and John Melodramatically Waved Her Away

THE LONG RIFLE

By Stewart Edward White

And Barely, it Seemed, Had the Muzzle Reached the Level When, Without Perceptible Pause for Aim, the Piece Was Discharged

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

V

NOR had Don time to spare, for the last rays of the sun were lifting from atop the elm trees when he had regained the tavern square. His antagonist, slightly drunk, was parading to and fro at the appointed spot. He had evidently worked himself into a high state of braggadocio and belligerency; and ever and anon he would stop short, flap his elbows and crow lustily like a cock. Many men surrounded him in a loose group, cheering him on, half laughing, half in earnest. Someone caught sight of the young man approaching and raised a shout, hastily opening a passage. The red-faced man stopped short and peered evilly from beneath bushy brows.

"So you've come to take your licking after all, eh?" he growled.

"If so be you're of the same mind, which still seems to me a foolishness, to fight like dawgs just because dawgs be a-fighting," replied the youth. "Is it not more befitting sensible men to share a tankard of mine host's good ale ——"

The older man leaned forward and brought the flat of his palm smartly against the stranger's face.

"Now will ye fight," he snarled, "or are ye still too skeered?"

The young man's steadiness did not waver, nor did he show other sign than a slow darkening of the cheeks.

"That was not needful, suh," said he mildly. "Nor am I askeered."

Without further parley, the red-faced man lowered his head and made a bull-like rush. The stranger slipped lightly aside in avoidance, at the same time glancing about in surprise.

A tall heavy-set man in a bottle-green topcoat with many small capes stepped forward authoritatively.

"What mean ye?" he cried in resonant tones. "Is this mannerly? Fair play and a proper ring, say I, and hurrah for the best man!"

His interference met with approval. "Good for you, squire!" "Fair play!" "We'll back ye in that!" came from many voices.

At this moment also the tavern's landlord bustled forth, appealing for no brawls before his door.

"The stable yard, gentlemen!" he cried. "It is at hand, and much more seemly!"

"The stable yard it is," agreed the squire. "Come ye." He seized the combatants each by an elbow and marched them away like children, followed by the streaming and excited rabble.

"I thank you, suh," said the young man. "Methought for a moment that I saw the ruin of my only coat."

Arrived at the stable yard, the squire, still holding his charges by the elbows, looked about him high-headed, and rapidly named a dozen to form the ring. Back of these appointed provosts the crowd gathered dense, and men clambered rapidly atop wagons and walls, and even swarmed to the stable roof for a better view. When the stir had died, the squire released his charges, shoving each to an opposite side.

"Strip," he commanded them. It was evident that the squire was enjoying himself hugely.

The challenger, who was aflame with eagerness and whisky, tore his shirt from his back and hurled it at random among the spectators, disclosing himself as a heavy gorilla of a man, bull-necked, barrel-chested, thick-armed, with heavy, strong muscle bands. The stranger methodically folded his coat, removed and folded his shirt, which he placed atop it. Holding the bundle in his arms, he looked from face to face of those about him. He stepped forward to confront a placid, kindly faced man of middle age.

The Great Majority Came on Horseback

"Could I ask you to mind these for me, suh?" he asked courteously.

"Gladly," assented the burgher. He leaned to speak in a lower voice. "Beware of him, lad," he advised earnestly. "He is an ugly fighter and he will kill you if he can. I am sorry this must be," he added.

"Thank you, suh. I can but do my best," rejoined the youth, and turned to the center of the ring.

His torso, now stripped of its garments, was seen to be molded in lines of a smooth slenderness that at first glance contrasted ill with the heavy power of his antagonist. Nevertheless, a connoisseur in bodies would have found somewhat to admire in the contrast of the broad, spare shoulders and the narrow, compact hips, and would have appreciated the whipcord quality of the long muscles and the ripple of their perfect condition beneath the skin. But its force would seem the force more of long endurance than the power necessary to contend successfully with the crushing oaken strength of the man over against him. Here and there in the crowd a few murmured in pitying deprecation of the inequality of the contest, but their protests were drowned in the general eagerness of excitement. Men shouted offers to wager, but the offers were all on one side and no takers; for none accorded the younger man a chance against a known and reputed rough-and-tumble fighter. Only after the clamor had died somewhat through lack of fuel did the squire's loud voice speak on the other side.

"Damme," he bellowed at one of the most vociferous, who now offered four to one, "taken for a pound!" But he added, "I'll not begrudge a pound for the sake of sport. Now hark ye," he addressed the antagonists. "This is all my say: If one or the other cries enough, at that moment ye cease, and if any offers blow or grip thereafter he reckons with me. Now fight it out."

He stepped back. The big man slouched toward the youth, lowered his head and rushed like a bull. The latter again slipped easily to one side, evading the outstretched hands. Thrice this was repeated.

"Stand and fight, you poltroon!" snarled the red-faced man.

The younger made no reply, watching his antagonist warily. Twice more the same maneuver, with the same result; except that once the stranger laid hand on the other's shoulder as he passed, but snatched it away instantly when faced by a sudden turn in his direction. The crowd began to shout impatiently, for it was evident that if he so chose, the visitor's superior agility could prolong indefinitely this avoidance; and they wanted a fight, not a foot race. So clamorous became their demands that the squire at length raised his bull voice.

"Fair play!" he cried. "Give the lad a chance!"

At length the challenger wearied of futile rushing that grasped nothing, and came to a stand in the center, sneeringly awaiting a move by the other. The latter, stooping, his arms hanging, began, then, slowly to circle just out of reach. It was notable that neither man had offered as yet to strike the other with his fists. Blows in the fights of those days were a secondary offense, delivered to batter into submission only after an advantage had been gained. Twice the young man darted in, attempting some wrestler's hold, twice he failed and wrenched himself away from the other man's countering grip.

The squire watched, his head on one side.

"Methinks if Jack once grasps him firmly my pound is done," he observed to the man next him. "Aha!" he shouted.

The stranger's third attempt seemed like to have proved disastrous to him. His bearlike antagonist had caught him

in a grip that could not be shaken off. The two were locked. For nearly half a minute they strained. Then the older man's superior strength began to tell. Beneath his smooth skin the youth's muscles strained as though they would burst, but slowly, inch by inch, he was bent back until he was securely held. And then, powerfully and irresistibly, the man called Jack half freed one massive arm, and his hand, inch by inch, overpowering the young man's opposition, crept upward.

A lightning, desperate upheaval and the lad had twisted free and sprung apart. He was panting slightly and for the first time his face was aflame.

"He tried to gouge me!" he cried to the squire. "Is that what you call fair play?"

"And why not?" rejoined the squire coldly. "Stand and fight, or, if ye will, cry quits."

The young man looked about the crowd in amazed appeal from the decision, but was answered by derisive laughter. Its blood was up, and it wanted blood. Still incredulous, he looked at his antagonist. The latter grinned at him evilly.

"I'll do worse to ye than that, my cockerel," he growled.

"And is that your habit?" cried the stranger indignantly. "It is not so on the borders when men settle honest differences."

"Stand and fight, or cry quits," repeated the squire imperturbably.

No man was able afterward to describe clearly what next happened, though many words were wasted in the matter. They saw the young man stoop; they saw him dart in with the speed and swiftness of a snake striking; they were confusedly aware of a tangle and swirl; even above the turmoil of excitement they distinctly heard a clear, sharp snap like the cracking of a dead limb. Then the young man leaped back clear, leaving his antagonist standing, an expression of bewilderment on his face, gazing stupidly at his left arm, which he was holding in his right hand.

"Well, suh!" the visitor challenged in a ringing voice. His head was high and his nostrils expanded.

A dead silence fell that endured for perhaps ten seconds.

"Will you go on?" then inquired the squire, in a voice calm only above a compressed excitement.

"Go on!" repeated Jack furiously. "How can I go on? He has broken my arm!"

The stupefaction broke. The ring was instantly overwhelmed by the surge of men, shouting, whooping. They crowded around the stranger, pounding him on the back, shrieking in his face, commending him, congratulating him, all on his side, fickle as crowds always are. He thrust them aside scornfully, elbowing his way to the burgher in whose charge he had given his garments, which he reclaimed with a brief word of thanks, and proceeded to assume. The squire was at his side, red-faced and bellowing.

"Greatest thing I ever saw, lad!" he shouted. "You've won me four pounds! Damme, you must drink with me! Come, I will not take nay!"

The young man shook his head.

"You must excuse me, suh," he said firmly. "I must be on my way. I thank you, suh, for yo' kindness."

"But how did you do it? That you must tell me," persisted the big man. "Saw I never the like before."

"It was a trick," replied the stranger briefly—"a trick known to the Injins. They use it only when hard pressed in battle," he added.

He turned away and, with an air of decision that none ventured to cross, threaded the gaping crowd and disappeared.

VI

WHEN he reëntered the low, dark room, the great clock in the corner was tolling the last note of another hour. The old gunmaker, dozing by the fire, awakened with a start. The young man slipped into a chair.

"Now, suh, if you don't mind, I've been figgerin'," said he, "on what you been tellin' me. And I'd like to talk some more about these idees of yours. You don't know how interestin' they are to me, suh."

"Surely, lad—surely," agreed the old man. He glanced incredulously at the tall clock, now dim in the twilight. "You have been long," he commented.

"Yes, suh," agreed his visitor apologetically, "but I would have returned much sooner had I known the customs of yo' people yereabouts."

VII

ALL late afternoon and early evening the contestants and spectators continued to pour into town. A few came in wagons, fewer still afoot, the great majority on horseback. The inn was full to overflowing; men bought high the privilege of making down their beds on the floor of the less-frequented public apartments. Every private house willing to do so accommodated its visitors. At the Big Bend the flicker of fires reflected downward from the great river trees; and it seemed that those campers were perhaps the most in comfort of any, for what with the revelers spilling noisily from the tavern bar, the songs and disputations of others determined to make the most of the rare holiday, only those of strong nerves and placid powers of withdrawal could obtain more than fitful rest in the village. And as the last of the night owls went to roost and the wearied turned on their pallets with a sigh of anticipation of deferred rest, the small hours became murmurous with the activities of those who must make preparation for the coming day's activities. Then it was made known to the campers at the Bend that it would have been well to have retired earlier, for they were fairly upon the scene of the day's sport, and men with lanthorns moved busily and shouted to one another as they made last preparation for the entertainment of the crowd, which must here, upon the very spot, be supplied with food and drink if mine host of the tavern were most to profit.

To this end, long tables had been set up within bowers thatched with straw; and now men hurried about carrying or rolling or trundling provision of spirits and beer and ale; and others tended fires blazing beneath great iron pots from which steamed a most seductive savory of venison and beef stews. There was little more sleep for the campers, but a plenty of grumbling until the aroma of the cooking was too much for their sharpened appetites, and they arose and kicked together the embers of their own dying fires, and shivered slightly in the chill of dawn, and ate and were comforted; and so, gradually, slipped into the eager, vibrant excitement of the day, and fell to discussing the leading contestants and raising their voices in dispute and laying wagers on the men of their choice. Nor was the element of personal emulation crowded aside by the presence of champions; for in the course of the day was room for many minor sweepstake events open to all, not to speak of a number of lesser rivalries privately arranged. And those of more modest skill staked happily their hopes on chance, for a ball flying wild from the muzzle not too rarely compensated for an ill aim; besides which, in certain types of matches, a tyro with good luck might very well outdo an expert with bad. There would be plenty of powder burned this day!

Squire

Those in the village stirred more sluggishly, groaning and stopping their ears as the clatter of newcomers half aroused them, slipping back less and less successfully to unconsciousness, until at last, with a curse, they kicked aside their blankets and quilts. But their ill nature did not outlast the moment. For some a morning draught; for some a plunge of the head into cold water; for some, through opened casement, a breath of coming morning, composed of coolness and a streak of rose in eastern sky and the soft mourning of doves in the trees,

(Continued on Page 125)

I WAS YOUR OLD "HELLO" GIRL

Cortlandt Central Office Switchboard in 1881

At Left—A Central Office of Today, Showing Multiple Switchboard

By Katherine M. Schmitt

As Told to Margaret Norris

THE autumn of 1882 I became an operator in the old Nassau exchange of what is now the New York Telephone Company. Few of my friends had ever seen a telephone, except as it was cartooned in the newspapers, and vaguely referred to my employment as something to do with "that newfangled invention—you know, the telephone."

Occasionally one of them would ask me, "Say, how does that thing work? Do you really talk through a wire?"

They actually pictured me tying wires together all day and shouting through them to the limit of lung capacity. Others were not even curious, for the telephone at that time was considered an impractical toy, receiving more ridicule than credulity from the public.

Remember, this was forty-eight years ago, in what is known as the dark ages of the telephone. The telephone made its bow to the world at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, when a young Scotch-American, Alexander Graham Bell, exhibited the queer device by which he had proved the startling fact that the human voice could be carried over an electric wire. It was a nondescript little machine like nothing else ever created, with which the young inventor had been experimenting for some years in Canada and Boston. First it had uttered only inarticulate cries; then one memorable day the cries changed to words—the absurd toy actually talked! At the exposition it was hailed as the "highest product of inventive genius" which the young American republic had received on her hundredth anniversary. But the public in general was mystified by its strange powers of speech, and continued to regard it as a scientific toy. Years that were dark and doubtful in telephone history passed before the world could be convinced that this toy might be useful in business.

Across the Rubicon to New York City

WHEN I came the fate of the telephone was still hanging in the balance. It was a temperamental child, afflicted with so many ailments that only a few visionaries thought it could live. I was one of those fortunate ones who helped nurse this child to maturity. I found the task so interesting that I remained with it until 1930.

I was just out of high school in Brooklyn. I didn't want to teach; teaching was prosaic, poorly paid and the profession was overcrowded. Few jobs were open to women then; even most stenographers were men; women employes in downtown New York were so scarce as to be conspicuous. The now ubiquitous young business woman had not yet contributed her share to the traffic jam of horse cars, hansom cabs and private carriages on lower Broadway. But I was young and adventurous; I wanted to try something new, and I had a friend who had a friend who worked for the telephone company, so my friend persuaded his friend to give me a letter of introduction to the superintendent. With this tucked safely in my bosom, I boldly crossed the river to New York.

Our company—always part of the Bell System—was known at that time as the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company. It was a struggling concern barely three years old; we were poor, and our office looked it. It was heated by an old-fashioned coal stove in the center of the room which we stoked ourselves, and anyone swept out who had time to—the office boy, if we had one; the operator, if she was kind; or the manager, when not too busy with the complaints of peevish subscribers. Telephone wires were attached to the roof, so the exchange must be on the top story, as hot in summer as it was cold in winter. I remember one manager who used to try to reduce the summer temperature by sprinkling the floor with a watering can. He was an immaculate young man in white ducks, a West Point graduate, and how we girls used to giggle when he chanced to spray our stiffly starched skirts!

Telephone equipment was as inadequate as everything else in the office, and the service showed it, but every item of expense must be carefully figured to see if we could afford it—and usually we couldn't; we got along as best we could.

No Boys Need Apply

THERE were only about 3000 telephones in old New York City then, as compared to almost 2,000,000 today; yet to make a local connection was an engineering feat. To hook up a Nassau number with one in Murray or Pearl involved all the thrills and hazards the radio fan experiences when he tries to tune in on London. It was fishing by wire instead of by air, and you had to be optimistic. With a little luck you got there, and the operator was as surprised as the subscriber.

My salary to begin with was ten dollars a month; my hours from 8:00 A.M. until 6:00 P.M., with time out for lunch when possible. When traffic was heavy, we operators forgot we were hungry, and we often worked twelve hours a day. I left my home in Brooklyn at seven o'clock, took a horse car to the ferry, walked from the Fulton landing to Nassau Street and climbed six rickety flights of stairs to our office. Even when we could avail ourselves of our half-hour lunch period, we girls seldom ate in a restaurant; we didn't like to be stared at. Besides, once a day was often enough to climb those interminable stairs; we either brought sandwiches from home or sent the office boy down with a basket to buy the most nourishing lunch available for fifteen cents.

All told, there were perhaps seventy-five operators in the city, including the night and day shifts, managers and switchmen. Those on the night shift were young men; in the 80's it was not proper for a woman to be seen unattended on the streets at night. But boys as operators proved complete and consistent failures. They were noisy, rude, impatient and talked back to subscribers, played tricks with the wires and on one another. As I listened to them I used to think that all the Indians had not yet left Manhattan. In short, nothing could be done with those boys, until, by common consent, they were abolished.

In telephone records is an old report dated 1885 which Mr. T. D. Lockwood, an attorney of the company, made to Mr. Theodore N. Vail, general manager. This report reads:

. . . While acknowledging that female operators are much superior to males, the fact remains, *viz:* that unless the office manager is an unusually well balanced man, he is apt to form preferences and favor some to the exclusion of others. The young ladies also appear fond of airing their voices and sometimes prolong telephonic conversation to talk with subscribers. On the other hand, they exceed males in civility and general attention to their tables.

But if ever the rush of women into the business world was an unmixed blessing, it was when the boys of the telephone exchange were superseded by girls. Another telephone historian said, in 1910: "A telephone call under the boy régime meant bedlam and five minutes; later, under the girl régime, it meant silence and twenty seconds."

Today it means "Number, please? Thank you" and three and a half seconds, or as nearly instantaneous as is humanly possible. This is what the feminine touch has done for the telephone. Elimination of the masculine touch, however, was not made with one gesture. It covered a long period of years, as I shall explain in this story.

Nassau was the largest of seven central offices in New York, and our operating force consisted of about sixteen blundering souls. Half that number, using present-day equipment, could have handled all our traffic with leisure, but old methods were cumbersome and facilities few. It took three people to complete a local call, and five to connect two central offices. Orders were not given over a call circuit, but shouted into space. What the operator really needed was a voice with the carrying power of a steam calliope, plenty of ginger in her disposition and unlimited patience. It did no good to lose your temper when the subscriber called you a "wooden Indian" or said, "See here, Central; I want that number this week!"

What's All the Shouting For?

OF COURSE the name Central has now passed out of use; to the company we were always "operators." The title "Hello" Girl was given us by the comic newspapers that worked overtime poking fun at us.

Well, the noise we made calling the numbers could be heard down on the street. Strangers passing our building would stare, bewildered, wondering what it was all about. One day the superintendent himself came rushing into the office, crying: "From the street this sounds like a sanitarium for delirium-tremens patients!"

One of the tenants on the floor below us moved out because he said he could hear us shout "Clear trunks!" in his sleep.

"What does it mean—'clear trunks'?" he asked me one day.

"That's the order we give the switchmen to disconnect two numbers," I explained.

"Well, I'm going to clear out; I can't stand it," he said.

All the tenants in our building complained that the clamor and confusion were unbearable, especially in summer when the windows were open—and in winter the noise roared down the shaft. But the operator was not wholly to blame; rather, it was the inadequate equipment. That old Nassau exchange where I started my career was no more like a central office today, with its multiple switchboard and perfected equipment, than a horse car is like the subway. It is difficult to describe that old office in the silence of the printed page; nothing but a language of sound or a talking movie could give the proper impression.

Picture a long, narrow room with the manager's desk at one end and telephone apparatus on both sides. At the left was the piece of switchboard called the "case," which contained the annunciator drops. The case operator received the calls, but didn't complete them. The subscriber rang in by turning a crank, and an annunciator drop clattered down—a little brass shutter attached to a spring—and what a clatter it made! Later, when the common battery system was installed and the call indicated by a light, I felt the peace of the world had come! Well, the case operator got the number, wrote it on a slip of paper, and a messenger boy, who patrolled the floor, delivered it to the trunk operator across the room. The trunk table was like a little sewing machine with brass strips running across it, each one of which indicated a trunk line. As the number was handed to her, the trunk operator shouted to the switchman, "449-41!" or whatever the numbers might be. The switchman had in front of him a board at which all local lines terminated, so he could switch the calling subscriber's line to the trunk designated by the operator.

Listening and Talking Were Done With the Same Piece of Apparatus in 1878

All this red tape was bad enough when everything went smoothly—which it seldom did, thanks to the switchmen, who were the pests of the office. They were boys sixteen or seventeen years old, and young imps, immune to all discipline. If the one to whom the order was given chanced to be in an agreeable mood and liked the voice of the operator, he might do as he was told. Otherwise he would just stand there, a fiendish grin on his face, or perhaps he would shout back at her, "You have a voice like a tin pan!" And so the fight was on and the fittest survived.

Well, I soon learned the tone of voice to make them quit their nonsense, but there were only two or three of us girls who could get our numbers the first time. The rest just pleaded with the switchmen. It was ridiculous. I remember one operator who sat beside me, a gentle, lovely girl whose day often ended in weeping because the switchmen ignored her timid voice. They knew the manager couldn't hear her call the numbers, so they pretended they didn't either. Sometimes I would turn in exasperation and fairly shout, "John, why don't you put up 439 on 41?" Then John knew that, unless he obeyed, the manager would investigate.

"Clear Trunks!"

WHEN conversation was finished the trunk operator called out, "Clear trunks, clear 41!"—which meant disconnect the two numbers. When the switchmen had nothing else to do they would set beetles crawling over our tables or explode firecrackers under our chairs. Oh, but they were young rascals! So the shrieks and screams of the operators were added to the general babel of:

"Hello, hello, is this Murray 269? Go ahead!"

"449-47."

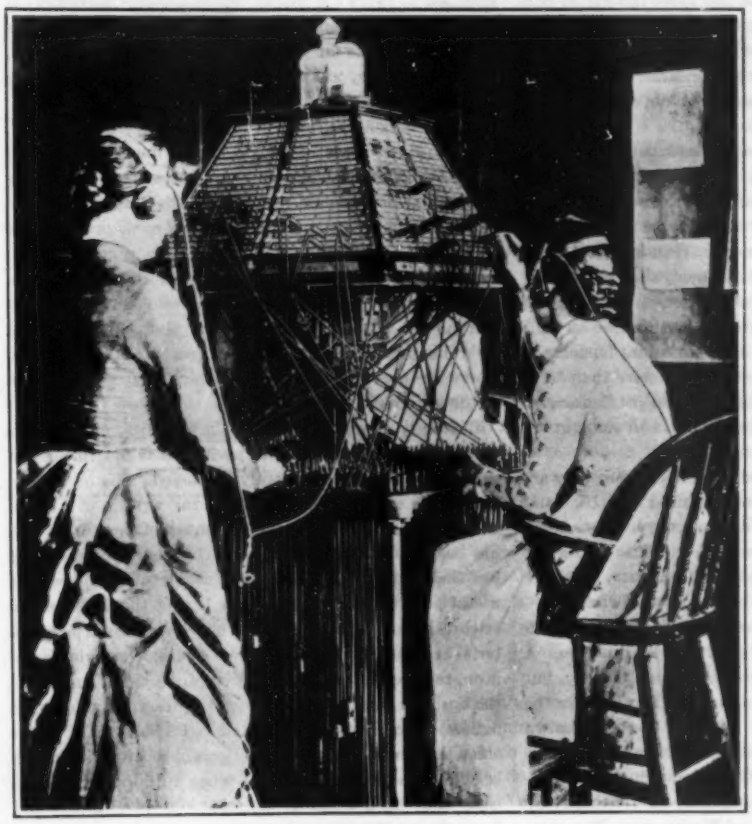
"Clear trunks!"

"Now you quit that or I'll report you to the manager!"

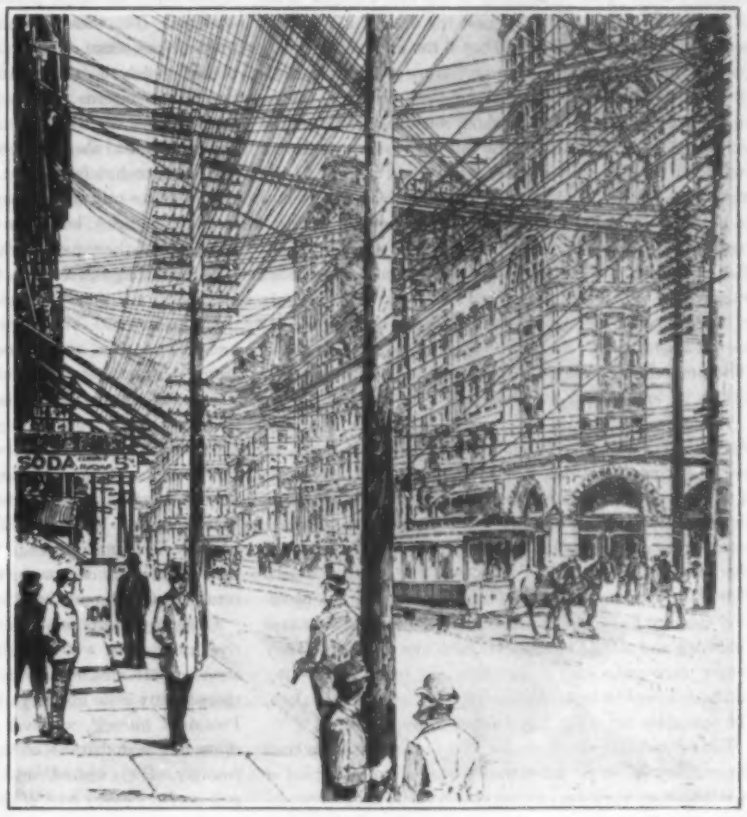
While all this was going on, there was the poor subscriber, hanging helplessly on the wire five or six minutes, until he had forgotten the number he was calling.

Still worse, the operator had only one free hand with which to work; with the other she held the receiver firmly clutched to her ear, elbow strapped with a little cloth pad to keep it from growing calloused as she leaned on her table.

(Continued on Page 130)



A Pyramid-Type Board, Sometimes Called Bee-Hive Switchboard, Used in 1882



Overhead Wires at Broadway and John Street, New York, in 1890

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 12, 1930

Business Revival

A WISE observer of business conditions recently remarked that what the country needs is a moratorium on forecasting and a revival of the spirit of enterprise. There are hypochondriacs in business life, just as in matters of personal health. Naturally, the man who takes his temperature or feels his pulse every few minutes has no strength or courage left for the affairs of daily life. Nothing could be worse than for business to fall into a similar state of mind. The attempt to forecast the date of a return to active business is all very well, but if too much attention is paid to the shifting and uncertain nature of these forecasts the result is an unreasonable pessimism. Frankly, the estimates of the length of time which must elapse before the volume of trade increases or the fall in raw-material prices comes to an end have been of very little value. As the months have gone by, the experts have shown themselves to be more uncertain on this point. Ambassador Morrow remarked, in a speech, late in May, that "we cannot predict with accuracy when changes in business conditions may come." It would be unkind to check back on most of the forecasts which have been made. Many who had expected a significant revival at a given time have amended their predictions. Among others there has been frank perplexity as to how long the doldrums would last.

There are two facts, however, on which no one need shift ground. In the first place, the period of quiet, of marking time, is natural, if not inevitable, and, besides, it is nothing new. It follows, as it always has, and probably always must, an era of excessive business pace, speculation, carelessness and extravagance. It is not an unprecedented phenomenon; it is almost as old as the country itself. Therefore, real alarm or even pessimism is out of place. The country has lived through many periods of business doldrums and moved ahead after each one of them. Many people were quite sure a year ago that business reaction had been banished from the country. They were mistaken, but that does not mean any lack of progress ahead.

The second fact which can be held to steadfastly is that the country has never failed yet to come out of a period of unsatisfactory business. It has shown remarkable recuperative capacity in the past on many occasions, and there is no reason to believe that these powers have been weakened. In fact, it is amazing that business has stood up so well considering certain of the excesses of the past few years. In several respects the trade reaction into which the country entered after the events of last autumn has been less serious than previous similar experiences. The lack of money hoarding or of failures of the first magnitude, together with the evidences of corporate strength, all bespeak an underlying soundness less evident at a similar point in earlier cycles. Someone has said that the recovery stage will be one of a plodding prosperity rather than in the nature of another boom. The essential point, however, is that the country possesses and is sure to exhibit a vital recuperative capacity.

What Washington Thinks

FEW people can resist two temptations in the way of daydreaming. If they do not live in New York they feel that broader opportunities might be found there, and they are certain that in Washington are to be discovered the inner and higher mysteries of statecraft and sovereignty. It is hardly possible for a person to make a hurried business trip to the nation's capital without being asked, upon his return, whether the President is popular, or what does Washington think of this or that great personage of the moment or of a controversy which happens to be in the public prints.

This very general idea that superior and "inside" information is the prerogative and monopoly of any one city is quite wholly a fallacy. Washington is a beautiful city with definite cultural advantages. Being the center of government, it contains many specialists who possess and disseminate much information on their subjects. But it is primarily the seat of representative government, and so far as these representatives act, their deeds reflect the needs, interests and aspirations of other sections of the country. It is what these places think of the President that really matters, and this finds its expression in many ways too well known to be commented upon here.

In Washington there are some sixty thousand government clerks, but they are too engulfed in the minutiæ of their jobs to bother much with the larger and higher problems of statesmanship; nor do they come into any closer contact with great figures than similar employes elsewhere. Much the same may be said of the local business men. There are many government officials, it is true, who do at times touch the larger problems and meet the higher personages. But these bureaucrats—using the term in no opprobrious sense—are inclined to judge the more exalted officials solely by the attitude of the latter toward their particular concerns. It is too much to ask of any one officeholder to see the whole picture.

In the capital also are thousands of scientists, economists and other technicians, but they are absorbed in their own affairs, quite properly. There are great numbers of Army and Navy officers, but these are mostly transient residents, waiting for their next assignment. Hundreds of newspapermen congregate there, but obviously they tell all they are able to; if they have unprintable secrets, these are of profit to no one. The diplomats are picturesque at balls and other parties, and at times have important business to transact; but they are foreigners, rarely more than transients, and certainly would be the last to regard themselves as a major factor in forming the policies and thoughts of the nation to which they are accredited.

The capital likewise is filled with lobbyists, but they are not Washington. They come and go, hired for a time and then released. Far more numerous are the business men, lawyers, accountants, engineers, and the like, who go to the capital every day on the affairs of the country, but who return to their homes in a few hours, days or weeks.

It is almost impossible to discover any entity or collective intelligence which might be termed Washington. A thousand streams of influence converge upon the city, but there is very little mystery about most of them. As for the President himself, whoever he may be, there is thrown upon him a multitude of tasks which concern the whole country. He is visited constantly by individuals and delegations from every part of the land and representing every possible interest outside the city of Washington. The same is true in only a slightly smaller degree of his wife. It is amazing that modern Presidents find the time to take any interest at all in the welfare of the government personnel or in the physical problems of the city in which they live. Great issues, national and international, face the Chief Executive every minute of the day. In this vast and portentous conglomerate, Washington is hardly more than a speck, except so far as certain officials who may help to meet the burden happen to live there.

What Washington thinks is a phrase without meaning. But what the people throughout the country think is quite another matter, and the same is true of their representatives, whether in Congress or in the White House. The ideas which these public servants have are translated into conduct, and such conduct is almost entirely a matter of record. It can be judged as accurately by a resident of a small Western town as by anyone else. Superior knowledge and penetration to the truth of men's motives and behavior are not the exclusive property of any class or of any locality; they belong to those who take the trouble to read, to listen and to think.

Biographies

THE flood of biographical works which continues to pour from the publishers has its useful and valuable side as well as a less attractive and serviceable one. It is a sound instinct which creates the demand for these books, and only to a minor degree is it based on a craving for scandal. The reader finds as much entertainment in a biography as he does in most novels, and, in addition, he looks for and often derives more inspiration. It might be said that he seeks leadership; he is helped in daily living by reading the lives of the great. This is not to decry the novel or to start any debate as to the relative merits of the two forms of literature; the fact is that at present there is a yearning for the portrayal of actual personalities.

The other side of the picture is that an insistent demand always produces a supply, regardless of quality. When the public goes mad over common stocks the promoters produce common stocks. Whether they will endure the trials and tribulations which all security issues must go through before they are seasoned is quite another question. It is much the same, we suspect, with the current stream of biographies. Not all will last or should last in public favor. Too many are hasty and superficial, potboilers intended to catch the market while the bull movement is on. Journalistic nimbleness, cleverness and a flair for the picturesque make for rapid production and readableness, but whether they are the qualifications for sound, lasting biographical writing is quite another matter.

We presume that time will sift the wheat from the chaff, as with other kinds of books, not to mention shares of stock. Worthwhile biographies are not written necessarily by any one professional class. It is a field open to all—to historians, journalists, retired business men, professors of English, and what not. No doubt certain minimum training is requisite, but then, too, it is the spirit which counts. Is the biographer willing to spend not only laborious weeks and months but years? There are no short cuts in writing good biography, no cheap, swift, machinelike methods. There are plenty of biographies which have been written in the potboiler fashion, but, alas, they show it.

Curiously enough, despite the prevailing frenzy in this field, there are great gaps; or perhaps it is not curious, in view of the methods so largely employed. Historians feel that there might well be a lull in the writing of lives of Abraham Lincoln, so admirable is much of the work which has been done in this particular. On the other hand, they feel that another careful life of Washington would serve a useful purpose. It is quite possible that the bicentennial celebration of his birth in 1932 may bring forth new material at least. Nor has that great figure, Alexander Hamilton, received the attention which is due him. Turning to the business field, it is to be noted that two of the foremost figures, John D. Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan, both the elder, have not yet received biographical attention which is at once serious and in any sense authoritative. It is clear that hard-working, conscientious biographers still have plenty of work to do.

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Will Hays

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY
Ex-Senator William A. Clark

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Chief Justice Taft

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Charles Glover

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Secretary of Labor Davis

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Frank W. Stearns

THEY TOLD BARRON

Notes of an American Pepys in Wall Street

Politics, Panics and Plutocrats

Edited by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore

BY WAY of background for part of this extraordinarily revealing article, the reader should understand that Mr. Barron was an unconditional Republican and an uncompromising conservative. His friends, by and large, were of the same persuasions. It is hardly to be expected that one so environed would hear much in approval of President Wilson or his policies. Coolidge, on the other hand, was Mr. Barron's ideal statesman, not only because he was a friend and neighbor but also because he never rocked the ship of state, and gave business the go-ahead signal.

Nobody understood more clearly than Mr. Barron the vital service which banks and bankers render to modern civilization. He praised them whenever he could do so; we suspect that some, at least, of the following interviews were given him in the hope that they would be published in all or part, though perhaps not precisely in the form here offered.

S. S. MEGANTIC, BOUND FOR EUROPE, August 5, 1918.

Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, talking with Furber and myself, just before ten P.M., said: "I want to talk with you two gentlemen while the others are out, and would like to get your advice and opinion concerning this: Lloyd George sent through our Ambassador Page directly to President Lowell, of Harvard University, and ex-President Taft, inviting them to come to Europe and make a series of addresses, shortly after the German offensive of March twenty-first last, which produced in the English army 286,000 casualties, including 6500 officers. Lloyd George desired, as he expressed it to Ambassador Page, to cement the relations of the two nations and hearten the men and women of England.

"Taft and Lowell went down to Washington and conferred with Wilson, telling him they proposed to accept the invitation."

President Wilson said, according to Hillis: "Professor Taft, don't you understand that there are 1,000,000, 2,000,000, or 3,000,000 Irish Americans in this country, and also about 8,000,000 Germans loyal to the United States? I think we have already been too close to England, and I hope to see the relationship less close after the war." Ex-President Taft said: "In that event, Mr. President, there is no need of our proceeding further." They withdrew.

F. A. Delano, of the Federal Reserve Board, who had been invited to Mr. Furber's cabin, then came in and I stopped our conversation. Imagine our surprise later, when Doctor Hillis pointed out that Roberts, now on board the boat, and a very close friend of Colonel House, had told Hillis that he had named to House his ideas of peace terms, and House had responded: "You are altogether too severe," and Delano broke in with the information that he believed House reflected President Wilson's views.

I said: "How did you know?" He said: "Lowell told me." I said: "What did he say?" He said: "We have already been closer than I wish to Great Britain." Hillis was also very much surprised. Further conversation revealed that Delano had received full account from President Lowell as narrated by Hillis.

Hillis further said in the evening that a senator told him that he had been summoned to the White House with about twenty other Democrats, and that Wilson had said to these leaders: "This country has never had a Democratic Administration since the Civil War. You may think Cleveland's Administration was Democratic. It was not. Cleveland was a conservative Republican. You must keep your hands off this Democratic machine and leave it to me. I propose to put the progressive element of the Democratic Party in control, to remain there for fifty years."

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12, 1918.

Breakfasted with B. M. Baruch at eight A.M. at his residence, 1520 Eighteenth Street.

Baruch said: "I suppose I am closer to McAdoo than anybody else except the President, for I have known him for many years and believed in him. You remember perhaps a remark of McAdoo's that a friend walked

(Continued on Page 42)

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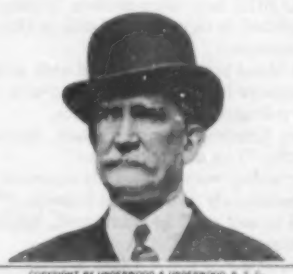
Senator Henry Cabot Lodge



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Thomas W. Lawson

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.
Newell Dwight Hillis

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Senator Capper, of Kansas

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William M. Butler

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POST SCRIPTS

I Don't Mind Telling You

WHEN I was young and something stupid,
I tried to crack a joke with Cupid,
And verified an ancient rumor—
The fellow had no sense of humor.

—Rex Keep.

Mostly Smoke

STRANGE how ultra-modern literature is addicted to cigarettes. Look at this horrible example:

The blond young hero waited with agitated countenance for Clara's reply, and with long, nervous fingers lighted a cigarette.

"No, Charles," returned Clara, lighting a cigarette, "I cannot marry you."

The young man studied his cigarette with deep melancholy, then tossed it away. "Perhaps I'm too old," he murmured, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"No, that's not it," Clara replied, as she dropped her cigarette in an ash tray. "One is never too old if the heart is young." She selected a cigarette from a jeweled case and looked at it pensively.

"Then you do not love me. What a fool I have been!" The young man inhaled deeply from his cigarette, as if it contained some subtle restorative for a broken heart.

"I have never said that I did not love you," returned Clara, lighting a fresh cigarette with a patented pocket torch.

"No, and in that you were cruel; perhaps unconsciously so, but cruel, nevertheless, to lead me on." Charles spoke with great bitterness, casting his cigarette on the ground with impetuosity and fumbling in his pocket for a match. "Give me a light," he broke off abruptly. "I'm dying for a smoke."

"I did not encourage you without cause," Clara stated after an interval, as she pulled on her cigarette and blew rings toward the gorgeous moon in the radiant sky.

"Then tell me why you do not want to marry me." The young man bit off the end of his cigarette.

"Well, I'll tell you, since you want me to," replied Clara, rolling her cigarette about her red lips. "Didn't I see you the other day smoking a pipe? That's the reason, smarty."

"Darling, forgive me. I'll never do it again as long as I live. Now will you marry me?" The young man dropped his cigarette in his excitement.

In the clinch that followed, Clara lost her cigarette, but both lighted up again as soon as they could get around to it.

Thus the history of flaming youth wound up in smoke.

—ROBERT L. MURPHY.

DRAWN BY PAUL CARRUTH

"Aw, Finish Up de Rubber, Folks. Don't Mind Me"

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

Cautious Prospective Customer to Bathtub Salesman: "You Can See for Yourself, it Won't Do!"

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"Ah Think Ah is Goin' Home an' Goin' t' Bed; a Man Gits Pow'ful Tired Fishin' All Day"

His Secret

HE'S not endowed with worldly wealth,
He bears a humble name;
He makes no claims to beauty
And aspires not to fame.

But to me he is perfection;
I'll love him, come what may;
He thinks my freckles "fetching,"
And my pug nose "retroussé."

—Dorothy Henderson.

Fear

I USED to fear that I would be
As bald as any baseball bat.
The thought no longer bothers me,
For now I am; and that is that.

—Joseph Anthony.

East, West ——

THE noisiness of New York. The traffic. The riveters. The radio next door. The decision to go away to some nice quiet place and catch up on some sleep. The warning to your husband not to sign the new lease, because when you come back you want to buy a little farm. His grave agreement and his tender good-bys. The trip. The arrival. The beautiful hotel. The charming room with the very pretty wall paper and the heavenly view. The long ecstatic letter home. The sea and the pine woods and the early start for bed. The crystal stillness and the instant sleep. The wrenched waking one hour later. The discovery that the very pretty wall paper is no thicker than others and that there are apparently no walls at all. The people in the next room. The curious bumpings. The long lavish baths and the dripping tap. The droning conversation which dribbles into snoring. The effort to ignore it. The futile cotton in the ears. The turned-on light and the magazine. The return of sleep. The people who come in late. The people who come in later. The gay, gay party which lingers in the hall. The merry good nights. The silence at last, and the bright, clear wakefulness. The long aching night. The low giggling which comes inexplicably from the closet. The mysterious footsteps. The creaking door. The filter of daylight and the soggy doze. The stream of sunlight and the man across the hall. His off-key whistling. The fingers in the ears. The whistling that grows louder. The whimpering under the bedclothes. The whistling that changes to song. The wish to kill. The pillow over the head. The increasingly active hotel. The early risers. The party that is going sailing. The hope that they drown. The hearty morning chatter of the man next door. The thanksgiving to God that you married a man who seldom speaks before noon, if then. The people in the room above you who have settled down to a nice long game of drop the furniture. The dear, dear little children and the sliding in the halls. The sudden lull, and the little nap. The very busy maids. The romping carpet sweeper and the magnificent crash. The Biblical oath. The leap from bed. The hysterical dressing

(Continued on Page 72)

Here's a summer luncheon ready in a few minutes!

STAY out of the hot kitchen, but have a delicious and substantial luncheon! Or supper! All over the United States every day, hosts of women are finding it a relief and a comfort to serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup—famous as "a meal in itself."

It's already cooked—releasing you from the kitchen range in a few minutes. Yet it's a meal with 15 different vegetables, invigorating broth, body-building cereals and fresh herbs. So good to eat—so satisfying to your hunger!

Just one of the famous 21 Campbell's Soups—all of a quality you are proud to serve—all of them saving you extra footsteps, extra drudgery, extra time. A fascinating variety. 12 cents a can.

Behind my fist
Is a mighty punch,
For I train on Campbell's
Each day for lunch!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"You Come Along, Honey. I Can Take You to One House in Mirthful Haven Where You'll be Welcome"

XXX

ONE of those heat waves that like to submerge the earliest briskness of September had moved eastward out of the Mississippi Valley and came swelteringly even upon our farthest northeastern coast. Tuesday was the hottest day of all that season, and, as it was the morrow after Labor Day and at once the crowded beginning and climax of summer exodus, the homeward-bound multitude of holiday makers endured unusual hardships both by rail and highroad. So did their helpers in this crowding, hot departure; baggagemen, trainmen, chauffeurs, directors of traffic, motorbus drivers and drivers of trucks overloaded with trunks mopped themselves, struggled, suffered and cursed the man who first called these shores Vacation Land. Main-traveled thoroughfares to the mountains and the sea were as steadily noisy, as thronged with cars and as subject to troublesome blockades as if they had been the streets of a populous city; resorts that had seemed at the height of their crowded liveliness twenty-four hours earlier, took on abruptly the wistful bleakness of a house just vacated. In Mirthful Haven, before noon, Cargo Square already wore an air of depletion.

At the beach, where the bathers suddenly were few and the watchers no more than a handful, people wearing clothes carefully appropriate to cement sidewalks and numbered taxicabs bade one another good-by and lamented the irony of fixed dates of departure. The merry Mrs. Warbeck alone took a happier view of the matter. "Everything about Mirthful Haven's such a joke," she said. "It seems to me this is one of the funniest of the whole summer—so many of us leaving the only spot where there's a breath of coolness in the country, and all just because we'd set today for going! My dear, I wish you'd seen Virgie Gordon sitting out in front of her cottage in her cabriolet, waiting for her two girls in the beating sun and so crowded with bags that she had to hold that hot, squirming dog in her lap! Imagine how many pounds of her must be melted off already on those stifling inland roads when it's this hot even at the beach! Think of the fun the natives are getting out of it! My husband says they're always tickled to death to see us go; probably they're all giggling themselves to pieces talking about how much money they made out of us this summer and how now we're piling ourselves into broiling motor cars and broilinger trains to go home and sizzle on gridirons."

The natives of Mirthful Haven within sight of her as she spoke, however, were less hilarious and more taciturn than her cheerful fancy depicted. They were Henry Marsh and his partner, Hazzard, coming in from their nets; neither of them spoke at all until their boat was near the breakwater, and then the subject that engaged them for a moment was indeed the weather, but not in its humorous bearing, as imagined by the departing summer visitor.

"Notice them shafts o' hot air and then them other cooler shafts right within a few feet of 'em?" Hazzard inquired. "Like 'sif they got edges up agin each other; layer o' coolish air, then a layer o' blastin' hot air jest like the layers in a layer cake, only turnt up edgeways. Even 'way outside yonder we'd be fryin' fer ten seconds, maybe, then cooled off a mite fer five or ten, then hot agin fer ten or fifteen, maybe. Westud, over the land, kind of a thickenin' hot haze, like; li'ble to git a wind-bolt out o' that there hot thickenin'. Might hold off some."

"Might," Henry agreed. "Most likely hold off till late afternoon or evenin', maybe. Good day fer a boat to stay inside, I guess." He mopped his forehead with his sleeve as they passed into the harbor. "Whee-yew! Jest like slidin' into a furnace, ain't it? My Godfrey, but this is a hard day to be a bearer!"

"Yes, 'tis," Hazzard assented, and they said nothing more until they reached the village, where Freeman Wicks awaited them, looking down upon them as they made the boat fast to a float alongside their wharf. He was dressed in clumsy hot black clothes, wore a stiff white shirt, a wilting white collar, a necktie made of black tape; his shoes were earnestly polished with blacking and he fanned himself with a black soft hat.

"You got plenty time," he said. "It ain't until half-past two; but I thought I'd git dressed fer it so's to be ready, case they was needin' me to take cha'ge o' some more o' the 'rangements. Reverend Beedy, he consented to 'ficiate 'count o' the Cap'n askin' him, though he complained he didn't see how he could make no address in p'tic'lar—jest some readin' and prayin'. Hugo and Finn's goin' to go fer him and bring him in my seedan. The other bearers besides us is jest Ed and Hink and Lin. Cap' Wye's too old and he's all crippled up, anyways; says he's goin' to go to it, though. Wun't be many there. Finn's woman says she'd be pleased to 'tend, but says she's like a good many o' the others and can't bring herself to it, 'count o' Long Harry's havin' left the church in his youth and never bein' a member. Says she talked it over with a number and they all felt the same way; they'd like fust rate to go to it, but jest can't bring theirselves to believe they'd feel right 'bout it if they did. Clara Fogg and Mary Thomas b'en up there all mornin', and everythin's ready. Jest thought I'd stop and tell you 't you got plenty time. They'll be two seedans waitin' in the Square to haul us bearers down to Pelter's cluss onto two o'clock. You'll be all right if you're waitin' in the Square by that time, and now I'll go and let them seedans know where to come fer us."

He went upon this errand, fanning himself and mopping his brow. "'Nough to melt a man flat, this heat!" he said, as he reached the end of the lane that led from the wharf to Cargo Square; but the fellow-citizen whom he addressed, like Mrs. Warbeck, took a brighter view. Mr. Boy was at liberty for the day and pleased with everything.

"Hot, maybe," he said. "Guess maybe you might say it's dreadful hot; but, on the other hand, look what a nice good 'pearance the Square's got to it agin. No crowdin', no pushin' agin a man and shovin' of him around. Only a few days now and you can come down here and wun't see nobody 't all 'cept Willie Briggs in the whole Square. Way I like to see it! Too bad, too bad 'bout Mr. Pelter. See you're one the bearers. Well, it's like what I says to Mrs. Sillery. I was talkin' to her this mornin'. Way it come about, I was standin' right outside the door to Cap'n Embury's kitchen somewuz around eight o'clock—might 'a' b'en half-past, maybe—and she come out, and I says, 'Well, we all got to go some time,' I says. Yes, suh, that's

(Continued on Page 26)

The freshly-clean City of Sunbrite

"IT seemed to me that my life was just one round of stubborn bathtub rings. Now I keep Sunbrite in the bathroom . . . for a quick rub of the tub after each small bather's bath. So easy! Sunbrite is mother's greatest time-saver." . . Sunbrite for the bathroom, where everything must be sanitary as well as spotless! Where cleaning and *purifying* must be done, once, twice, three times a day if necessary. "Double-action" Sunbrite does both, so quickly . . so easily. It saves money . . hands! Order a supply today.

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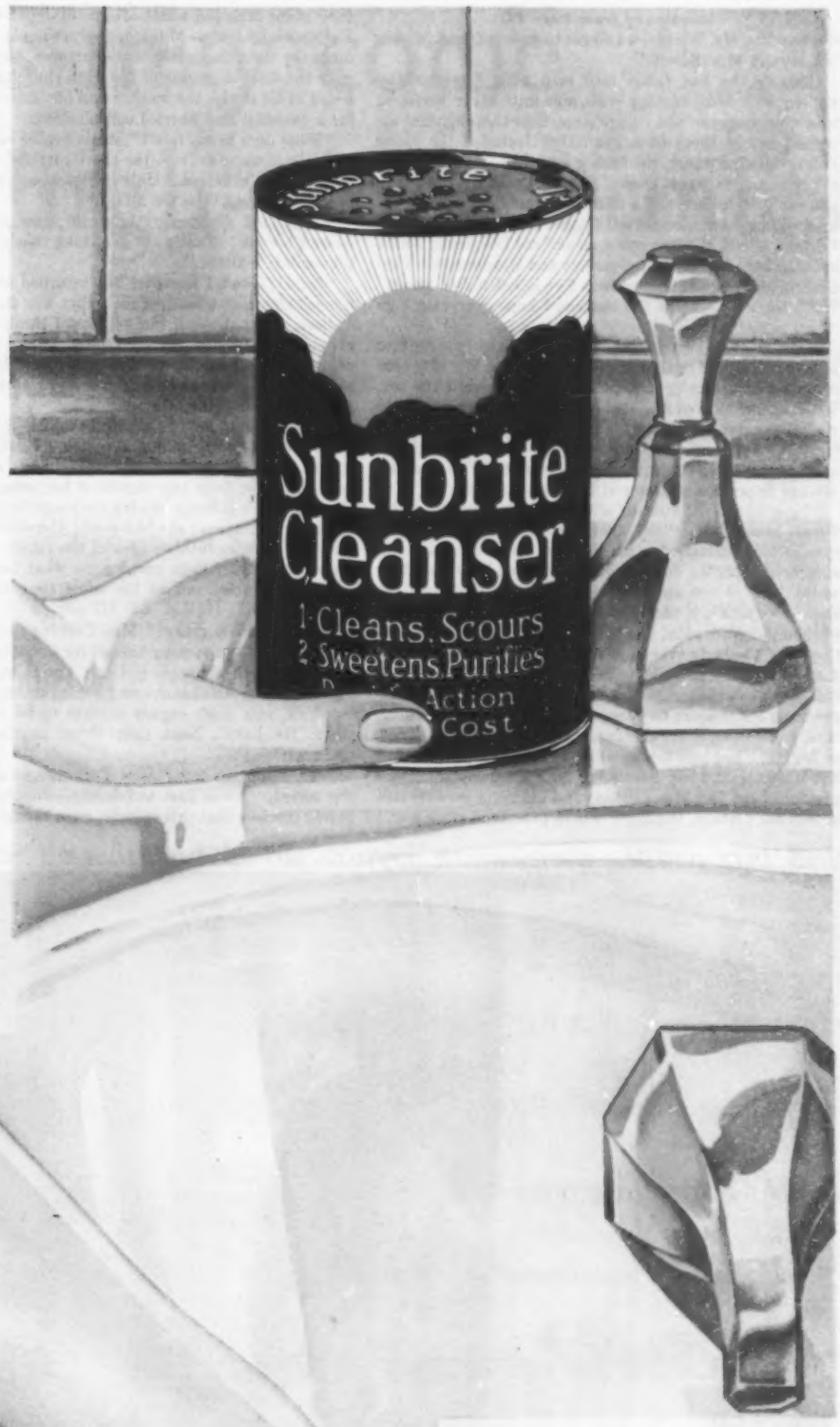

Baby's clothes must be so fresh, spotless for his tender skin! Keep them soft and snowy with Quick Arrow White Soap Chips.

(Continued from Page 24)

the way 'tis, Mr. Wicks—we all got to go some time, 'zackly 's I says to Mrs. Sillery."

Genially, he had fallen into step with Freeman and walked with him, turning with him into River Road, so that now, between the village elms, that thoroughfare extended before them in a vista that included the rising Point, the sand dunes, the harbor and the sea.

"Nice and empty it looks," Charlie Boy said. "Already you can't see more'n half a dozen automobiles on the whole road. Thought maybe I'd walk down t' the Point; thought I'd take a look at them cottages and see how many's shet up. Gaskells is gone and Cornings and Gordons and Vandenbrocks and quite some others I've heard tell of leavin'. Well, bein's you're one the bearers, I hope everythin'll go off all right."

With this, the two parted, Freeman Wicks turning into the street that led to Captain Embury's, and Mr. Boy continuing his pleasantly anticipatory walk toward the sea. When he had arrived at Great Point, however, and stood to view the cottages from the highway over the cliffs, he found himself somewhat disappointed by the number of them unshuttered and evidently still occupied. The Corning cottage in particular annoyed him into a perplexity.

"Now what's the meanin' o' this?" he inquired of an invisible companion. "See Corning himself with my own eyes yestiddy aftanoon in his big black limousine, with two automobile trunks on the rack behind and his daughter settin' 'side of him and the crippleman up front with the showfer—certain'y was leavin' town! Well, then, what's his house doin' lookin' like this—all open and seemin' like they wun't nobody ever so much as thinkin' 'bout gittin' it sh.t up the way it ought to be?"

It was the exterior only of the house that gave this impression, for indoors servants were busily covering furniture, padlocking cedar chests and strapping trunks. True, as Mr. Boy had just informed an apparition, Corning and his daughter and his secretary had gone away upon the previous day; but Mrs. Corning and her two sons were still within the cottage, though it was in process of closing and their plans included a late-afternoon departure from New Yarmouth by train. More precisely, the plan Corning had made for them included this departure; but half an hour after the distant ringing of the noon church bells had been heard in his study, the mother and her older son met there for a doubtful and worried consultation.

"What does he say now?" Mrs. Corning asked anxiously as Wallace came in from the short corridor.

"Nothing different. He's begun about a dozen more notes to her and torn 'em all up."

"That's all right—anything—so long as he actually doesn't see her! That's the one thing that's just got to be prevented, Wallace."

"Lord! Don't I know it!" he returned wearily, and let himself sink into a leather chair that was shrouded within a sheet. "He knows it himself, too, I think—I mean that his subconsciousness, or something, knows it; though of course he can't admit it. One wild thing he's got on his mind now—he thinks he ought to have warned her not to go to the Casino the other night."

"But she didn't. The doorman said ——"

"I know, I know," Wallace sighed. "But Gordon thinks it was his duty to have sent her word, so that there wouldn't have been any chance of her being mortified by the doorman's politely turning her away for lack of a membership card, in case she had gone. Gordon thinks he was weak to have let father's idea of the family dignity—you know how father kept harping on what he said was the 'dignified course, and at the same time the most merciful' ——"

"But it's all so crazy!" Mrs. Corning exclaimed. "For Gordon to be reproaching himself for something that never happened at all, since the girl didn't go there. It's like being conscience-stricken over something purely theoretical."

"Well, you don't expect Gordon to be reasonable, do you? He hasn't been that about anything since his accident."

"No, I suppose not," Mrs. Corning said musingly, and she added, "I was just wondering—wondering if it isn't barely possible that this episode, even though it's of course very painful to him, mightn't turn out, after all, to be not such a bad thing."

"How?"

"Well, you see, he was brooding his nerves to a frazzle over what he thought was his responsibility for Fred's death, and every specialist we had said that if we could only get his mind to dwelling upon anything else at all —— Don't you see?"

"I suppose it might be," Wallace assented. "Yes, I suppose it's already helped him to snap out of that other thing, and of course this naturally wouldn't be as hard to get over as that. Yes, you might be right."

"It's the hopeful view I tried to persuade your father to take," she said sadly. "Your poor father! Wallace, I don't want to add anything to what I know you've been undergoing mentally, but I do think the suffering you and Agatha have caused your father might be a lesson to both of you. Friday night, after we came back from that humiliating scene with the awful Gaskell woman—you didn't know it, but your father paced this room for hours and hours. Mortification's a terrible thing, and he was—oh, he was so terribly mortified, Wallace!"

"Had a little of that to bear myself, you might remember, mother. Mrs. Gaskell wasn't ——"

"I know, I know! But I've never seen your father's poor face look so old and white and drawn. I thought he looked badly when he drove away yesterday, too, and I know it worried him to think that the information he'd sent the Coast Guard had resulted as it did. Of course he knew that he had no responsibility for that, and he said the Coast Guard had only done their duty in firing on an escaping lawbreaker, just as he had done his. Any good citizen is bound under the law to turn over to the authorities any information that may come into his hands in regard to a felony, otherwise he makes himself an accessory, he said; so of course he had to do what he did in this case. But he's a very humane man, Wallace, and I could see that although he knew himself in the right, this wretched thing about Pelter added to his other troubles. He's so conscientious."

(Continued on Page 55)

Something in Her Thin and Quiet Tone as She Said "Your Father?" Went Chillingly Through Wallace

Deficient oils may come from high-grade crudes

For perfect performance in your automobile you must have a *correctly proportioned* oil—an oil that performs ALL FOUR of these functions in your engine:

1. CONTROL CARBON so that hard carbon deposits will not pile up in your cylinders.

2. CONTROL OXIDATION so that your oil system is kept free from clogging and your valves do not gum and stick. 3. PROVIDE OILY CHARACTER sufficient to hold down wear so that your engine won't "loosen-up". 4. LAST LONG—resist heat—to prevent excessive oil consumption. ALL four of these properties must be present, and in the correct proportions. When you hear that an oil is the best oil for your engine because it comes from a particular crude base, ask yourself whether that oil is DEFICIENT. No CRUDE, in itself, can be a guarantee against deficiency—a dozen oils of widely different quality can be made from the same high-grade crude. The necessary properties may be lacking or in the wrong proportion. Motor oil is MADE, not found. The factors that produce a *correctly proportioned* oil are the factors behind every quart of MOBILOIL. They are: 1. The maker's KNOWLEDGE. 2. The maker's PROCESSES and EQUIPMENT. 3. The maker's ability to SELECT the right crudes. When you buy MOBILOIL, you can be sure of the KNOWLEDGE, the processes, the equipment and the judgment of the leaders of the world in scientific lubrication. When you want to buy MOBILOIL, just drive in where you see this sign. Ask for the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car as recommended on the Mobiloil chart. Mobiloil is MADE by the Vacuum Oil Company.

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GUNMAN

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MCWAT

IX

AT QUARTER before five in the afternoon, Castagara gave the Scarvak sleeping quarters a final minute inspection. "Come on, Tony," he adjured the gang leader; "get into pajamas. You, Mouse, uncork that bottle of iodoform. This has got to smell like a sick room."

Antonio grinned and prepared for bed. "We got to pull those shades down some," Castagara went on. "And you, Gyp, better kind of stand watch over the doors. While these eggs are here, we'll keep the steel shutters out of sight."

So it was that when Mr. Thomas Wilton and two associates were ushered into the presence of the gang leader, they found a man who gave every evidence of severe injury. They filed into the room with the demeanor of those who impose upon suffering. Castagara smiled upon them after the fashion of an undertaker in a front hall. They showed a tendency to tiptoe.

"This is Mr. Currier and Mr. Crabb," Wilton introduced hastily, and in response, Antonio smiled upon them wanly and made a faint gesture with his bandaged right hand.

"I am sure, gentlemen," Castagara said suavely, "that you will conserve Mr. Scarvak's energies by doing most of the talking yourselves."

"Of course, of course," Wilton answered. "I suppose it's an imposition for us to come here at this time, but——"

"That's all right," Antonio cut in calmly. "I'm glad to see you, gentlemen. I appreciate your interest. Wanna help any way I can."

Castagara placed chairs for the visitors, and Wilton, obviously having been chosen spokesman, came quickly to the subject matter.

"We who are so close to this high-handed outrage feel it most deeply," he said, "but the whole country is in an uproar about it. Several of the members of our committee feel that none of us are immune to similar attack. Their thought is that your generous contribution to the suppression of crime may have focused attention upon you."

"I doubt it very much," Castagara interrupted. "From what we already know, Mr. Wilton, both Mr. Scarvak and myself are quite convinced that this is an attack of the Camorra. That it failed is attributable entirely to our foresight. Thank heaven, when the blow fell we were prepared."

Wilton cleared his throat. "Quite," he nodded, and added, "Many of us have found cause for thanks in your preparedness, Mr. Scarvak. That, in fact, is the one good feature of the whole thing."

In the Upper Hall They Were Met by Lefty Pino, Still in Butler's Attire. He Conducted Them Quietly to the Front Door

Antonio smiled a wan thanks. Gyp, sitting near the door, suddenly rose and stepped quickly into the hall. Mouse moved slowly from the bedside to fill Gyp's place at the door.

"All that we have to go on," Wilton continued, "is what has appeared in the newspapers. Mr. Currier, Mr. Crabb and myself attended a recent conference of our executive committee. At this conference it was decided that little could be accomplished until we had the actual facts of the case. About the only place we could get them was from Mr. Scarvak. The three of us were selected to come here for that purpose."

Antonio began to speak, and Castagara stepped quickly to the bedside and laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder. "Leave it to me, Antonio," he said solicitously. "You are apt to overtax your energies. I'll repeat just what happened for these gentlemen, and if I make any mistakes, you correct me." Antonio's wan smile flashed upon the visitors and his bandaged hand fluttered affectionately toward Angelo Castagara.

The attorney faced the committee and began. "I'll confine myself to actual happenings," he promised, "and compress them into as few words as possible. What you read in the papers is substantially true. At the beginning, Mrs. Scarvak received a telegram that her sister was in a dying condition. The message stated explicitly that she was begging to see, for the last time, Mrs. Scarvak and all five of her children. This is significant. In this manner the entire family, with the exception of Antonio, was lured out of the house. Being temporarily a bachelor, Mr. Scarvak invited six or eight of his gentlemen friends to a stag card party here last night.

"In the neighborhood of two o'clock this morning, the front doorbell rang. None of the servants was in the house, so Mr. Scarvak responded personally. He peered through the aperture in the front door purely as a precaution. Standing on the porch was a uniformed messenger. This disarmed Mr. Scarvak of suspicion and he unlocked and opened the door. Immediately the man on the porch whipped out a pistol. Frankly, Mr. Scarvak doesn't know whether he actually fired this or not. He was so startled and surprised by the move, and the sudden appearance of crouching figures on the lawn, that he cannot be certain about this point. If the fellow did fire, his aim was poor, because there is no trace of the bullet inside the front door.

"Almost instantly there was a shout from the men on the lawn and the messenger fled. Then the bomb was hurled. Antonio had the heavy door almost closed when the bomb exploded. This unquestionably saved his life. Stunned and burned, he, nevertheless, managed to close and bolt the door in time to keep the intruders out. Naturally his guests were in a furor. Being of Mr. Scarvak's nationality, they quite well knew what they were up against when he muttered 'Camorra' and passed out weapons with which the guests might fight for their lives.

"After the attackers had been driven off, Scarvak was put to bed to await the arrival of his physician, and one of the guests telephoned police headquarters. The police arrived about daylight this morning and took a deposition from each of the witnesses. These are now in the hands of the police and are, I'm afraid, worth little enough by way of tracing down the killers. Each of the guests has virtually the same story to tell, and no doubt the police will disclose their statements at the proper time."

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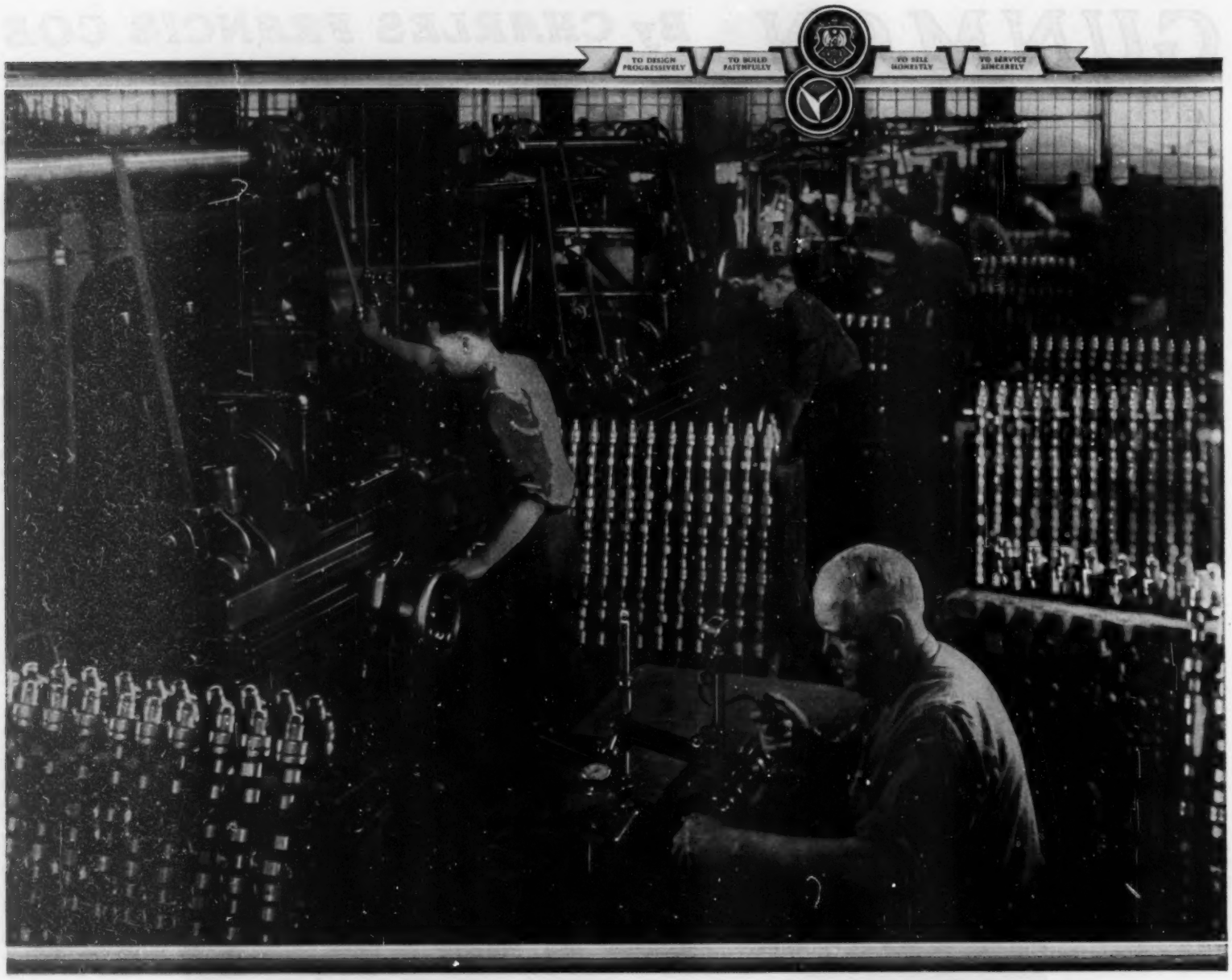

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The result of this four-fold ideal of quality is a high degree of confidence and a full measure of satisfaction on the part of Oldsmobile and Viking owners in every section of the country.

OLDSMOBILE SIX
VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 29)

He paused, considered a moment, and turned gently to Scarvak. "I think that covers everything, doesn't it, Antonio?" he asked. "That is exactly the way things happened, isn't it?"

"Exactly," Antonio answered softly. "I can't be sure about the messenger, but I think he did shoot. Probably the bullet struck outside the house and traces of it were wiped out by the explosion."

"Don't concern yourself about it," Angelo insisted with a gentle pat on the shoulder. "Think of nothing but getting your strength back, Antonio. These gentlemen fully understand your condition."

"Of course," Mr. Wilton said kindly.

"If you have any questions you would like to ask Mr. Scarvak," Angelo challenged, "he will be glad to answer them."

"We just wondered," Wilton said, "if Mr. Scarvak had any theory of his own."

"Only those letters," Antonio spoke up in husky tones.

"Letters?" Currier inquired.

"He means the Camorra letters," Castagara explained. "All told, he received about a dozen of them over a period of eighteen months. At first he gave them no attention, but when they continued to come, I insisted that Antonio take steps to protect himself. The last two letters were received within a few days of each other; or, in fact, within the past week. These I have in my office, where they already have been examined by the police."

"I see," Wilton nodded. He turned to Scarvak. "You never had dealings with this Red Karfola before?"

"Never heard of him." Antonio smiled wanly.

"It's an amazing piece of business," Crabb sputtered. "We don't want to impose on Scarvak's condition, Wilton, but I think maybe you'd better tell him about the newspaper investigator. Just as soon as I heard that, I knew Mr. Castagara was right. This is no simple gang war or attempted robbery. It is the most high-handed piece of outlawry I've ever heard of. If there is one thing that investigator proved to me, it is the fact that we are fighting a huge organization. With eight of their men, including the supposed leader, killed right here on this spot, they still have enough power to ——"

Mr. Crabb was the sputtering kind. He already had worked himself into a fever.

"All in good time," Wilton interrupted. "We must consider Mr. Scarvak's condition."

Crabb subsided with an injured look, but an important bobbing of his head.

At mention of the newspaper investigator, Castagara's eyes narrowed to slits, and Antonio's bandaged right hand jerked convulsively toward his pillow.

"My theory," Wilton explained expansively, "is that a man possessed with the facts is a man armed for the fight ahead."

"Quite right," Castagara purred.

"It isn't our purpose to startle you unduly," Wilton continued, "but one of our large newspapers employed a skilled investigator to get to the bottom of this attack. During the morning he left the newspaper office for this residence. At three o'clock this afternoon there was delivered to the managing editor of the newspaper this note."

He reached into an inner pocket and withdrew a plain white envelope, extracted a sheet of paper and spread it between his hands. Then he caught up a pair of glasses suspended by a ribbon about his neck and hooked them over his nose.

"The letter," he said, "speaks for itself. I'll read it."

Dear Sir: I am unable to handle the Scarvak investigation. This is for good and sufficient reasons of my own. There is a whole lot more to the problem than any one man should tackle.

I thank you for the opportunity and hope to be able to serve you on some other matter in the future.

Yours very truly,

——

"It is signed," Wilton explained, "by the investigator."

"Astonishing!" Castagara muttered, though his eyes were ablaze with satisfaction and a faint smile wreathed his lips. "Perfectly astonishing! But of course it explains itself instantly."

"You mean?" Wilton asked.

"Camorra!" Antonio Scarvak muttered sepulchrally.

"Right," Castagara emphasized.

"You're darn tooting," Crabb sputtered. "I saw that instantly. This weak-kneed investigator quickly convinced himself that he was up against this secret society, and it scared him off. I don't need any better evidence to show me that this country is falling into the hands of a huge band of brigands. Why, it's getting so ——"

"Yes," Wilton sighed, "yes, it is, Crabb." Then he spoke directly to Scarvak: "This incident seems to bear out completely the theory that the Camorra is responsible."

"They are," Scarvak scowled. "But I won't quit to 'em, Wilton. By the Lord Harry, I'll fight 'em to the finish!" He struggled upward in his excitement, and Castagara pressed him gently downward onto the bed.

"Easy, Antonio," he pleaded. "Try to keep your mind off these things. After all, this is nothing new to us. We've known it all along."

Gyp returned quietly to the bedroom, and Castagara glanced toward the door and saw that Mouse was back at his station.

"Is there anything more, gentlemen?" the lawyer asked the committee.

"Nothing definite," Wilton admitted. "What we wanted primarily was a first-hand statement of facts, so that we would know exactly what happened, and just how it happened."

Castagara nodded understanding.

"We rather hoped," Wilton continued dubiously, "that Mr. Scarvak might have something in the nature of a recommendation."

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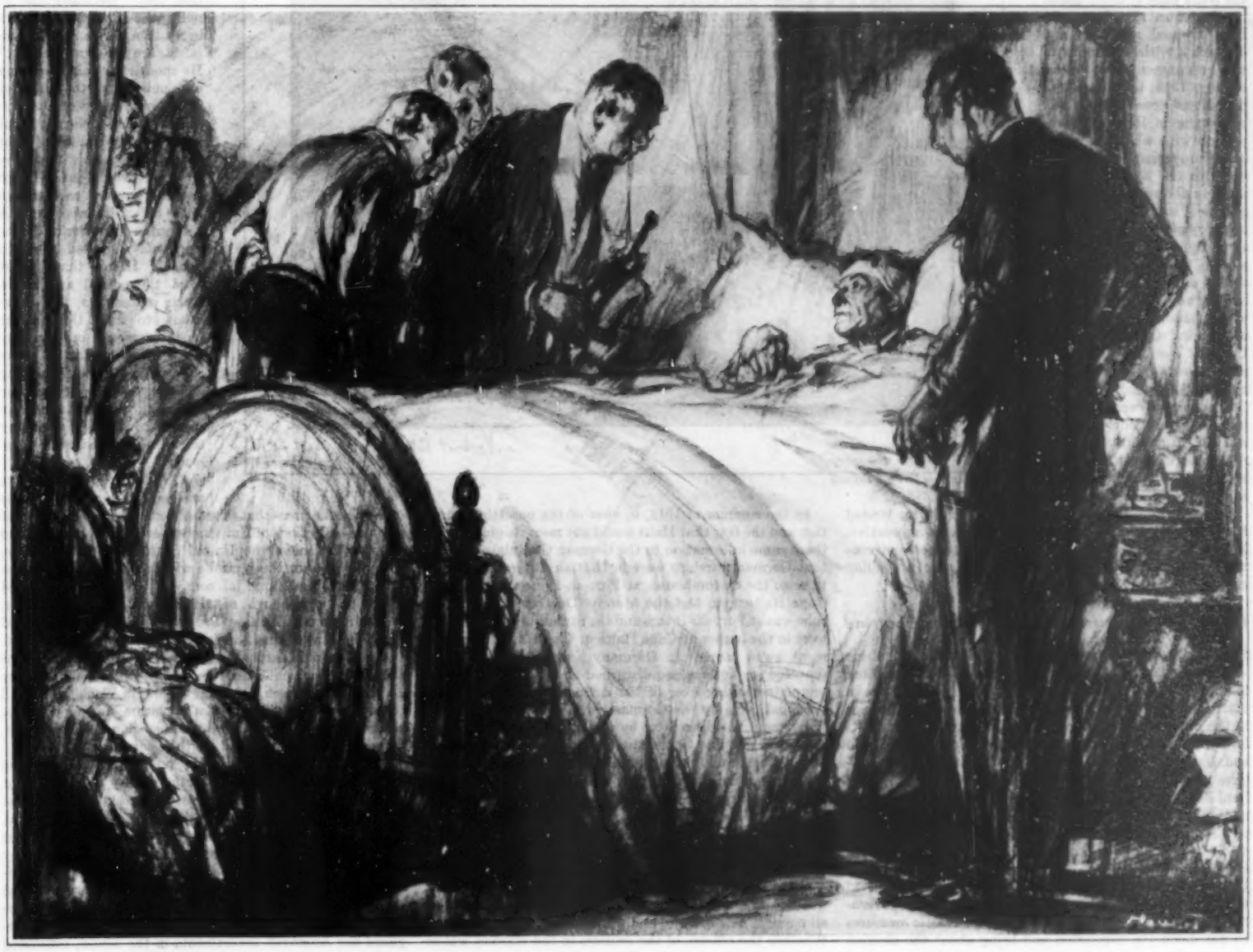


"That's All Right," Antonio Cut In Calmly. "I'm Glad to See You, Gentlemen. I Appreciate Your Interest. Wanna Help Any Way I Can"

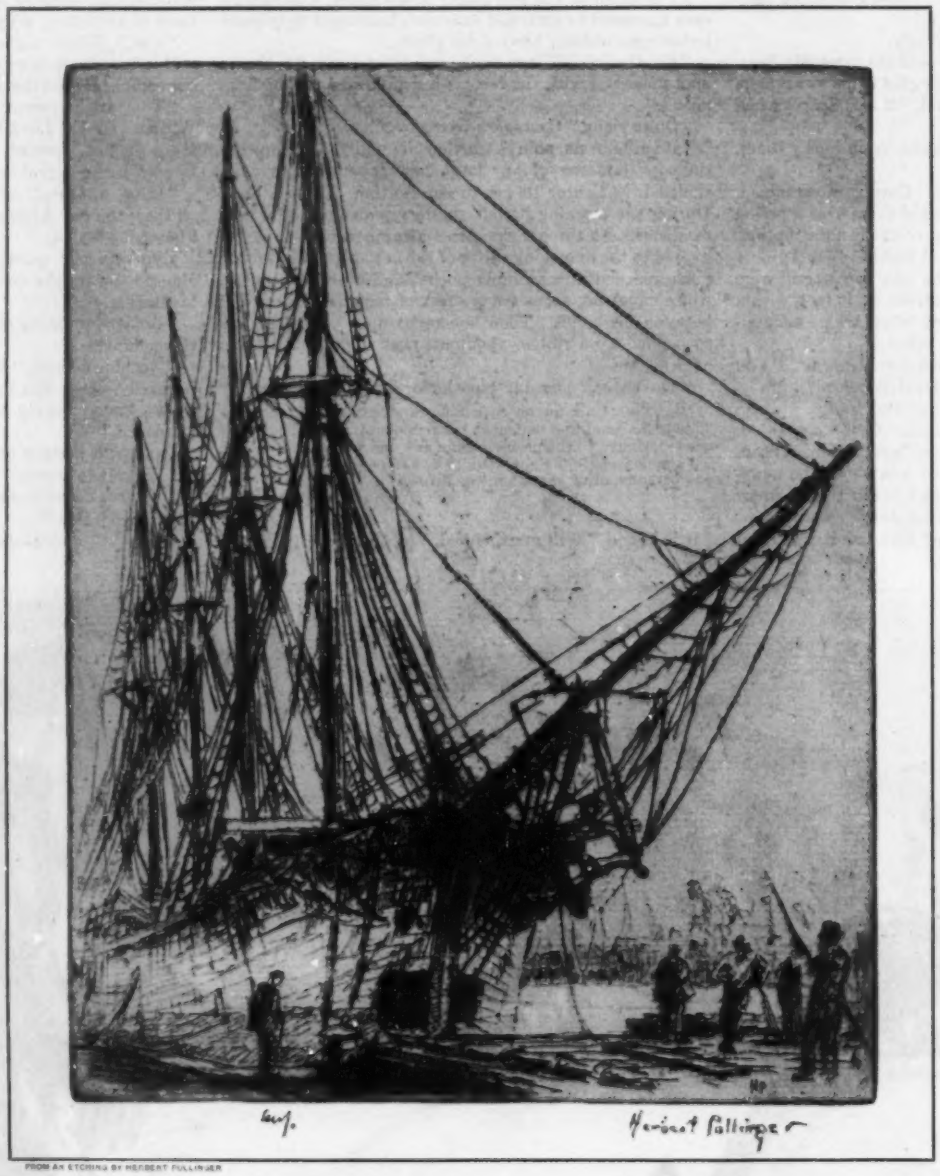
THE PROBLEM OF HAITI

By Josephus Daniels

Secretary of the Navy, 1913–21, in the Wilson Administration

WHY did the United States, by direction of Woodrow Wilson, go into Haiti in 1915, take over the control of the customhouses, select a Haitian as its choice for president, compel the ratification of a treaty that gave complete direction of Haitian affairs for fifteen years to Americans?

These questions have been asked repeatedly, particularly since President Hoover sent the Forbes Commission to Haiti. So little impression on the popular mind did the landing of the Marines in Haiti make in 1915 that the body of the people scarcely realized that the government of that near neighbor had, in practically everything except name, passed into the hands of agents and officials named by the United States Government. Ordinarily such a sensational revolution and riot as had occurred in Haiti, culminating in the brutal murder of its president and the landing of Marines in Port-au-Prince, and the later declaration of martial law by an American admiral, would have flared on the front page of every paper in the country. It would have aroused attention and discussion, with both approval and resentment. However, in July, 1915, the interest of people and press in what was happening in Haiti, in comparison with what was going on in Europe and with Wilson's notes to the Kaiser, was exactly in the ratio of the geographical size of Haiti to the territory of all Europe. To be sure, the papers carried the story of the assassination, the arrival of Marines, "who had landed and have everything well in hand," and the arrival of Admiral Caperton on the U. S. S. Washington. In as much, however, as only a few men were wounded, how could the people stop even to inquire into that insignificant event when the conflagration in Europe was killing its millions and Uncle Sam might any day be drawn into the vortex?



FROM AN ETCHING BY HERBERT FULLINGER

The immediate reason why the United States landed Marines in Haiti was because that duty was imperative. The alternative was to sit still and see a European government assume authority and try to end the prevailing anarchy and give needed security.

When Germany Questioned the Monroe Doctrine

THE obligations assumed under the Monroe Doctrine forbade that any European country should be permitted to take over the customhouses or to secure a naval base in that island so near to us and so important with reference to the Panama Canal. Conditions had been bad in Haiti for years. American ships had been in Santo Dominican and Haitian waters in 1914–15. In addition, representatives of the State Department, the Fort Commission, and Paul Fuller, Jr., special agent of the United States, had been in Haiti to keep in touch with a situation that threatened to blow up any minute. The Fort Commission, headed by ex-Governor John Franklin Fort, of New Jersey, had been sent to Port-au-Prince because of the absolute confidence President Wilson had in Governor Fort. The commission reported that it was hopeless to expect orderly government until the United States should adopt drastic measures to put down the revolution and bring about the election of a constitutional president.

In the summer of 1914, in view of the unsettled condition and the fear that Haiti would not meet its obligations, there came information to the German Consulate in Haiti that German warships were in Haitian waters, instructed to seize the customhouses at Port-au-Prince, Jacmel, and Cape Haitien, to test the Monroe Doctrine. The Karlsruhe was at Port-au-Prince and the Strassburg and another were in the harbor at Cape Haitien. The Haitian Government owed money in Germany and in France. The repeated revolutions had disturbed all creditors. The contemplated taking over of the customhouses of the three principal ports by the German ships was not carried out. The reason, as given later by a German merchant of importance, was due to the threatened breaking out of the war in Europe about the time the German cruisers were in Haitian waters. If there had been no coming European war in 1914, there might have been enacted as to Haiti a repetition of what happened in Venezuela when Mr. Cleveland sent to Great Britain a message that was heard around the world.

It had often been stated that Germany, refusing to accept the American interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, was not averse to testing it. Germany had avid eyes on all possible new colonies and was looking for new markets. Whether the officers of the cruisers in the Haitian waters in the summer of 1914, with or without direction from home, would have seized the customhouses is another of those questions which will never be answered. It is certain that all nations trading with Haiti, particularly those to which it owed money, were disturbed because of the frequent revolutions and growing banditry in the country and because German ships were on the spot.

The publicity of Germany's threatened intervention, created by the presence of German ships in Haitian waters, caused denials that they were there to take charge of the customhouses. In the early summer of 1914, Ulrich Duvivier, Haitian Minister, in a public letter to the press, denied that the Haitian Government, in return for a loan of $2,000,000, would grant to Germany control over several customhouses and the right of establishing a coaling station at Mole St. Nicolas. He said the report was "absolutely false."

Too Much Protest

ON THE following day the German Minister of Foreign Affairs made a declaration that "Germany has no political aspirations whatever in South America, but her interests are purely mercantile." He specifically said Germany had never had the slightest idea of obtaining a coaling station at Mole St. Nicolas; that it desired only the most friendly relations with America, and "would certainly not use the present moment to make difficulties with her." A cablegram from Berlin on the same day showed German feeling. It said that "apart from the official and diplomatic statements, it is necessary to state that in the business world in Germany the utmost irritation exists concerning the dillydallying and wavering policy of the American administration in regard to Mexico, whereby large trade interests are paralyzed."

A few days later news reached Washington and was carried in the press that "formal demand for the control of customs collections of Haiti have been made by France and Germany. Unless the United States Government acts, supervision over the republic will in all probability pass under European financial control." France also denied that it had any thought of taking over the customs affairs. It was reported also that President Zamor had borrowed $500,000 from German bankers at more than 300 per cent. It was also said that a second loan had been negotiated for $300,000, of which Haiti received only $150,000. "They do protest too much," was the feeling in Washington. All these reports of European contemplation of using power to secure payment of debts created suspicion in Washington. It was not fully dissipated by the denials.

Not only were German and French creditors worrying about how they could collect the money due them, but American investors and business interests were likewise anxious about the money due them. As early as January, 1914, New York business men having interests in Haiti urged the Washington administration to adopt the policy of intervention. This was before the assassination of President Vilbrun Guillaume Sam. The State Department was deaf to their entreaties. After each revolution these American business men urged the State Department to safeguard the American investments in the island, estimated

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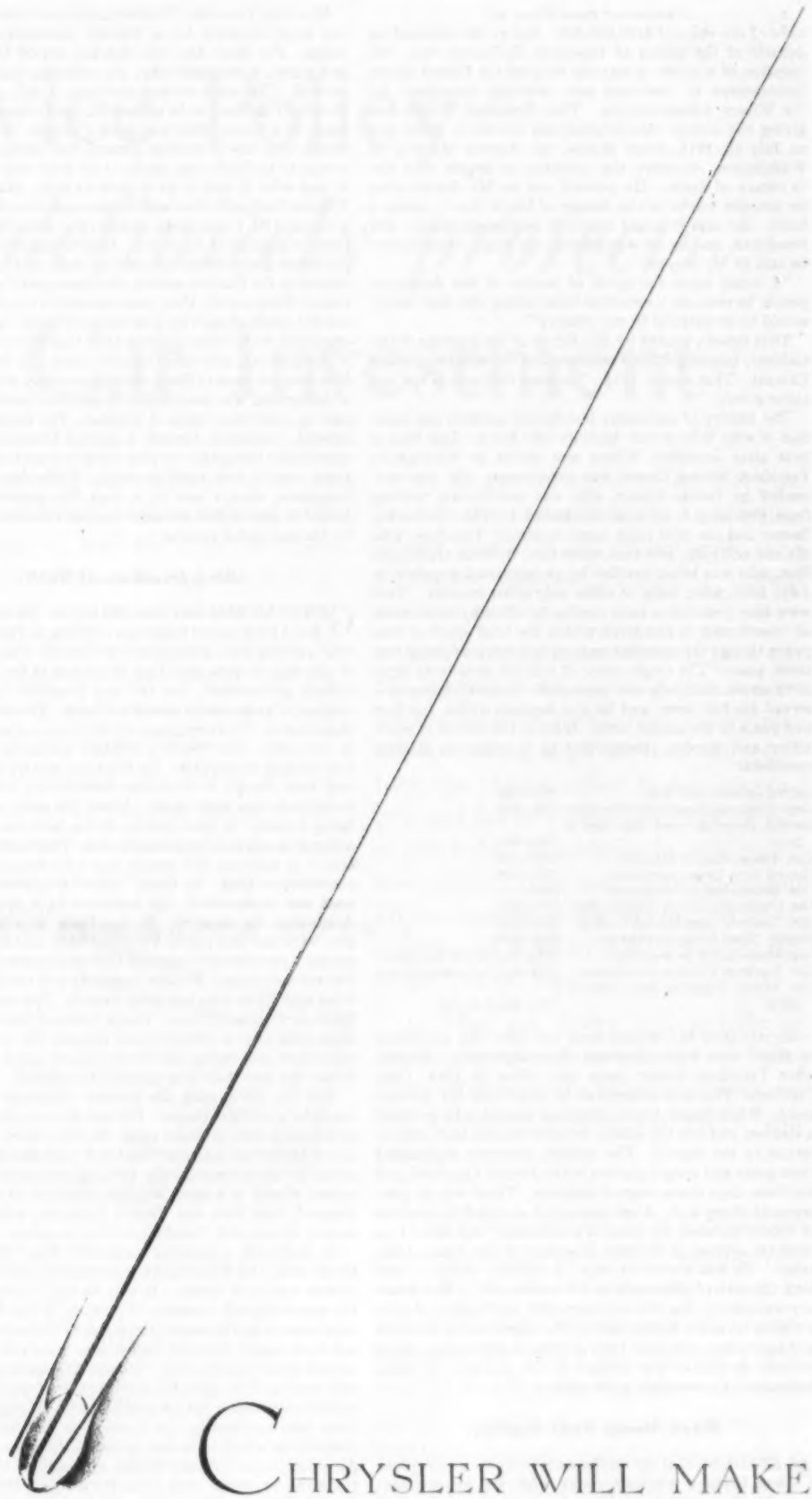


CHRYSLER WILL MAKE

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUTSTANDING IMPORTANCE

ON JULY 19TH

(Continued from Page 32)

to be of the value of $200,000,000. Before the culminating debacle of the killing of President Guillaume Sam, the question of whether it was the duty of the United States Government to intervene was seriously considered by the Wilson Administration. That President Wilson was giving the matter consideration was known in Haiti, and on July 23, 1914, Solon Menos, the Haitian Minister at Washington, discussed the question at length with the Secretary of State. He pointed out to Mr. Bryan what he thought would be the danger of Uncle Sam's taking a hand. He said it would result in counter-revolution and bloodshed, and as he was leaving the State Department he said to Mr. Bryan:

"I count upon the spirit of justice of the American people to restrain themselves from taking the step which would be so harmful to my country."

That appeal, quoted by Mr. Bryan at the meeting of the Cabinet, impressed the President and the members of the Cabinet. That was in 1914. The year 1915 was to tell another story.

The history of successive revolutions answers the question of why Wilson sent Marines into Haiti. Less than a year after President Wilson was seated in Washington President Michel Oreste was overthrown. He was succeeded by Oreste Zamor, who was overthrown, serving from February 8, 1914, to November 1, 1914. Following Zamor and his brief reign came Davilmar Theodore, who did not last long, and then came Gen. Vilbrun Guillaume Sam, who was killed in office by an infuriated populace in July, 1915, after being in office only a few months. Here were four presidents, each coming to office by revolution, all overthrown or murdered within the brief space of two years, though the constitutional term of the presidency was seven years. The tragic story of Haitian presidents since 1879 shows that only one president—General Salomon—served his full term, and he was deposed within the first two years of his second term. Here is the record of revolution and murder, summarized as it relates to Haitian presidents:

General Salomon (full term)	1879–1886
General Salomon (deposed after two years)	1886–1888
General Hippolyte (died near close of term)	1889–1896
Gen. Tiresias Sam (overthrown)	1896–1902
General Nord Alexis (overthrown)	1902–1908
Gen. Antoine Simon (overthrown)	1908–1911
Gen. Cincinnatus Leconte (killed in office)	1911–1912
Gen. Tancrede Auguste (died in office)	1912–1913
Senator Michel Oreste (overthrown)	1913–1914
Gen. Oreste Zamor (overthrown)	1914, February to November
Gen. Davilmar Theodore (overthrown)	1914–1915, November to March
Gen. Vilbrun Guillaume Sam (killed in office)	1915, March to July

Shortly after Mr. Wilson came into office the conditions in Haiti were reported worse than deplorable. Shortly after President Zamor came into office in 1914, Gen. Davilmar Theodore attempted to overthrow his government. When Zamor found resistance was futile he boarded a steamer and left the island, without having been able to return to the capital. The cabinet members abandoned their posts and sought asylum in the French Legation, and for three days chaos reigned supreme. There was no government of any sort. A self-appointed so-called Committee of Safety assumed the reins of government and carried on until the arrival of General Theodore at the head of his army. He was elected at once—a military election—and took the oath of office early in November, 1914. The treasury was empty, the revolutionary debt multiplied, all government revenues diminished by the stagnation in business and agriculture resultant from continued revolution. Such revenue as existed was pledged to the payment of loans contracted by previous governments.

When Money Went Begging

AS EVIDENCE of the straits into which the government had fallen, a schooner loaded with coal for the gunboats Pacifique and Nord Alexis lay for weeks at the dock with its cargo undischarged because the government was unable to procure the small sum necessary to pay for the operation. In their extremity an issue of 800,000 paper gourdes was authorized, the money to be printed in the United States. The need, however, for money immediately was so exigent that it was decided to print handbill money in Port-au-Prince. It was printed on the commonest paper. Ignorant people would not accept it, for it did not look or feel or act like money. Soldiers were compelled to accept it, but did so only when failure to take it would bring them trouble. Popular dissatisfaction ensued, and when Gen. Vilbrun Guillaume Sam organized his revolution, General Theodore was in no position to hold out against him. In fact, General Sam marched from Cape Haitien practically without resistance.

However, President Theodore, without money and without arms requisite for a Haitian executive, would not resign. For three days the city was cut off from all food and water, a besieged city, the suffering being real and general. "In order to save suffering, I will resign," said General Theodore, as he embarked, glad to escape with his head, on a Dutch ship bound for Curaçao. The congress, seeing that the victorious general had several thousand troops at his back, was ready to do what was expected of it, and what it had to do to save its skin. March 4, 1915, Vilbrun Guillaume Sam was inaugurated President of Haiti.

General Sam's uprising, as was true of nearly all revolutions, originated in the north. It soon became apparent to the State Department officials in Haiti and to the naval officers in the Haitian waters, who conveyed their information to Washington, that these successive revolutions were not the result of any real grievance but were, in most cases, organized for no other purpose than to gratify the ambition of the generals and those close to them. It became clear that they, or some of them, were financed by certain groups of foreigners, who were ready to advance money to be repaid at exorbitant rates of interest. The temptation to a general, imagining himself a second Dessalines, and to speculative foreigners to play for power and riches was so great that it was hard to resist. Financiers, who were foreigners, always saw to it that the government they helped to gain power agreed to assume the debt contracted by the successful general.

King Josephus, of Haiti

GENERAL SAM was from the north. He was popular. For a brief period there was a feeling in Port-au-Prince that a strong man, popular in the country, was at the helm of the ship of state and that Haiti was in for a season of orderly government, but the new president had no conception of government except by force. The army was his dependence. Thirteen-year-old boys were seized and put in the army. He created a military monarchy. Soon his rule became unbearable. He filled the jails with his critics, and men feared to exchange confidences with friends. Everybody was spied upon. About 200 men, suspected of being friendly to Gen. Rosolio Bobo, who was raising an army of revolution, were imprisoned. They were from "the élite," as Haitians call people who hold themselves above the common herd. In Haiti, "élite" is a term commonly used and understood. Its members have nearly always dominated the country. It was these important people who were cast into jail by President Sam, and for no reason except a presidential suspicion that they sympathized with the revolutionists. Foreign legations and consulates were filled with those who had been warned. The condition was tense in Port-au-Prince. Could General Sam's military despotism silence offenders and prevent the rising tide of opposition and defeat the revolutionary army of General Bobo that was marching toward the capital?

July 26, 1915, gave the answer—Haitians would not stand for a military despot. On that day occurred the most sickening scenes in Haiti since the time when the blacks under Dessalines massacred all the Frenchmen in Haiti and seized the government. The political prisoners were massacred almost to a man, and the populace, in retaliation, dragged Sam from the French Legation, where he had sought refuge, and literally tore him to pieces.

At that crisis something happened. The United States naval ship, the Washington, appeared in the offing. Its arrival was most timely. It may be said to have come at the psychological moment. Certainly if the Wilson Administration had possessed the power of divination, it could not have caused Admiral Caperton to mark the time of his arrival more opportunely. Though the terrible situation was clear to him upon his arrival at Port-au-Prince, Admiral Caperton did not act precipitately. If stability could have been restored by the Haitians in and for their own country, he would have had no justification for landing an American force. Before taking any action, the admiral conferred on board ship with the French Minister, the British Chargé d'Affaires and the American Chargé d'Affaires. They all agreed that the interposition of the American naval forces was necessary to prevent European complications, which were most probable, in view of the violation of the French Legation. They told the American admiral that the city was in anarchy and that danger to foreigners was increasing every moment.

In view of these representations, Admiral Caperton decided at four P.M. to land, under Capt. George W. Van Orden, the Twelfth Expeditionary Company of the Marines, and three companies of seamen from the Washington, consisting of 340 men and officers under command of Lieut. Fred H. Poteet. The ship's guns were ready if needed. The troops made their landing at night. During the advance there was considerable sniping, but it was not organized and did not last long. The casualties were two Haitians killed and ten wounded. All armed Haitians were disarmed. Gen. E. E. Robin, commander of the revolutionary forces in Port-au-Prince, was persuaded by Captain Van Orden to aid in preventing bloodshed. Soon firing and disorder ceased. Prior to the landing, Capt. E. L. Beach and Lieut. J. N. Ferguson of the U. S. Navy, persuaded leaders of Haiti and foreigners to refrain from hostile acts and to keep within doors. On the next day—July twenty-ninth—Captain Beach was sent ashore by Admiral Caperton to assume chief military functions and such civil functions as might be needed; this being necessary because there was no government of any kind in Haiti even pretending to function.

Thus was American protection given at the most critical period. Quiet reigned where almost a hell of fury had been in uncontrolled possession. The reports that the American Navy had performed its delicate task with such small loss of life, and that for the time Haiti was free from rioting and mobs, greatly gratified President Wilson, who had, when first urged to intervene in Haiti, shared Secretary Bryan's view that no appeals based merely upon protecting American investments justified the use of armed force to compel Haiti to pay its debt or to insure investors who had made their investments with full knowledge of the conditions on that island. He always refused to be governed by the policy which had come to be known as Dollar Diplomacy—meaning that the American troops were at the beck and call of the American dollar. The State Department breathed easy. The Navy was proud that it had brought order out of chaos.

"Make way for Josephus the First, King of Haiti!"

Rising in his seat, with mock solemnity and an Oriental salaam, with a wink at President Wilson and a smile expressing quiet humor, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, used these words at a Cabinet meeting in the summer of 1915, shortly after the Marines had gone ashore.

"How will you conduct the election down there, and who will hold the polls?" asked another colleague, by way of badinage.

"Will the candidate you and Lansing picked out manage to squeeze in?" asked a third colleague, entering into the spirit which Lane always adopted when discussing the Haitian situation with me.

It was well known in the Cabinet that I was far from happy in some of the measures that were found necessary to employ when the United States landed troops in Port-au-Prince. My associates had not forgotten that in 1914, when A. Bailly-Blanchard, American Minister at Port-au-Prince, had held conversations looking to the United States assuming control over Haitian finances, I had strongly supported the attitude of the Secretary of State in opposition, and had favored, instead, the sending of the Fort Commission to Haiti to make a survey and study, and report on the true situation.

"Who has the King of Haiti selected as his president for Haiti?" asked Lane. Lane's knowledge of Central American affairs had been obtained at first hand. His doubt about their capacity for self-government was unconcealed.

A Quiet Election Day

"HE HAS a name hard to pronounce. You spell it 'D-a-r-t-i-g-u-e-n-a-v-e,'" was the answer, "and he is vouched for by Admiral Caperton as a man of personal honor, patriotism and ability."

Admiral Caperton had not made his recommendation without exhausting every resource to secure unity and cooperation of all Haitians. He established military government on August twelfth. On that day he sent this report to the Secretary of the Navy:

> Day passed without disorder. Votes for president were cast by congress as follows: Dartiguenave 94, Cauvin 14, Thezan 4, Bobo 3, 1 blank. Dartiguenave was declared elected amidst enthusiasm, and immediately took the oath of office. Following election, Dartiguenave spoke, stating that he had never been chief of any faction, band or group and that he will govern solely for benefit of Haiti, according to constitution and laws.

The Secretary of the Navy the next day directed Admiral Caperton to exercise extreme caution concerning the firing of a national salute to the Haitian flag, since the Haitian Government "has not yet been recognized by the United States, and will not be except upon certain conditions"—this meaning that the State Department was unwilling, though Uncle Sam had selected his candidate for president, to give recognition until the Haitian Congress should ratify a treaty giving large powers to the United States. There was more hostility than disturbance in Haiti over the election. There was serious objection to the demand by the State Department for the ratification of the treaty. Pressure was exercised to secure the ratification of the treaty, which provided for a receiver general of customs, a financial adviser and directors of public works and sanitation.

(Continued on Page 36)

A *new* Service Policy that *definitely protects* your Car Investment

THERE are two important questions which should be answered satisfactorily before you buy any automobile. First, is the car so designed and built that it will give you the various qualities you have a right to expect? And second, have the manufacturer and the dealer made definite provisions to assure the car's continued fine performance for many years?

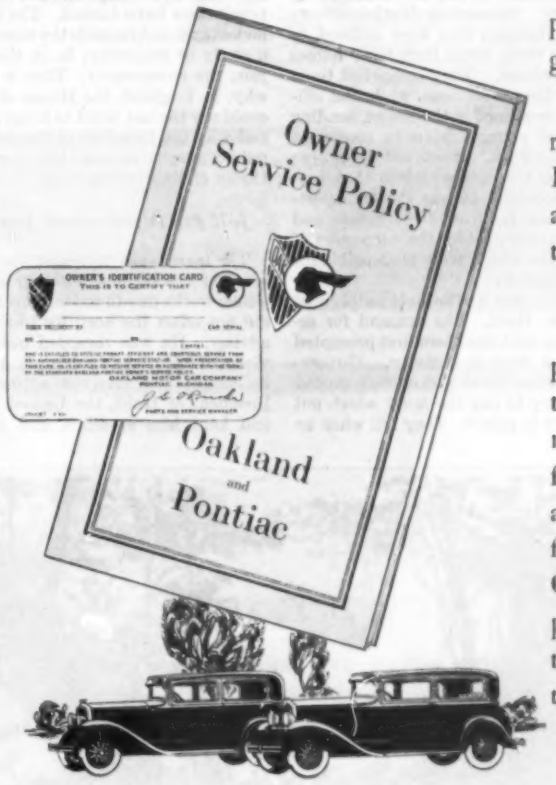
Both of these questions *can* be answered satisfactorily when you buy an Oakland Eight or a Pontiac Big Six. You can be sure that the car is built to high standards of quality. You can be sure that in performance, appearance, comfort and long life it represents outstanding value. And, thanks to the new Oakland-Pontiac Owner Service Policy, you can also be sure that your investment will be definitely protected.

This new service policy embodies many unusual features of value to every owner. It represents an extension of the fine service Oakland-Pontiac dealers render. It is handed to you in printed form, backed by both the dealer and the Oakland Motor Car Company, when your car is delivered. It contains the following specific provisions:

1—That your car will be delivered in first class condition, thoroughly inspected, adjusted and lubricated.

2—That all parts replaced under the standard warranty will be *supplied without charge, as will the labor necessary for their installation*, during the first 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever occurs first. This service will be provided by any Oakland-Pontiac dealer in the United States upon presentation of your owner's identification card.

3—That during the initial driving period the dealer making delivery will give your car *two free* inspections and adjustments to assure its proper operation thereafter.



(*a*) At 500 miles the dealer will give your car a road test—check the oil in the engine, rear axle and transmission—and adjust the ignition, carburetor, timing and brakes.

(*b*) At 1500 miles he will give the car another road test and precautionary re-checking, performing the following operations: align the front wheels—tune the engine, adjust brakes, steering gear and fan belt—tighten all body and chassis bolts. In addition he will check the radiator, tires and lights—test and fill the battery—lubricate the car completely—all without cost except for the grease and oil used.

4—That the dealer will provide at regular 90-day intervals the 3-Point Free Adjustment Service—checking and adjusting ignition, carburetor and timing.

* * *

This liberal service policy definitely protects your investment. It enables you to enjoy, to the fullest extent and at minimum cost, the fine qualities of performance for which the Oakland Eight and the Pontiac Big Six are noted. And finally, it serves as concrete evidence of Oakland-Pontiac quality—for such a policy could successfully be applied only to cars in which the manufacturer has the fullest confidence.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Pontiac, Michigan

(Continued from Page 34)

The Haitians vigorously objected to the provision that those officers, to be appointed by the President of Haiti, must have the recommendation of the President of the United States. That meant virtual complete American control, which irritated the Haitians, even though they must have felt it meant efficiency.

It had been hoped that with the election of the president there would be less need for Marines, but Caperton wired that the United States "cannot afford to hamper me by reduction of my force if they desire to solve Haitian difficulties at this time." The supreme desire of the Wilson Administration was to "solve Haitian difficulties," and so ample force was provided by the Navy. By August thirty-first there were eighty-eight Marine officers and 1941 Marines in Haiti, under the command of Col. Littleton W. T. Waller. Shortly all the customhouses were taken over by Admiral Caperton, who occupied the customhouse at Port-au-Prince.

He put Port-au-Prince under martial law, and later the immediate territory occupied by American forces, Caperton reporting that he had declared martial law "at the request of President Dartiguenave." This necessity, if it was a necessity, was disappointing to the President and the Secretary of the Navy. State Department officials and Navy officials were not averse to martial law. From the Navy Department this message went to Caperton on August seventh:

Conciliate Haitians to fullest extent consistent with maintaining order and firm control of the situation, and issue this proclamation:

"Am directed to assure the Haitian people the United States has no object in view except to insure, establish and help to maintain Haitian independence and the establishment of a stable and firm government by the Haitian people in their attempts to secure these ends. It is the intention to retain United States forces in Haiti only so long as will be necessary for this purpose."

Notwithstanding the attempts to make the Haitians understand our intentions, most of them distrusted the assurance of temporary occupation. Nothing contributed more to dissatisfaction than the misuse of the corvée system, which requires a citizen to work three days on the roads. Shortly after comparative quiet had been restored by the Americans, the need of good roads was apparent, both from the military need of ending banditry, which thrived where there were no roads, and to enable the Haitians to bring their produce to market. The Cacos in some sections, particularly the northern section, made a business of sweeping down upon natives en route to market and robbing them. The first business of the Marines was to end banditry, both for the stability of government and for the protection of the peasants, long exploited by the Cacos. They were often, in effect, made slaves. No government had been safe in Haiti for years, because it could not reach the bandits. It was necessary to build roads into such sections if government was to be stable.

Marines Turned Road Builders

And so, accepting the corvée system, the law being not unlike that which long prevailed in some states in America, Col. Smedley Butler, in charge of the Marines, was set to building roads. Utilizing the corvée law, he called the Haitians to work, and many of them did work willingly. With the consummate ability of understanding the sensibilities of people in all parts of the world, Colonel Butler carried on the road building in a way to make for good feeling. When the natives responded to the summons, Colonel Butler and his Marines shouldered shovels and other tools and worked with them, thus giving practical evidence of a sort of comradeship which won the Haitians. Colonel Butler was wise enough not to require the Haitians to go into other parts of the island to work. He employed them only in their own vicinity, so that they could return to their little homes at night. This made no hardship. Every Saturday night he gave them a party where there was dancing. He gave them a little money and in every way secured and preserved a feeling that the Americans had come not to drive them but to help them.

Butler's attitude in Haiti, in carrying out the corvée system, was like that afterward shown by him when he was in charge of the Pontanazon Barracks at Brest, France, through which more than 1,000,000 American soldiers went to the Front and came back home during the World War. It rained every day in Brest. This made Pontanazon the dampest place on earth, and soldiers sometimes had to wade knee-deep in the mud. There was no time then to stop to pave. Brigadier General Butler conceived the idea of making walking tolerable by laying down a sidewalk of duckboards. When they had been obtained General Butler shouldered a duckboard, commanded all the Marines to do likewise, and they made the road. He never said to his men, "Go." He said, "Follow me."

Putting a General in His Place

One day the general had left his automobile in the road while duckboarding.

A soldier came along, bawled out the general, and said, "Get out of the road and take that automobile out P. D. Q."

He roared at the general as if he were a buck private and the bawler were a czar.

Laying his duckboard in place, General Butler turned and asked the man storming at him:

"Do you know who you are talking to?"

"No, and I don't care a damn. Get that machine out. Do it instantly."

"I am General Butler, in command here," was the reply.

"The hell you are," said the man. "Nobody ever saw a general do any work."

There came a time, however, after Colonel Butler returned to the United States from Haiti, when the operation of the corvée system was so unpopular that it was the occasion of active hostilities by the Haitians. Succeeding Marine officers moved the Haitians who were ordered to work on the roads away from their homes and neighborhood. They compelled them to work in distant sections, while the officers of rank remained in the towns, sending inexperienced young officers to command and direct the work. It was not the proper application of the corvée system that produced the trouble. It was the transporting of Haitians far from their homes and the lack of sympathy by the successors of Colonel Butler which were responsible for the later outbreak.

Bankruptcy was at the bottom of most difficulties in Haiti. The demand for security for the debt due them first prompted German and French activity. Governments rose when there was enough money in the treasury to pay the army which put the president in power. They fell when an empty treasury prevented giving the largesses essential to pay the protecting forces. Haiti had been burdened with debt from the time France exacted a heavy indemnity in exchange for the recognition of its independence. This was not paid in full until 1893. When Admiral Caperton landed, the public debt was $30,772,513, or, roughly, fifteen dollars per capita. Under American administration the reduction of the debt came entirely out of the current revenues, with the exception of $5,000,000 gained through the depreciation of the French franc. The obligations on the debt were not only met on time but premature amortizations were made in a number of years under American rule. From the beginning, though the most severe criticisms were made because American officers took over the customhouses, the Americans put the country's finances on a sound basis—something which had not been known. Haiti's credit has been maintained in all the years since 1915 upon the most approved plans of the best governments. This, together with expenditures of millions without graft for schools, roads, health and public improvements, is to the lasting credit of America.

"But," say the Haitians, and truthfully, "all this is done with our money. We pay the bills and we ought to say whether there should not be tax reduction."

There are no taxes on land in Haiti, the revenues all coming from customs and internal excise taxes. When Admiral Caperton landed, the largest part of the revenue was derived from export duties, but this has changed, and now the revenue from import customs is more than twice as large as that derived from taxes on exports. In the first year of American occupation, 46.52 per cent of the revenues came from the export duty, whereas last year exports furnished only 27.92 per cent.

The most unpopular official in Haiti in the early days of American occupation was the financial adviser. The position was objectionable to Haitians. The basis of this objection was at first the mere fact that a foreigner controlled the taxing and spending—the two things around which most revolutions have turned. The hand which levies taxes and expends the money, whether directly or inidrectly, is, in the last analysis, the government. That is one reason why, in England, the House of Commons could say the last word to kings and nobles, and why the founders of the American republic sought to vest like power in the House of Representatives.

Jail for Disobedient Journalists

The increase in revenues, the rapid payment of the debt, the ability to carry on public works due to modern fiscal methods, did not offset the hostility to the financial adviser. He was regarded not as an adviser but rather as an autocrat. And, though he sought and received approval of the President of Haiti, the United States put and kept him in office, and neither the Haitian National Assembly nor any well-informed person in Haiti or the United States was under any illusion about where power rested. That fact created indignation at first and has been a constant source of contention from that time on.

The one indefensible thing done by the American occupation in Haiti was the censorship of the press. I felt that way at the time, and have ever since deplored it. To imprison a journalist for expressing his honest views about how his own country is governed is archaic. A government that feels the need to suppress criticism of its actions shows its need of criticism. It was a journalist, imprisoned under censorship regulations, who poured coals of fire upon American heads. Asked what the Marines had done in Haiti that made him so bitter, Ernest Chauvet said:

"Done? They haven't done anything. Their conduct has been above reproach except in isolated instances. But they are military masters. They are the force which keeps our government from us. They are a humiliation. We are not slaves. We won our freedom by fighting.

"Think of it. I, who am much better educated than most Marines, must submit to their orders or go to jail—three times have I gone to jail because I disobeyed the press laws they wrote. Look"—pointing toward the palace—"there and see the American flag flying beside our palace. Would you let the Haitian flag fly from a building on your White House grounds? That is all the Marines have done."

Haiti for the Haitians

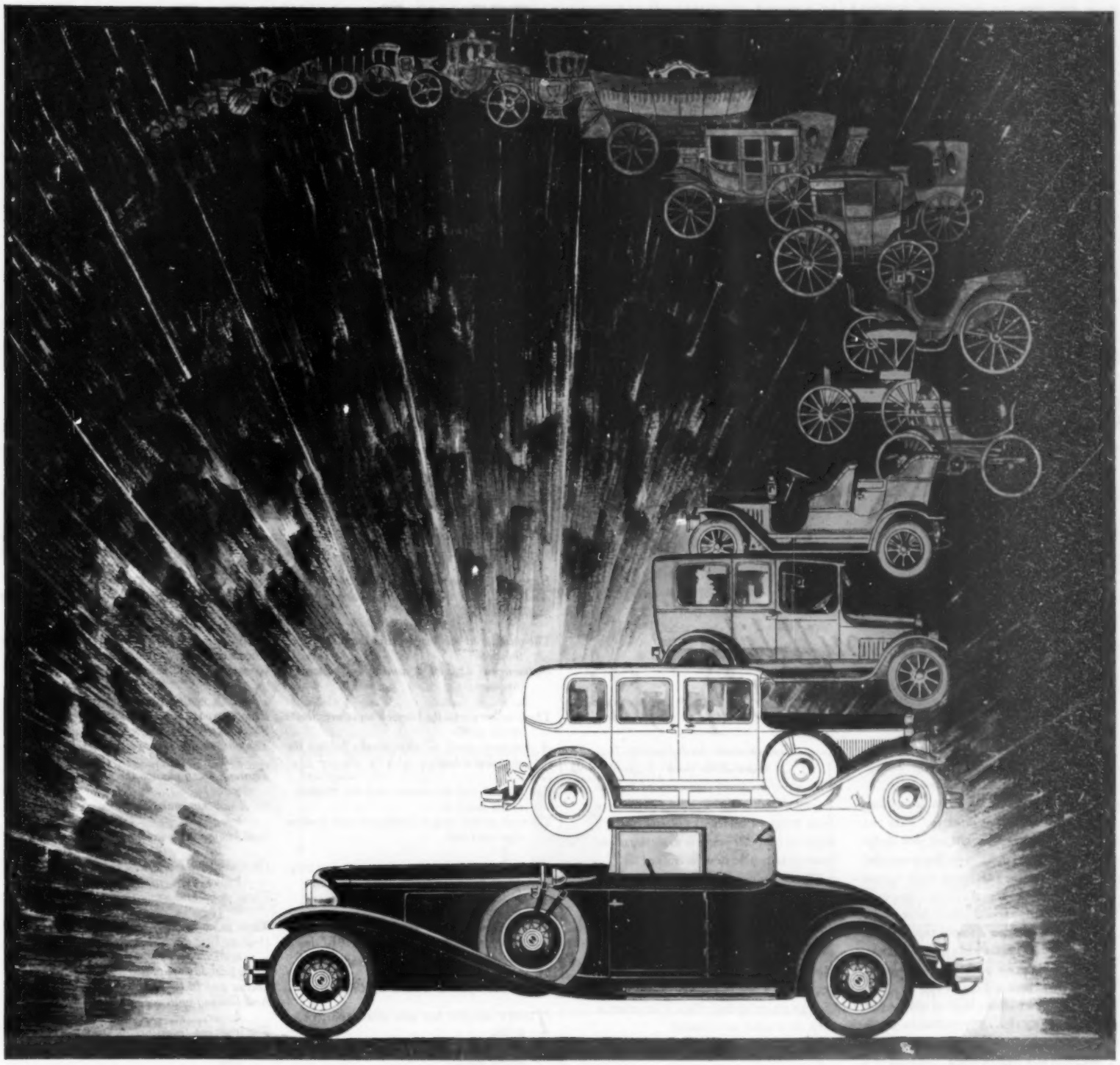
However, military men are not always the best suited to judge of questions outside their profession. They look at government from the standpoint of their observations in the field. The uprisings of bands of brigands in Haiti and the hostility of other Haitians who wished independence were calculated to impress them with an idea that only government imposed could bring about stability within a generation in a country where 95 per cent of the population is illiterate. That conclusion, however, was not accepted as the permanent policy by President Wilson, who hoped that gradual withdrawal would leave Haitians in control in their own country. He believed that, with the same friendly aid as was given to Cuba, the Americans should withdraw from Haiti when stable conditions were secured.

Why, then, did Wilson leave office with the Marines still exercising large power in Haiti?

The answer is that from the Armistice until he was stricken in Wichita and until his term expired, President Wilson was governed by one master passion—to secure the ratification of the League of Nations Covenant. To others, and particularly the State Department, which directed financial policies in Haiti, it did not seem that the time had come for withdrawal, up to March, 1921. Harding and Coolidge did not believe the time had come during their Administrations. President Hoover's Haitian Commission brought the latest study, and the hope that at last Haitian administration could be returned to Haitians.

The time has come for Uncle Sam to retire from Haiti and let its people govern themselves. The United States went there regretfully, because anarchy was at our very doors and because a European nation would have assumed the task if we had not undertaken it. We declared, and sincerely, that our occupation was free from self-interest and was temporary. Fifteen years is not temporary. Long ago we should have come out. Every day we remain, Haitians have a right to doubt our expressed purpose in landing troops. Every day we have stayed there since order was restored has justified Latin-American suspicion of our disinterestedness. Every day that American officials and Marines have exercised authority, since conditions were improved, has injured American prestige and has caused the world to question our good faith. Haiti belongs to the Haitians.

Mountain Laurel, Newfoundland, New Jersey



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FRONT DRIVE

SEDAN $3095 . . BROUGHAM $3095 . . CABRIOLET $3295 . . PHAETON $3295 Prices F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY . AUBURN, INDIANA

..and you'll like the way Postum helps you

HERE'S a drink that is *doubly* delicious in summer! Postum in the cup—Postum iced, in a frosty glass. *Try it both ways.* . . .

Try Postum in the cup tomorrow morning, when you need a hot drink to "wake you up." Its fine fragrance will stir your sleepy appetite—so be quick with the cream and sugar! Watch the rich brown color lighten to gold as you pour in the cream—then taste that wonderful flavor! Mellow. Smooth. Ah yes . . . you'll want a second cup!

Iced Postum has the same delicious flavor. A refreshing drink on hot, sticky days. A drink that cools and cheers you—without causing the ill effects that so often result from caffein. *That's* the real news about Postum. Hot or iced, it won't harm you—as caffein may now be doing. Postum won't set your nerves on edge, or make you sleepless. It won't give you indigestion or headaches. *Postum contains no caffein.*

Made from golden grain!

Made from roasted whole wheat and bran, Postum is entirely wholesome. Let it take the place of caffein in your diet, for thirty days—*then* see how much better you feel! Thousands of people who have made this test tell us that they "feel like a different person," and Postum is now the favorite mealtime drink in more than *two million* homes! You'll want to make it *your* lifetime friend, too.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

How to make Iced Postum
(with milk or water)

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with 5 cups of cold milk (or cold water). Sugar to taste. (If water is used, sugar *and cream* to taste.) Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or by beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

It's easy to make children love milk now!

Instant Postum made with milk looks and tastes "grown-up"—and children love it! Even children who don't like plain milk love the flavor of this delicious drink. Let your children have the benefits of this healthful, nourishing drink. © 1930, G. F. CORP.

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POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM..... ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
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In Canada, address *General Foods, Limited,* Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

The Poets' Corner

The Wanderers

ALL along old attics, peering to and fro,
In and out of odd nooks where only children go,
Cry a host of wanderers, airy, golden-curled:
"We have lost our way to the World."

In the dark of curtains, under oaken stairs,
Through the house where old folk read unawares,
Drift the wraiths of children that have gone astray
From the dawns and sunsets flagging out the way.

Climbing down the moonbeams to the sleeping house,
Quieter comes their crying than the stir of a mouse,
Like an unsaid whisper through the silence hurled:
"We have lost our way to the World."
—Lord Dunsany.

"And One for the Little Boy —"

BLACK sheep, black sheep, have you any way
Of holding back tomorrow and returning yesterday?

Have you any magic wool to blind the yet-to-be
And for a little while return the long-ago to me?

The quiet, and the happy, and the lovely, and the slow
Unburdened days of dreaming in the sunny long-ago,

The hawthorn and the bluebell and the willows in the pool,
A thousand dusty barefoot tracks behind the shingled school;

The walnut and the sumac and the meadow roads that led
Through golden day to dusky eve and lantern time and bed.

Black sheep, black sheep, have you any way
Of holding back tomorrow and returning yesterday?

Have you any magic wool that will return again
His treasures to the little boy who lived down the lane?
—Bert Cooksley.

Sonnet for a Time of Change

THEY are first lost who stand apart in pride,
And last, whose hearts accept the lightning's way,
Where bolts blast first at feet that draw aside;
There's a great trouble in men's hearts today:
Fierce change is on us, not to be denied!
The Unexpected shapes its dared foray;
Round bright, embattled flags the thunders glide,
And men behold the gods again at play!

And now's the hour when, crying blacker gloom,
Creep small, false prophets whispering tales of doom,
Lag faithless Heart and interested Cheat—
Although it is that perfect turn of time
When every brow should lift itself, sublime,
Wearing a faith that nothing can defeat!
—Harry Kemp.

Said a Lover

I ENVY him Love first did give
The idea for the adjective,
Who first did find for passioned state
The barren noun inadequate,
And, leaning to his mistress' ear,
Made the small words of "sweet" and "dear."

If I had lived when Love was young,
Before a thousand years of song
Made "lovely" worn and tarnished stand,
And "beautiful" so secondhand;
When "fair" was fresh, and "charming" new,
Perhaps I should have words for you!
—Katharine Scott.

Old Lovers

IN YEARS to be! How strange it is to think
A day must come when we shall cross the Brink,
We two, grown old! How strange it is to know
That ears not ours will hear the winds sing low
Here in our pines—the dear, dark pines we love—
That here, along the height they sing above,
Others will stroll as we have strolled, and see
The summer green, the autumn pageantry
Of wooded slope, deep vale and rock-hewn hill,
The swift white water gleaming, and the still
Blue rampart of far peaks inclosing all.
Shall we not feel, and know, what shall befall
The haunts our hearts hold sacred for Love's sake
Through every change the circling seasons make?
Shall not our souls, that love each rock and tree,
Still know and love them still in years to be?

How shall we know how many hearts have known
These woodland ways we love and call our own?
There is no trace on rock or tree to tell
How we have dwelt and dreamed beneath their spell.
So in past days may two have lingered here,
Seeing unfold the story of the year,
And linking with each change of leaf and flower
The undying fragrance of a golden hour—
Two who have lived and loved and gone their way
Into God's Peace, as we shall do one day.
May it not be that still they here keep tryst?—
The hearts that loved that sky's clear amethyst,
The far woods' changing color in the glow,
And, high above, the thin moon's silver bow.
I think they smile, if so, to find we two
Tread their own path and dream their dreams anew!
May we not so return, so smile, to see
The dear home loved not less in years to be?
—Robert Emmet Ward.

Fishing Schooner on the Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

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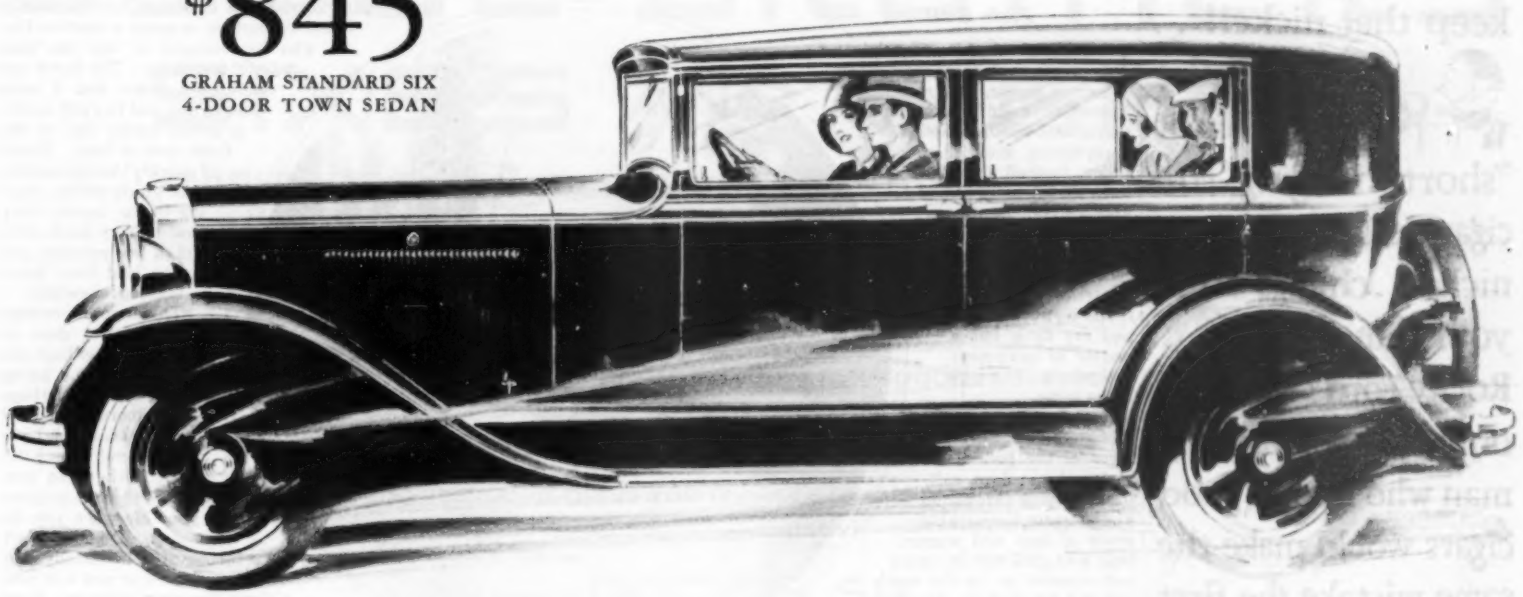

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Always Far in Advance

QUALITY IS THE BEST POLICY

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THE FIRST significant thing in the Graham business today is that Graham cars, by reason of basic quality and features which are kept always far in advance, are acknowledged leaders in true dollar-value.

The second fact of great significance to the motor car buyer is that he can buy any Graham car of today—bringing to him the newest features of design and engineering—*with full confidence that it represents the greatest value of the year.*

For the Graham policy is to keep Graham cars always far in advance, both in value-features and performance, without mid-season model changes to obsolete the fine Graham cars which are giving splendid satisfaction to thousands of owners.

From the Standard Six four-door Town Sedan at $845, to the Special Eight with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission at $1595, the Grahams have just one thought concerning their buyers.

That thought is to give them the fullest measure of value, per dollar and per penny, that can be crowded into an automobile.

Everything the Grahams have done during the last three years—the millions they have invested in modern engineering and manufacturing processes and plant facilities, in new economies and efficiencies of production, in the erection and equipment of two complete body-building plants for their own exclusive use, in sources of body materials—has been subserved to that ideal.

How well the Graham organization has succeeded is revealed to you in your first view and demonstration of a Graham car.

Any Graham dealer will gladly place a car at your disposal, and will add his assurance to ours that your investment in a Graham car—with all the fine new features of design and performance—is not only well made but safeguarded against early depreciation.

Graham Standard Six, Four-door Town Sedan, $845; Universal Six-window Sedan, $895; Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory. Special Sixes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission

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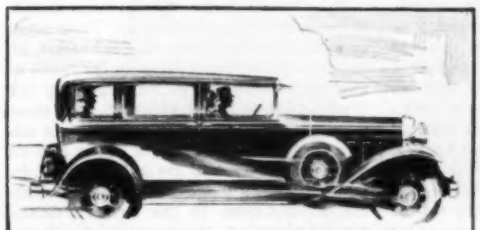


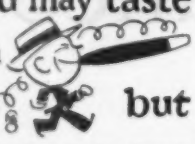
$1595 *Graham Special Eight, with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission. 100 h. p. Price at factory.*

Graham cars give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that protection for yourself and your family, the more surely it renders all the other Graham attractions irresistible. Complete equipment of shatter-proof glass at the lowest extra cost ever placed on such equipment in any car.

Hey, Mister, keep that nickel! . .

You're not "shortchanging" the cigar clerk. That's your nickel. . change from your dime.

Rocky Ford costs only 5¢. Almost any man who knows good cigars would make the same mistake the first time he ever lit a Rocky Ford. . But remember this good news. . . . . Rocky Ford may taste like a ten center



but you can't pay more than a nickel for one

REASON:

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

Rocky Ford

the 5¢ cigar

WITH THE 10¢ TASTE

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If dealer can't supply you, send 25¢ for trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Fish Bait

IF I WERE asked to name the most popular out-of-doors sport of the American people, both men and women, measured by actual participation, I would not hesitate to say fishing. Baseball, golf, riding, football are substitutes for the more primal urge—a compromise, as it were. From the bent-pin days with the old cane pole and the can of earthworms to the finest split bamboo and dry fly is but a matter of equipment and money. The urge is the same.

And for every dry-fly fisherman, for every lover of the pounding surf and the deep salt, for every plug thrower on a bass stream, there are hundreds of men and women, boys and girls who in spring and summer go to the creek and fish for sunfish. There is a lure indescribable to the charm of fishing; atavistic if you will, but purifying. One might almost say that the person who does not like to fish is abnormal. With the first warm days of early spring the hegira begins and every likely-looking spot along the roadsides has its quota.

Then follow those clear, winelike days of autumn, when the sunshine warms the cockles of your heart; when the leaves are a flaming crimson and brown; when the smell of the earth is in the wind, the harvest season, the time of fulfillment. Then, brother and sister anglers, the fishing is at its best. You have tried it then?

Alas, bait is hard to get. The lowly earthworm has burrowed into the bowels of the earth or wherever it is that angleworms go at this season, and were he available he would not serve so well. Now the fish like white bait. Turn up your nose, you newly converted angler—newly converted to the plug, the spinner, the bass bug, the buck tail or the dry fly. I know all you are about to say. But we are talking now to and for the veritable army of good folks who know nothing about these things. And to those who cannot afford them. And also—whisper it gently—to the purist who, though he may cast his dry fly above yon ripple, will not deny the elusive *fontinalis* a worm if his majesty disdains the fraud of feathers. That is, if our purist is all alone and his appetite craves a well-turned trout. He, too, remembers a stumped toe, a tin can of worms, a freckled and sunburned face, not quite clean, a ball of flax and two precious hooks stuck in the band of a sundown hat.

What must we fishermen do? Bait is essential, and there is one par excellence, widely distributed, one that rarely fails at any season when it can be had, and is particularly good in the fall. It is available in most places from July until frost.

It is the larvæ of the yellow jacket; that stinging, orange-banded little devil that makes his nest in the ground, very near the surface, and who has a temper as uncertain, or certain, as that of a hornet. His sting, thank goodness, is not quite so severe. He is a fisherman in his own name and fashion, as you will see. He likes fish and the fish like him. He will provide your bait; in fact, one of my acquaintances makes his entire living at the proper season from the larvæ of the yellow jacket, selling them to the disciples of Sir Izaak.

The yellow jacket, I repeat, is widely distributed. The last nest I took was in a vacant lot in a city of seventy thousand people. All that is necessary is to locate one jacket or have someone tell you he has seen one, and where, or go to some place where you have seen them in past years and where they are still likely to be.

PHOTO. BY M. S. BENEDICT

An Idaho Trout Stream

Take with you at least two small pieces of fish—any kind will do; get them at the fish market if necessary. Put each of these on a small stick and place them about fifty yards apart. If there are jackets near by, you will not have long to wait. They will find the fish. I say they are interesting, so watch them carefully. You will see your jacket cut a small round cylinder from the fish, making as workmanlike a job of it as one might do with a razor-edged, circular cutting tool. He will fly away with it. Mark well his course, for like the honeybee, it is in a straight line, and from fish to nest. Now visit your other piece of fish. Here you will find one or more other jackets, and these will each get its piece of fish and fly home. You now have two lines, and where the two cross will be the approximate location of the nest, and it becomes a matter of a little patient searching to find it. An interesting side light on the experiment is the fact that jackets from the same nest will not fight, but if from different nests they will battle viciously. In case you see them fighting, you have two nests in view and enough bait for a lot of fishing.

Look the ground over carefully and you will find a small hole a little larger than a silver dollar. The industrious insects will be going in and out incessantly. Respect them; they have a sting like unto a shot of liquid fire. As each jacket comes out you may note that he carries a grain of sand, which he drops. He is excavating his home, making it more commodious.

Now to take the nest. The general principle is to stun the insects and thus render them temporarily harmless. It may be done with a small charge of powder, loosely wrapped, to which you have attached a fuse. It is thrust quickly into the opening and lighted. A chloroform-soaked swab will serve to stun them, but better than all else is a railroad fusee. Light this and thrust it quickly into the hole and keep it there for from half a minute to a minute. This will stun the insects but will kill very few of them. Don't destroy them unnecessarily; the survivors will provide more fish bait later. After they have been rendered harmless you must dig quickly. A few strokes with a small hoe is enough, for the nest is near the surface, as many a barefoot boy who has stepped in one can bear painful testimony. The larvæ are found in a comb, and I have known one nest to yield nearly a bushel basket full of the finest sort of bait. Brush off quickly the stunned insects which will be sticking to the comb; they will be very much alive in a few minutes and you had best have business elsewhere.

The larvæ may be kept for several days in brown paper bags, the entire combs being put in. Open the bags each morning and kill the insects which have hatched out during the night; otherwise you will be in for the surprise of your life when you do open them. Do not subject the larvæ to artificially cold temperatures or you will ruin them for your purpose. Save those insects which you have killed; they will come in handy later. And now to fishing.

Settle yourself comfortably on the bank of your favorite stream; bait your hook with the firm white larvæ, which you take from the comb as you need them, and give yourself up to the mystery of fishing.

You yawn. They are not biting so well? No, stay where you are; make the fish come to you. Those hatching insects you killed and saved the day before are thrown on the water. After a while you toss in some of the softer larvæ, which would not stay on your hook so well anyway. Be prodigal with them; nothing else makes so good a "chum" as this. If there are fish in your stream they will come to you, and if you are a halfway-patient fisherman and keep yourself quietly in the background, you may empty your basket of jacket nest and fill it with fish.

The bait is good for almost any fresh-water fish; and particularly fine for those flaming sunsets of the water, the redbellies; and for the bluegills, known also as ball bream, than which, ounce for ounce, there is no better scrapper in fresh water.

—ELMER I. RANSOM.

Quail!

QUAIL are the one outstanding species of our native upland birds which take kindly to captivity and breed well under the control of man. By propagation of bobwhites on the game farms, a supply of hardy birds is being obtained for restocking. So eager are the out-of-doors men to have more quail in their native haunts that commercial breeders are hard put to it to fill even a small fraction of the orders received. One breeder whom I know, with a place in New Jersey which breeds nothing but quail, sold every surplus bird the day after his small advertisement appeared in a national sporting magazine.

Bobwhites are the most popular species of quail, and the most famous. Their range extends from Florida to Massachusetts, inclusive, and formerly went as far north as Portland, Maine. The birds go into the West as far as the Rockies. Across these mountains there are other species not native to the East. Most of these also do well in captivity, and are in fairly good demand both as game birds and as ornamental additions to the country estate. Among them are the beautiful California valley quail with their odd crests, the lovely blue, or scaled, quail, mountain quail, and so on. *(Continued on Page 49)*

DODGE BROTHERS
SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

At its astonishingly low price, the Dodge Six costs less and offers more than any other closed car in Dodge Brothers history. It gives you smooth, vigorous, economical performance. It gives you a Mono-Piece Steel Body—squeakproof, rattleproof and strong, with a low center of gravity that makes the car hug the road under even the most difficult driving conditions. You get good looks, too, and surprising roominess, and safe, positive, weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes. Above all, you get Dodge Brothers dependability—insurance of long and satisfactory service.

DODGE SIX
$835
AND UP. F.O.B. FACTORY

© 1930 by Dodge Brothers Corporation

THEY TOLD BARRON

(Continued from Page 21)

into his office at the time of the First Liberty Loan and wrote on a piece of paper a subscription for $5,000,000 bonds. That happened to be me. I had more money on hand than usual and my affairs were very liquid, and although I wanted more than $5,000,000 of those bonds, I put down for that amount and I have got them all now. Three and a half per cent tax free is good enough for me."

NEW YORK, February 18, 1920.

Will Hays said: "Four million dollars were spent by Republicans in the last presidential election. The Democrats are now calling for $10,000,000 for this campaign. When the canvass began, a list of 8000 men who ought to give $1000 each to the Republican campaign was made up, and when it was compared with the registry, it was found that 5000 of them had never registered to vote."

ON BOARD CONVENTION SPECIAL FROM BOSTON, June 5, 1920.

Frederick S. Snyder said: "Hoover is the greatest business man in the world. I saw a great deal of him during the war, as I was associated with the Government in fixing the profits in the packing industry. Hoover has wonderful foresight and organizes for the situation which he sees coming months ahead. He placed the right value on pigs in respect to corn values and we got 4,000,000 more hogs the year we wanted them. He figured fairly for profit, and then for a stimulating profit.

"He warned Wilson on the sugar situation and told the Government the dangers of taking off the food control, but Redfield and Glass advised Wilson the other way. Redfield declared that the government control over food must end in order to bring down the cost of living, and if his ideas did not prevail he would feel at liberty to present the case to the country. Hoover and the rest of us declared that the removal of food control would raise prices.

"Hoover never accepted the Government's figures. When the Government figured that we would have 40,000,000 bushels surplus for export, Hoover sent his own agents out and finally figured a deficiency of 1,000,000 bushels. Then he started the cry throughout the country to save wheat and flour. So effective was this that we were actually able to export 60,000,000 bushels that year.

"Hoover is wonderful as an engineer in finding a situation and the remedy for it before the people know the situation exists. I don't think he is worth more than $2,000,000. At one time he had 155,000 men under his direction. If the war had not come on he might have been worth $25,000,000 or $30,000,000, for he had a big investment in Siberian mining, which the Bolshevik Government wrecked. Three companies had bankrupted there before he came, but he studied the situation thoroughly, raised his capital, built his villages for his employes and had all his preparations before he started mining. Then he was able, with only 1 per cent profit in the overturn, to make 15 per cent to 17 per cent on the capital.

"Hoover believes in capital and the property and competitive system. He says Socialism is a failure in whatever form it is tried. Hoover has fought the English in the food-control business, and the facts ought sometime to come out. Do you know the English are still buying their meats and food supplies in this country through a single agency? All the purchases are bunched and put into one control, that enables them to put down prices and beat us in the food business."

EN ROUTE TO THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVING BOSTON 3:40, June 5, 1920.

William H. Coolidge said: "Allen and Coolidge, or Coolidge and Allen, might be a good ticket. You are right that Coolidge has a winning quality, something of the A. Lincoln type. He might be the hardest man to nominate and the easiest to elect. Politically he is selfish, though not so much so as McCall, but in the campaign where Weeks was up for senator and Coolidge for governor, Coolidge never mentioned the name of Weeks in the whole campaign. He was afraid lest he offend some of the McCall people opposed to Weeks."

APPROACHING CHICAGO, June 6, 1920.

Representative Frederick Dallinger, of Massachusetts, said: "Lansing was fired because Wilson found out he wanted Marshall to assume the presidency during Wilson's illness. Wilson gave the excuse that Lansing called a Cabinet meeting. The Cabinet is not mentioned in the Constitution and there is no objection to the Vice President conferring with the heads of departments."

YONKERS, NEW YORK, July 6, 1922.

Motored uptown with William Boyce Thompson and spent night at Yonkers with him, talking until late, and also the next morning.

He said that about $6,000,000 had been spent in the primary campaign for General Wood. Penrose was opposed to him, because, although Wood was a good fellow, he was incompetent for President. So much money had been spent for Wood, and with the investigation on that had been started by Republican senators to kill off Wood, that it was advisable to make the limit of campaign contributions $1000, but there was no limit on the state contributions or the senatorial committee. Every congressional district and every state had all the money it could use. In all, $6,000,000 must have been spent.

June 14, 1923.

United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, said: "It would take an army of 500,000 men to enforce prohibition, and the appropriation of Congress is only $6,000,000.

"It was a mistake to deprive people of beer and light wines, and I said so, and it cost me 30,000 votes in Massachusetts and nearly cost my election.

"People here have no conception of the strength of the temperance, anti-saloon sentiment in the West and in the South. The wet and dry issue is the torment of the Democratic Party. Governor Smith cannot be nominated or elected as President.

"McAdoo is the logical candidate for the Democrats. There is nothing for the Republicans to do but to indorse their own Administration and renominate Harding and Coolidge. I have not talked with Coolidge and have no authority to speak for him, but if such action is required, I would advise him that as a senator from Massachusetts he will be in a comfortable position for life. I do not know whether he would be willing to run. I think he would not, but he certainly could be elected. He would poll the whole Republican strength. I don't think Coolidge would take the field for the senatorship in Massachusetts. He likes his present position and wants to be reëlected.

"Harding is very strong and sound on the railroad situation. I don't think, as you suggest possible, that at Kansas City he will speak for high railroad wages and low railroad rates. Harding is sound on the bonus, while I was unsound.

"The Republicans are alive to the financial situation and are now raising their money. I don't think there was any large amount of money spent for the Republicans in the last election. It wasn't necessary to spend it.

"I wish W. B. Thompson had raised more money than he did. He even wanted Will Hays as President. The Republican Party was left $600,000 in debt and we have just succeeded in raising the money to pay it off.

"I think Butler will raise the quota in Massachusetts. At the last election it was $150,000, and it was provided that part of this should be first spent in Massachusetts, and the balance turned over to the National Committee. But there wasn't any large balance. I think Butler would make a very good account of himself in the senatorial contest.

"There is no thought of nominating Johnson, of California, for President, even if Ford was nominated by the Democrats; there is nothing for the Republicans to do but indorse their own Administration and renominate and reëlect Harding. And I think it can be accomplished.

"I do not see how Harvey is going to run the Morgan house in London. It is utterly absurd that our ambassador to England should receive a salary of only $17,500 per annum. The statute has never been changed from its old wording of the time of the Civil War, when this amount was named as payable in gold.

"That is exactly what Charles Francis Adams received, yet think how values have since changed. Choate told me it cost him $60,000 a year, and John Hay spent $100,000 a year."

I told Lodge that I would try to start agitation soon, so that our foreign ambassadors could be decently housed and supported.

Lodge said: "When Harding asked me if I had any objection to Child as ambassador to Italy, I said, 'No,' but I was astounded to find, when the nomination came in the next day, that he was a Massachusetts man. I had never heard of him as living in Cohasset or Massachusetts. He was very helpful to Harding and wrote much for him. He has done wonderful work at Lausanne, and at a tremendous expense. I don't know how he supports himself on his salary and does the work he does for the United States. Perhaps his novel writing helps him.

"I was surprised to find, after he was nominated, that he was not only a Massachusetts man but very highly connected and very well descended."

NEW YORK, November 7, 1924.

At my dinner, November seventh, to James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, at the Ritz-Carlton, E. J. Henning told a good story of President Coolidge:

He always cleared his desk in the morning and then was ready to receive visitors. On one of these occasions when there had been whisperings and conspiracies well known to Coolidge as to how he should be shoved aside and somebody else nominated, and so on, a member of Congress called and said, "I suppose you are very busy." President Coolidge quietly responded, "Well, not particularly, but there are those who are."

BOSTON, November 10, 1924.

William M. Butler said: "When Mr. Stearns was in Chicago I could turn important people over to him and he could talk with them and save my time.

"I sent J. B. Reynolds to Coolidge to get a statement to climax the campaign Monday night, but Clark said Mr. Coolidge did not approve it. I said, 'Did you see Coolidge himself?' And Reynolds responded, 'No.' I said, 'Then go back to Mr. Coolidge and tell him what I want—a little address of common sense, inviting people to vote as a duty of citizenship, the sacredness of the ballot, and so on.' And Coolidge said, 'Does Butler want me to do it? All right.' And he did it with just the right touch.

"I told them in the beginning that oil would cut no figure in the Republican campaign, and some of the people thought I was crazy when I dismissed the subject, but it was scarcely mentioned in the campaign.

"By means of the poll that I had proved up in every state, I was able to send Mr. Coolidge, before election, a memorandum of the number of electoral votes he would receive. I came within three votes, and it is not yet certain where I was that three votes out, for New Mexico is still in doubt; and it was New Mexico as well as Wisconsin that I had figured for La Follette.

"La Follette is, of course, a minority candidate now in Wisconsin, as his plurality over Coolidge of more than 100,000 was far less than the number of votes Davis received in Wisconsin."

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 2, 1927.

Lunched at the White House at one P.M. with the President and Mrs. Coolidge, their son John, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Stearns. At the luncheon I talked mostly with Mrs. Coolidge of Queen Marie of Rumania, and so on, and got many laughs out of the President. Mrs. Coolidge recalled her visit at Cohasset and the abundance of lobsters I gave them at luncheon. We spoke of fresh figs, and I mentioned the fresh figs and persimmons I gave the Queen, and her Thanksgiving dinner on the Berengaria with me. The President was much amused at the maid at Battle Creek telling Senator Butler's daughter, Mrs. Ellis, that Mr. Barron was going abroad, and on his own boat, the Barron-garia*.

At the luncheon, which was of soup, delicious scallops, tender broiled chicken, delicious New England apple pie and coffee, and hot milk especially made for me, Mr. Stearns invoked the Divine blessing. Later I asked Mr. Stearns about the picture of Mr. Coolidge over the mantel and told him what Wendell had said to me: "Why is it that nobody can paint a picture of Coolidge with any expression?" Stearns said, "He is a tough subject in repose; when his face is relaxed it is blank." I said, "Mr. Coolidge should be painted as Count Tamburini painted the Queen on the Berengaria—by first studying her expressions by the hour as he faced her from his table in the dining room."

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, August, 1927.

With W. P. Hamilton lunched with John Hays Hammond at his Gloucester home, with Ira Copley, of Chicago, and Senator Arthur Capper, of the Topeka Capital, and others.

Capper said: "I was a guest of President Coolidge at Black Hills when he made his famous announcement, 'I do not choose to run, and so on.' I was his house guest the night before, and told the President what great confidence the people had in him, and so on, without a thought that he would not be the next candidate.

"The President rises early; we had breakfast at 7:30 and we rode to the business office at Rapid City, arriving there about nine o'clock. The President gave his attention to the business of the day, and about 11:30 told Secretary Sanders to send in a stenographer, that he had a statement he thought he would make, that he was not going to run for President, and he desired Sanders to make twenty-five copies of it for the newspapermen and have them all in at twelve o'clock.

"The President dictated his brief statement, and when the newspapermen came in at noon he handed each man a copy. They seemed astonished, and said, 'Mr. President, is there anything more to say?' The President replied, 'No, nothing more at this office today,' and then, turning to me, said, 'Well, I guess we had better start back,' and picked up his hat.

"As we motored back I said, 'You gave those newspaper boys the surprise of their

*No notes of this journey are in hand, but from C. W. B.'s secretary we learn it was almost altogether a pleasure cruise. The big event of Mr. Barron's outwardbound journey was a dinner he gave for Queen Marie of Rumania, a fellow passenger. Extensive notes were made, but they have not been discovered as yet.

(Continued on Page 46)

NOW *Rubber*... AS DAINTY AS SILK

A remarkable Goodrich development that adds new style to rubber products

THE DEL RIO *oxford is one of the many smart footwear styles developed by Goodrich. It weighs but a few ounces.*

•

BATHING caps of rubber... with the sheen of satin and the texture of finest fabrics. Hot water bottles of surpassing daintiness . . . with cobwebby patterns and pastel colors.

Shower boots and beach shoes with the grace of an evening slipper . . . the color variety of fancy leathers . . . and the practicability that only rubber can give!

These are just a few of the amazing contributions Goodrich has made to style.

For it is the purpose of Goodrich not only to aid industry, but to foster enterprise. Will rubber, with the daintiness of silk, open new markets?

WATER BOTTLES *are no longer merely utilitarian, thanks to Goodrich. The bottle shown above, with its sunburst pattern, comes in numerous colors, each designed to be in harmony with the modern bathroom.*

Goodrich responds with both texture and color!

Can an ordinary household article be made less commonplace? Goodrich replies with beauty where only utility reigned before.

Can bad weather footwear be put in harmony with Paris fashions, dainty frocks?

Goodrich relegates clumsy overshoes to the background . . . carries a woman smartly shod through the worst of weather!

For Goodrich technical men are magicians in rubber. They know its qualities, its possibilities. In the years they have devoted to studying rubber they have compiled masses of price-less data that make each new problem easier.

THE MOIRÉ PATTERN *above illustrates the delicacy and daintiness achieved by Goodrich for its rubber products. At the left are shown two Goodrich bathing caps of striking freshness in design.*

•

Through the Goodrich Industrial Research Committee, all of this information, as well as the findings of further Goodrich studies, is made available to the industrial and business world.

Executives are invited to correspond with the Chairman of the Committee, who is glad to institute special research whenever practicable. Goodrich, Est. 1870, Akron, O.

FOOTWEAR—SUNDRIES

Other B.F.Goodrich *Products*

Goodrich now manufactures over 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns . Zippers . Rubber Footwear . Drug Sundries . Soles . Heels . Hose . Belting . Packing . Molded Goods

Grow a design

Win a prize in this

Lōma Grass Design Contest Rules:—

1 Any person, any group of persons is eligible to enter.

2 You can send in as many designs and compete for as many prizes as you wish.

3 The designs may be of any size or any shape. They may be original or a copy of other designs—words, letters, numbers, monograms, emblems, geometric figures, birds, flowers, or any object, real or imaginary.

4 To get your lawn ready, first cut the grass short. Then outline your design on it—use pegs and string, a stencil or any method you wish.

5 Sift Lōma over the design—and *wet it down thoroughly with a fine spray*, so that Lōma is washed off grass onto ground. Hold nozzle close to grass, because Lōma dissolves like sugar and, if water splashes too much, it will get outside the design and distort its shape. (Follow carefully the directions on the Lōma package.)

6 After you have applied Lōma, allow the grass in the design, as well as the surrounding grass, to remain uncut for two weeks. Sprinkle both the design and the surrounding grass impartially, every three days.

7 At the end of two weeks—and before any of the grass is cut—take a close-up snapshot of the design. Early morning or late afternoon will be the best time for taking this picture—the slanting rays of the sun will sharpen the outline of the design.

8 Print your name and address very clearly on the back of each snapshot. Address your snapshots to "Lōma Grass Design Contest," Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

9 It is understood that the snapshots submitted shall become the property of the Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation.

10 Contest closes August 9th, 1930. No snapshot shall be eligible which bears a postmark later than midnight of that date. Names of winners will be announced in the October 4th issue of this magazine.

11 In the event of a tie, the full amount of the amount tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

12 If you do not have Lōma, mail the coupon to the Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y., requesting a free contest carton.

THE PRIZES

Total cash awards—$2420
480 merchandise awards.

NATIONAL AWARDS

1st prize	$250
2nd prize	$175
3rd prize	$ 75

STATE AWARDS

12 prizes for the 12 most artistic or original designs in each of the 48 states—576 state prizes in all.

In each state these awards will be as follows:

1st prize	$25
2nd prize	$15

For each of the 10 next best designs the award will be a 10-pound sack of Lōma.

JUDGES: Olive Hyde Foster, New York, N. Y., noted garden feature writer and radio garden lecturer. W. Atlee Burpee, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., treasurer W. Atlee Burpee Company, world-famous seed growers. Frank R. Pierson, Tarrytown, New York, winner President Calvin Coolidge Medal for new rose, "Mrs. F. R. Pierson," awarded at International Flower Show, New York.

on your lawn!

novel Lōma *grass design contest*

579 Awards...$2420 Cash

Generous national prizes; 576 state prizes!

Enter *your* Lawn . . *and watch the grass grow!*

IMAGINE *growing* your monogram in grass, right in your own yard, where everyone can see it. Or any other design you may choose—a ship or a cat, a shield or a cross. Think of the fun you'll have watching the silhouette taking form from day to day. A great diversion for the children. A unique grass-growing demonstration that the whole neighborhood will take an interest in. A chance for you to win one of the generous prizes offered for the most original and artistic designs. And, finally, the satisfaction of discovering how you can have a thick, velvety green lawn this Summer, when most lawns are burned out, yellow and scraggly.

Lōma, the perfect plant food, makes all this possible. Because Lōma, the scientifically balanced ration, brings quick and sturdy growth to all plant life.

This is what you do

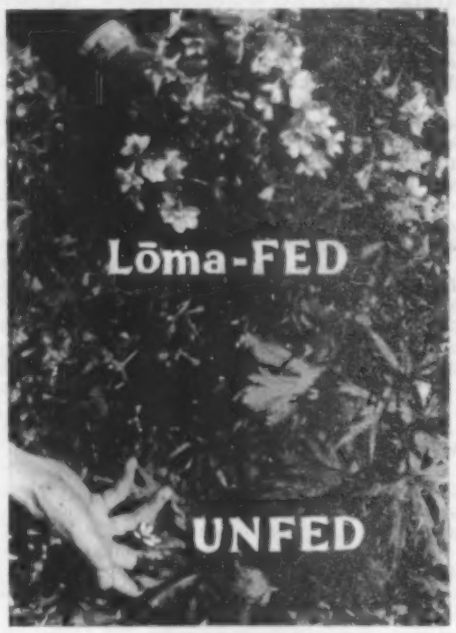
If you are not already a user of Lōma, mail the coupon to the Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, requesting a free contest carton.

When you have your Lōma, the next thing is to get your lawn ready. Cut the grass short, then, with pegs and string, outline your design—anything you like—and apply Lōma inside it. Or, you can go about it another way—cut a paper stencil, lay it down on the ground and sprinkle Lōma on the exposed grass. Now water it down well with a fine spray. That's all you have to do. But, in two weeks, there, in plain sight, you'll see the design reproduced on your lawn. For the Lōma-fed grass will be so much thicker and higher and greener than the unfed grass.

Then you must take its picture and send the picture in. Be sure, by the way, to send for our leaflet (it's free) suggesting how these photographs should be made in order to show your design to best advantage. State prizes and national prizes—579 in all—will be awarded for the most artistic and the most original designs. You'll find the complete rules for this Lōma Grass Design Contest printed on the opposite page. And, remember, the snapshot of yours must be in the mails not later than midnight, on August 9th, 1930.

Make your plans now!

Of course, you're going to enter this contest. So, if you don't already have Lōma, mail the coupon today, requesting free contest carton. Plan your design. Let the children help you—you'll all enjoy this unusual experience of growing a design on your lawn. And when it comes to the prizes—well, you'll agree that they're worth trying for. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.



Lōma works miracles on flowers, too

Here is an actual photograph showing the amazing difference between Lōma*-fed larkspur and unfed larkspur. If you want bigger and brighter blooms—and more of them—feed your Summer and Fall flowers right now, with* Lōma.

Lōma

Feed now . . *for a green lawn and a glorious garden*

©1930, T. C. & C. Corp.

If you don't have Lōma—MAIL THIS COUPON!

Lōma Grass Design Contest
Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation
61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
I wish to enter the Lōma Grass Design Contest and grow a design on my lawn. Therefore, I request a free contest carton of Lōma, and suggestions for most satisfactory photographing.

Name.....
PRINT
Street.....
PRINT
City..... *State*.....
PRINT

(Continued from Page 42)

lives.' The President chuckled and said, 'I guess that is right. I don't think they expected anything of the kind.' The President seemed to feel greatly relieved. He said, 'Four years ago today I went to the White House. The people are entitled to know. I think they will understand from this little statement.'

"It was rather a bad day, and the President said, after luncheon, 'I don't think I will attempt any fishing today.' In about an hour he got up and said, 'I think I will take a nap.'"

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,
August 25, 1927.

Interview with Frank W. Stearns.

I said: "Would you, as a friend of Coolidge, without regard for the country, advise him to take four years more of the presidency?"

Stearns said: "Certainly not, but I should like to know, before deciding the matter, what is in the back of his head.

"Once when he started to speak to me on the subject, I said, 'Please don't. I don't want to know.' I want to be ignorant on that subject now, and we have never since brought up the subject; so I don't know his position or what is in the back of his head."

I said: "It has just come to me that the candidates should be the governors of New York and Massachusetts, but I have never heard anybody mention Fuller for the presidency."

Stearns said: "I have heard it mentioned and commented upon, incidentally, although nobody has brought him forth for exploitation. Perhaps a hundred people have mentioned him to me. He has made a good governor, but I have determined not to say a word concerning any candidate or anybody for the presidency, not even to Mrs. Stearns.

"This I can say, however: I believe I have talked, concerning the presidency and the President, with more people than any other man in the United States, and I find that the reasons that determine people to vote for a governor, a senator or a legislator are quite apart from reasons that determine their presidential vote.

"They will elect Ben Butler governor of Massachusetts, but when it comes to the presidency, the aspect of the people is different. It is quite a different situation, and the people regard the presidential office quite differently."

BOSTON, September 6, 1927.

Interview for over an hour with Senator William M. Butler at his office.

He said: "What do you think of Dawes? He has always been regular, while Hoover has not always been with the party, and there is great political opposition to Hoover.

"Dawes' end play in support of the McNary-Haugen Bill was to help put the banking bill through. I think you are right that that was a sound banking measure, but you are also right in believing that Coolidge does not like Dawes. At the White House they do not like it that he was with the McNary-Haugen Bill, but I can see that he was in the way of getting through the banking bill of which he had charge. He has been for many years in the national life.

"Governor Fuller could not be nominated. He is not known outside of the state.

"I think Coolidge wanted to warn me in advance concerning his declaration that he 'did not choose to run,' but I did not pay much attention to it at the time.

"When I went West his directions to me were to look out for the good of the party. There is no question but that Coolidge could have been nominated had he desired the nomination. Mrs. Coolidge did not know of his declaration. Probably nobody did beforehand. I think it is a good idea to keep quiet for some time.

"I do not think that either Mr. or Mrs. Coolidge are worn out with the White House duties, as you suggest.

"As for myself personally, I should probably never have been in my present position had I gone to a university. I left school at about sixteen and went to work later. I had ambitions to study law, went to law school and got my degree, and was successful for many years in law. As I made money I invested in mills of New Bedford. They then wanted, in New Bedford, to start another mill and name it for my family. As it was to be on the property my family had once owned, I permitted them to name it the Butler Mills and took considerable interest in it.

"Then I put in more, and have gone on investing and buying mills and expanding them. They are run by practical men who have been brought up in the business, and they are good men because they do not feel that they have been to a university and know everything. They rate themselves rather under first-class. You cannot class the New Bedford mills with other New England mills in decay under orphanitis."

NEW YORK, January 25, 1928.

Mr. Schwab feels very kindly toward Hoover, knows him very well, and has crossed the country with him, and thinks he would make an admirable President, but he doubts if he can be elected against Al Smith.

"I think," said Schwab, "that Mellon may be the next President. I don't think he is too old. The people have been educated to see how he has reduced expenses, handled the national finances, and what a success he has made."

NEW YORK, December 6, 1917.

Called at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. and discussed with Lewis Cass Ledyard the Interstate Commerce Commission decision as it was running on the Dow, Jones ticker, recommending government control of the railroads instead of advancing rates, then dropped in for a twenty-minute chat with Morgan, who said:

"Politicians don't want to help business in this country, and the people don't want them to help business. That is the boast in Washington and that is the major sentiment in the country.

"If Mr. Wilson or the politicians thought 80 per cent of the people wanted business helped, they would help business. But do the people of this country want business helped? I think public sentiment has been against business since 1890, when the Sherman Antitrust Act was passed. There is no difference between the political parties, except there is less sectionalism in the Republican Party. Both parties want power by following the popular will and slamming business. Who did more than Theodore Roosevelt to smash business? It is no use trying to educate the people. They will only learn when they see the results, and then they will turn upon their leaders and say: 'Yes, we agreed with you on attacking business, but you should have told us that we were wrong, and now out you go!'

"If this war ends within two years, the Democratic Party would have no more chance of reëlection than I would have. It is an old proverb that war puts many reputations in the graveyard. This country is coming through all right. It is bound to win out, but it has got to see a lot of trouble before it sees straight.

"We have no leaders except Mr. Wilson in this country today, and the people don't want any leaders. I am glad Wilson is on the job. I don't think anybody should envy him his situation. He is the real leader today, and I think McAdoo has developed, but I don't think the other members of the Cabinet have.

"Legislation is aimed, and boastfully aimed, against business and the destruction of values. But nobody can say anything or do anything at the present time. Sentiment has got to run its course.

"I would not do a thing to interrupt, and I would certainly put no sand in the gear boxes or attempt to stay the machinery. This war has got to be fought out and won, and Mr. Wilson has got to win it in his own way, with his own party, his own men, his own machinery and his own methods, and it is our duty to support him.

"It is true that I went to Wilson and offered my services, but he did not refer me to Mr. Baruch. He was very nice, and said he would send for me when wanted.

"I and every member of this house are ready to be commandeered by the Government. We will do anything that is right, honorable and not to the injury of our credit. But at the present time what can we do but sit and wait on the sidelines until we are called? All this machinery is here for any service the Government wishes, and there is no question of compensation, commissions or profits. As to why our men are not summoned, you must ask Washington. It is not proper for me to ask."

PARIS, Friday, March 7, 1919.

Kessler, Moet & Chandon wine man, says: "I used to make $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 a year in the wine business.

"I arranged for the consolidation of the five leading wines—Moet & Chandon, Veuve Clicquot, Mumm, Pommery and one other. Deaths followed and two out of the five were tied up in estates.

"I was busted in 1901 and 1903. Later got going again and I played it big. I had 560,000 shares of stock, including 210,000 shares of Canadian Pacific bought around 120, and control of Tennessee Coal & Iron. Nobody knew I had these, because I had learned to keep my mouth shut. I had fifty brokers' accounts all over the world. I had learned about Tennessee Coal & Iron from a Philadelphia lawyer, and had bought it from 70 down to 22. It was then back to 97.

"I woke up early in the morning, as was my custom when I was receiving cables and doing business all over the world. I said, as I reckoned up $38,000,000 in my fortune, 'I will sell this Tennessee Coal & Iron, and I will sell it today.' I went down to Grant B. Schley and told him I had the control of Tennessee Coal & Iron and that I was going to sell it that day. He laughed at me and said the Hanover Bank would never lose control.

"He arranged a pool of eleven. I sold control that afternoon at three P.M. at 115 for 225,000 shares. Oakleigh Thorne, John W. Gates, Pratt, of the Standard Oil, and others were in the pool.

"I then bought all the minority stock, and of course was in the pool. At a meeting with them later, at a dinner given by John W. Gates at the Waldorf, it was suggested that I might be a dangerous factor in the market, able to create another Northern Pacific panic. I said I would guarantee to deliver my 110,000 minority stock at 170 if they would guarantee a support at 150 for it. They said, 'Yes.' Of course I had no writing. I took their word.

"After the pool had formed I went on my own responsibility and offered the pool and my minority, in writing, to J. P. Morgan at 150. He recommended it to the Steel Corporation, but Gary and Frick said no, they would buy it at half the price, and they did.

"They knew, and I knew, that Morgan knew the great value of that property. I believe that today it is the backbone of the United States Steel Corporation, but you will never see any report concerning what it is doing. There isn't a share outstanding.

"United States Steel is the cheapest stock in the world. My wife has 10,000 shares and I have stock costing me $8500. My fortune began with 50,000 shares of Steel preferred, bought under $55 a share.

"I am now out of the market and have no ambition to return. I have the finest wife in the world, and the most beautiful house, and I am going to buy the loveliest villa in the south of France, at Cannes.

"My house at Blois cost 23,000,000 to 30,000,000 francs. Morgan came to see it and stayed from eleven to four o'clock, which was hard on me, as he never ate luncheon and I never eat breakfast. I have the finest seventeenth-century tapestries in the world, and art and furniture, but no pictures.

"I settled today with the representative of Grant B. Schley. We were partners for many years, and now I am out of all the guaranties that were given to J. P. Morgan years ago. Schley and I owned Howe Sound, the copper property, but I am now out of it and everything else we were partners in, and $5,000,000 ahead, if they never give me another cent as one-half the additional profits from it.

"I am free and clear, and am the happiest man in the world tonight, and I insist upon paying for the supper, and you must drink with me this Moet & Chandon, 1906."

ON KNICKERBOCKER LIMITED TO
NEW YORK, January 16, 1922.

Ex-Governor McCall, of Massachusetts, said: "Thomas W. Lawson told me once that he was worth $30,000,000, of which $17,000,000 was in government and municipal securities, and I think he was telling me the truth. He had made millions in his manipulation of copper stocks. His father was an old soldier, and in his youth Tom said to his mother they must all now turn in and help support the family, as his father could no longer work. So Tom went over to Boston, saw a sign on State Street, Boy Wanted, and hurried in to Mr. Amory, who said: 'Do you know anything about the stock market?' Tom said he did not but would learn. Amory took a fancy to him because he was a good-looking boy, and set him to counting gold, which was then a speculative commodity. But Tom learned about the stock market, and soon had $50,000. He had his own coterie, or pool. They bought a gas stock which had a contract with the city which was very lucrative. Somebody would introduce a motion in City Hall to break the contract, and down would go the price of this stock. Then, at the next meeting in City Hall, the motion to cancel the contract would be defeated, and up would go the gas stock. This made them lots of money. One day the usual bill or motion was presented and down went the stock and they all loaded up for the usual rise. But that night the motion went through instead of being defeated, and all that was left of Tom's $50,000 was $157. So he invited the gang up to Young's Hotel and had a good dinner. The five dollars that was left over he gave to Horace, the head waiter, and started with a clean slate."

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 28, 1922.

D. J. MacMillan said: "I have great respect for newspaper people's joint opinion. They did not like Wilson, but they respected him. They like Harding, but they do not respect him. Neither do the Senate and House respect him, although he has the elements of leadership. He himself said he was Main Street come to Washington.

"Livermore not only made big money in cotton and corn but in smashing General Motors. He is not known to the Morgan people, but he really drove the concern into their hands."

S. S. OLYMPIC, April 1, 1922.

W. L. McKee, vice president of the National City Company, says: "We have 350 salesmen, and it costs two and a half times as much to sell and distribute bonds as formerly."

W. E. Bell, partner of Harris, Forbes & Co., says: "We have about 225 salesmen and, as with the City Company, the average bond sale is now only $3000 per buyer, whereas it was formerly $8000."

NEW YORK, January 5, 1923.

Talked with J. P. Morgan this noon at corner. He said:

"My own impression is that the French are going to advance into the Ruhr, but for the life of me I can't see the results or how they can make anything out of it. The expense may be greater than any profit. The thing to do is to make such adjustment in reparations as will give the Germans hope. If you say to a debtor, 'You will have nothing for yourself, but work for me and pay

(Continued on Page 49)

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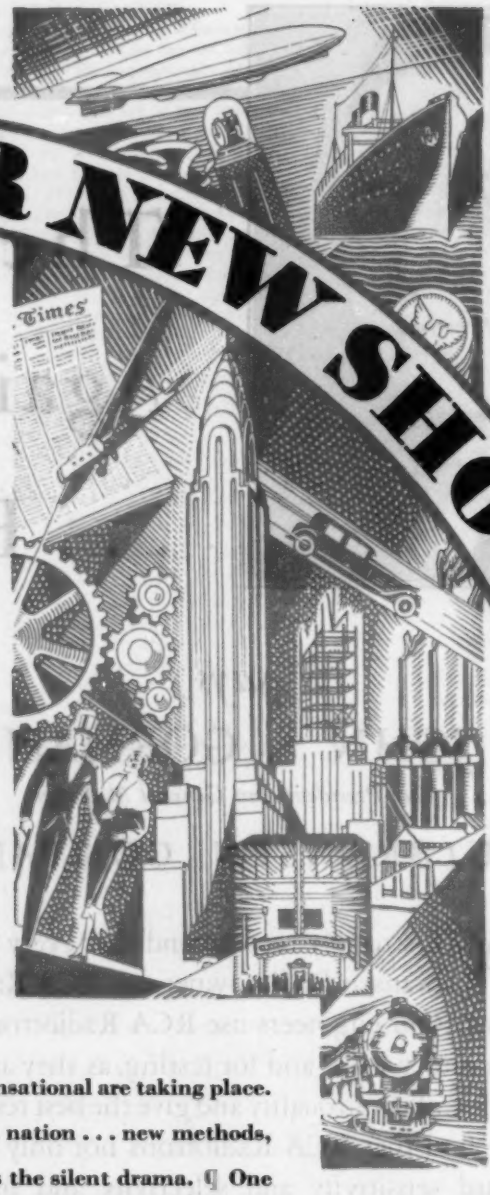

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(Continued from Page 46)

me all you earn, and earn more and more each year,' you have nothing but a blank. But if you say, 'Pay me one-half of what you earn; you can have the other half,' you leave hope; and hope for the debtor is the main asset in the interest of the creditor.

"I think the English will make a proposition to pay a certain sum annually, and it may have to go to Congress for ratification."

AT TOWNHILL PARK, BITTERNE, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND, April 8, 1923.

Lord Swaythling said: "The Morgan people are not factors in Exchange. They have lost in Exchange because they tried to run it from New York. Exchange can only be run from London; this is the center in Exchange.

"There were formerly more than forty banks in the London clearing house. Now there are only about eight. I think we have carried bank consolidations too far. Indeed, I do not believe in the rubber combination. Combinations and trusts are bad things.

"My visit to the United States in 1919 convinced me that you have really a money trust in that country. In 1920 they put up the rate of money to 15 per cent and dropped the stock market. This is what they are going to do again now. There is no excuse for higher money rates in New York. I have always feared that the same thing might take place in London, but the government keeps too close a watch over the bankers here to permit any such thing.

"You have too much gold in your country. I think it will be twenty years before we have a free gold market in London. We would be liable to lose our gold if we attempted now to pay out gold freely."

NEW YORK, December 18, 1923.

President Carse, of the Submarine Boat Company, said: "Following '73, Hanover Bank was about seventy-five dollars a share. William Rockefeller's and a little of J. D. Rockefeller's money, as well as James Stillman's money and Woodward's money, went into it; Woodward continued to buy steadily. He became the largest shareholder, Stillman second and William Rockefeller third. It was the first investment in bank stocks the Rockefellers ever made. When I was with the bank we used to certify for the brokers as high as $60,000,000 a day—which curled the hair of some of my associates—but we never lost a dollar.

"William A. Read, who came up through Vermilye & Co., was a very able bond man. He was at one time in partnership in bond deals with Stillman and with Jacob Schiff, but fell out in disagreement, and Stillman wanted to clean out everything and sell out, and Read wanted to hold. Read, therefore, came to us at the bank. He would buy bonds and we would carry them for the bond interest and divide the profit. We made as high as $750,000 in a single year with Read on these deals. Read left $7,000,000 or $8,000,000.

"I don't understand what it is that uses up the Morgan partners so. They certainly are all rich and there is more than $100,000,000 in the firm. But the way they use up the health of partners is astonishing."

ABOARD S. S. OLYMPIC, EASTBOUND, February 10, 1923.

F. H. Prince says: "Morgan left only about $50,000,000 at his death, and he owed the Duveens, the art dealers, $6,000,000.

"There is at least $1,000,000,000 of German money in the United States, and there are other billions in other countries. The president of one of the big German banks said to me: 'Our entire capital is in South America. All we have here is our building, which they cannot take from us, and debits and credits in marks, one balancing the other.'

"I believe Stinnes wanted the French to go into the Ruhr to protect his property. There has been no real government in Germany.

"I am astonished that people do not see the danger of a panic in the United States when Germany makes a settlement and says to the United States: 'Loan us two billion or we will take a billion of gold out from under you.'

"Stinnes has bought up the industries of Germany and Central Europe at small cost, and now wants protection.

"The trouble of the railroads in the United States is in their terminals. Newman proposed a $10,000,000 construction for the New York Central in New York. I said, 'Make it $100,000,000 and it will be a profitable investment.' He did."

EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK, March 16, 1924.

Lester Monks, on the train, said: "I organized Harriman & Co. and I am not out with Harriman. Harriman found an opportunity to take in Walker and expand his banking line when the Guaranty Trust Company had bitten off more than it could chew. Harriman is now abroad. He is about thirty-three years of age, and one of the ablest men in this country.

"We made big money in the war in shipbuilding. Harriman is ahead on the entire shipping game. He is a money-maker and not a money loser.

"I am still in the shipping business, as have been some members of my family for nearly 300 years, beginning in 1633.

"It is proverbial in the shipping world that there are eight poor years and three good ones. Eight years uses up the ships and three years renews them.

"I looked over the world during the war to see where investment could be made farthest away from Germany and the European debacle. Looking right through the world, I selected China as farthest away from Europe and offering greatest opportunity for development, and put money into the Pacific Development Company. Now China is the worst spot in the world and going like Russia."

NEW YORK, April 15, 1924.

George J. Whelan said: "You were very helpful in putting this market right last October. With your assistance and advice to Jesse Livermore, I was able to stem the tide and put the stock market up with the assistance of Duke and Wiggin, but the market was in a very bad way when we took hold of it. Livermore thinks a great deal of what you say. He is very sensitive to your antagonism, but I don't believe he could get round to be a permanent bull. It is in his blood to be just a trader."

MERCHANTS LIMITED, EN ROUTE TO BOSTON, June 17, 1924.

John C. Cobb said: "After buying out Henry M. Whitney, I had about 30 per cent interest in the Boston Terminal Company, which had 200 acres of land in Sweat Street, or South Bay extension, running down to Massachusetts Avenue. I offered the whole thing to Mellen for $3,000,000 and agreed on a sixty-day option. He allowed the option to expire and then offered me $3,000,000. I declined, and he came back in about three months and said he would take it for $3,250,000. I said the price was $3,500,000. He said he would never pay it and would never have anything more to do with me. Then he came back and said he would take it at $3,500,000. I told him the price was $3,750,000. He declared that was the end and that he would never pay it. Later he came back and said he would pay $3,750,000. I told him the price was $4,000,000. He was very mad, and said I was trying to do him.

"Later Morgan sent for me and wanted to know why I would not trade with Mellen and what the matter was. I said I was willing to trade. I saw Mellen the next day and told Mellen that he did not need all the land. There was a part of it he could not use. Cutting off that part, I would sell for $3,750,000, and the trade was agreed to."

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 3, 1927.

Glover told me that the Riggs Bank had about $1,000,000 deposits when he came there as a boy. In a few years he built up the bank to more than $40,000,000 in deposits. He had about every judge and senator and Cabinet officer as depositors.

He said to me: "When Senator Clark, of Montana, was elected, but not yet seated, he came to the Riggs Bank to cash a check for $60,000. I was out, and my clerk did not know him, offered to collect, but refused the cash, and told me about it when I returned. I said, 'Don't you know who that man is?' and he did not. I immediately called Senator Clark on the telephone and told him he could have $60,000, or $600,000, or $6,000,000, and would he bring his check over? He did, and we became firm friends.

"I was talking with Senator Clark one day about an exhibition at the art gallery, and said it could not be held because it required $5000 for prizes. He offered to put up the $5000. I asked if he thought he could afford it, and he told me that he thought he could, because his mine in the Southwest had returned him $4,000,000 the past year and he could just as well have taken $14,000,000. He had also cashed up his half for building the Salt Lake Road, into which he had put $35,000,000.

"After he had given $5000 a year for five years I wrote him a note suggesting that it ought to be continued and would he put $100,000 into his will. He then told me how poor he was, and I laughed at him concerning his railroad and mine. Sometime later my clerk notified me that $100,000 had come from Clark to be invested for this purpose."

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA, February 24, 1927.

J. S. Bache said: "I shall never forget what J. P. Morgan once told me. He always called me 'boy' and I very much loved the old man. He met me many years ago at the hotel—I think it was the old Windsor—and asked me what I was doing. I said I was dining alone that night. He said, 'You are not; you are dining with me.' During that meal he said many things to me, and one I have never forgotten: 'Never sell a first-class American stock. Buy them and keep them.' If I had followed this advice I would have been worth many millions more, but I have never forgotten it."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of reminiscences by Mr. Barron, as edited by Mr. Pound and Mr. Moore. The next will appear in the issue of July 26th.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 40)

Quail are quite different from the other birds ordinarily reared on the game-breeding establishments. They are monogamous, mating in pairs, but they do not mate for life as does the Canada goose. Birds may be arbitrarily paired and any good male penned with any good female. The cock quail becomes broody, like his mate, as soon as the young are hatched, and he shares with her equally the work of brooding and caring for them.

On our place last year a pair of valley quail were allowed to keep their fourth clutch of eleven eggs. Every egg hatched, and the family was transported from its small breeding cage to a large rearing pen. Here the hen desired to indulge in the wonderful luxury of a dust bath in the sun. She clucked to her mate; he answered, and appeared to speak to the children. They ran to him and snuggled under his puffed-out feathers. Mrs. Quail rolled in the dust, kicking her legs and wings so that it sifted all through her feathers. Sprawled on her back in perfect relaxation, she looked at her mate and saw a small head peeking out from one wing. She clucked; the cock gravely looked down at the head; he clucked at it, and it at once went under the feathers.

At first the family bedded down for the night in one group, but as the babies grew larger the cock took part of them off with him to another place.

The inclosures for quail are economically constructed, but a separate pen must be provided for each pair if the maximum number of eggs is to be received. Such a cage is about eight by four feet, with the northern half roofed and sided with boards or other suitable shelter provided with evergreen boughs.

In our state, quail begin to lay about May first. The valley-quail eggs are about one and a half to two times the size of a robin's egg and they are speckled with maroon spots like the eggs of a turkey. Bobwhite eggs are somewhat larger, and white all over.

The female is permitted to keep all her eggs until the nest is full or until she shows signs of becoming broody. Then the entire lot is taken and placed under a bantam hen. Standard-size hens cannot be used for quail eggs, since the latter are very small and the shells are very thin. Within a few days the quail hen begins to lay again. This clutch is also taken. We have had birds lay five or six clutches a season, although laying after the last of July is to be discouraged. Usually not more than three nestfuls of eggs are taken; the female being allowed to incubate the last one and bring up the family.

In a little more than twenty-one days the eggs are hatched. The brood is taken to a small coop on short grass and is thereafter fed and cared for exactly like young pheasants. After two or three weeks, the youngsters range for themselves outside the compartment. They chase insects and devour millions of them. In fact, bugs are their main diet throughout their lives, except for the season when there are none; at which time the quail further aid the farmer by feeding upon weed seeds.

Birds in captivity are more economical to keep than almost any other species of game. Being small, they eat but little, and their ration may consist of nothing more costly than weed seeds or hayseed swept from a barn loft. It should not cost more than one dollar to feed one quail for one year. No breeder of my acquaintance quotes prices on quail eggs. The demand for them is good. Inquiries come in large numbers. But the eggs do not stand shipment well and there is much more profit in hatching them on the farm where they were laid. Young quail are seldom offered for sale, since most breeders prefer to keep them until they are matured. The adult stock may be transported almost anywhere if they are properly crated and well cared for in transit.

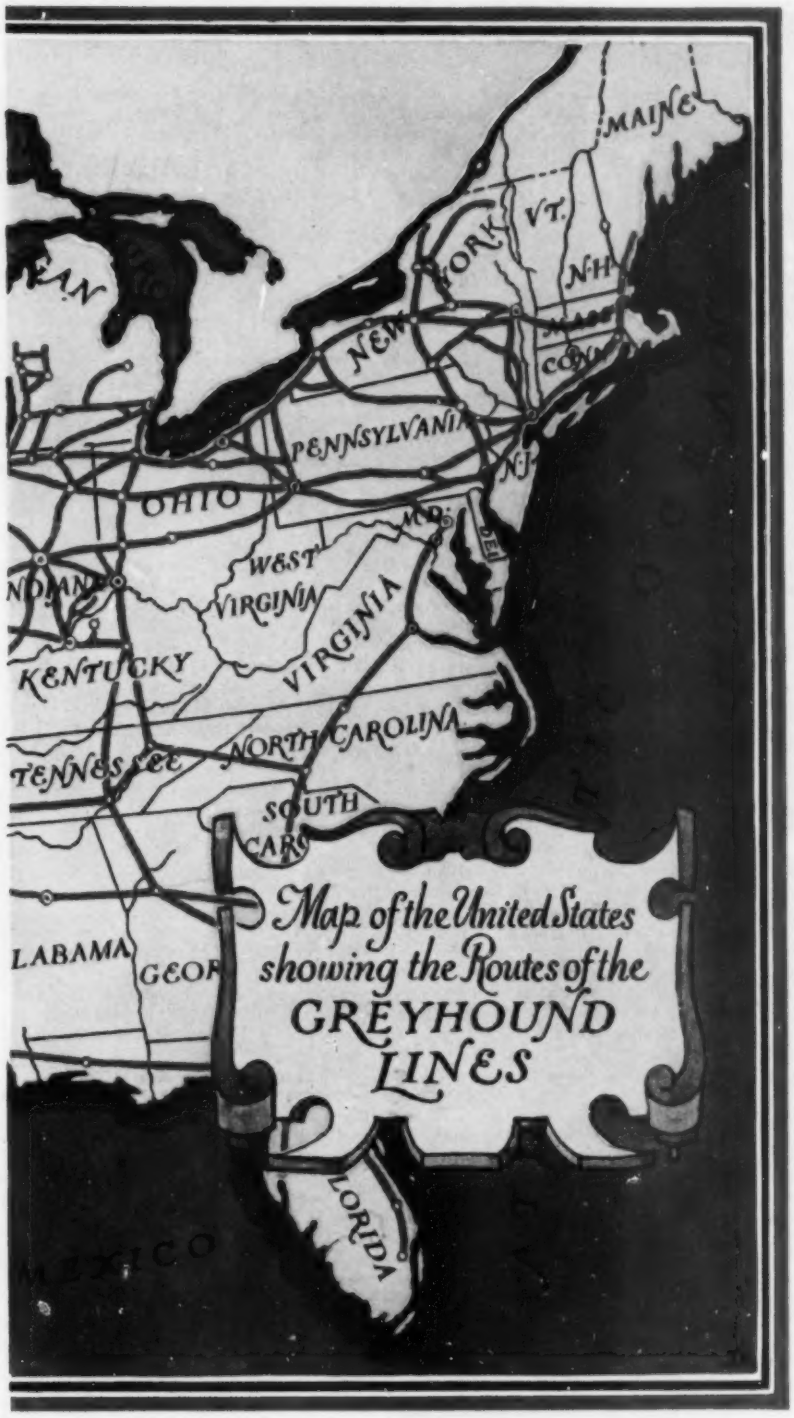
Quail are ideal birds for those persons who have not the extensive land needed for rearing of ring-necked pheasants. One pair of quail require a space about four by eight feet and each growing bird should have at least fifteen square feet.

Northern breeders should concentrate on northern bobwhites; they are the most profitable. Mexican quail may be purchased rather cheaply, but they are not so good in the North. A New Jersey breeder reports to me that he considers Mexicans satisfactory if they have been raised in the North. A third species of the bobwhite is the bird commonly found in the Southern States, which comes in between the Mexican and the Northern subspecies.

—HORACE MITCHELL.

GOOD YEAR THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOOD



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RED-FLANNEL PETTICOATS

(Continued from Page 11)

always dramatic. She had been indispensable to her friends and she had kept her hands off her friends' husbands. And she was always on the verge of either romance or wealth. Just now people whispered about a Pittsburgh millionaire who was trying to get a divorce on her account. Cal had heard that, of course. He had also heard it said that it would be just as well, because Paula Wave and her crowd were finding Anne rather an extra now and then. Paula was not so dependent on Anne since she had found the new psychoanalyst who urged her to independence—of all but him, at least.

They were coming back to the table now. The dance was over, with its two encores—enough for a crowd of married people.

"Weren't you two dancing?" asked Paula.

"No," said Anne, "he won't dance with me because I said his friends wear flannel petticoats. He's hurt to the quick."

It was one of the things people quoted in the next few days. It added to the story to be able to say, "and Cal Smith wouldn't dance with her. He really felt strongly about it."

At that point someone always said he was quite right.

There was, in fact, a great deal of talk. It went in many directions—toward criticism and anticipation and amusement. And yards and yards of flannel began to sell. Helen Davis bought thin, white stuff and dyed it flaming scarlet. Mary Case bought thick red flannel to use for her petticoat. It was all very funny except for those who were out of it completely, as the Wave crowd had to be. Never had reservations come in so early for any dance at the Washington Club as they came for the next one.

Anne must have heard what was going on. But attempts to draw her out were fruitless. She must have known that Dolly Marble was having a big dinner from which she had been excluded rather pointedly, but that did not seem to bother her. She looked as serene as ever when anyone saw her. She was living in a very small apartment this fall and not in a fashionable neighborhood. Somebody said that she was going to be married to the Pittsburgh millionaire. Somebody else said that she was writing pamphlets about places where she had been, for a travel bureau, and still somebody else had heard on good authority that she was trying to get a position as hostess in a Southern resort hotel.

"Is Anne going to be at the party?" Helen Davis asked Cal, meeting him in the city one day.

"I hope so. It sounds as if it were going to be a good one."

"It'll be a shame if she's not, Cal. And I don't believe she's been asked. I know most of the parties. Dolly Marble hasn't asked her and she's having a big one. Isn't that funny?"

"Isn't that ludicrous?" agreed Cal. "But not so surprising."

"I'm sorry you couldn't have dinner with us."

"I wish I could. But I'm having a little party of my own."

It was a few hours later that he called up Anne. It had been something of a problem getting her telephone number, which wasn't listed.

"Hello, Anne. It's Cal Smith talking."

"How exciting," said Anne. "I thought this only happened to debutantes."

"Are you going to the dance at the Washington Club on Thursday?"

"I've not been asked."

"You're being asked at the moment. I'm having just a small party."

She hesitated. "Is this by any chance more punishment, dear Cal?"

"Not for me, certainly, if you'll come."

"You're a gentleman of the old school," she said, "but as a matter of fact, I wasn't thinking of you. Yes, I'll come."

"Thank you."

"I've an idea you ought to thank me," answered Anne. "And how shall I bring my head? On my shoulders or on a platter?"

It was clear that she intended to see the thing through on that light note of amusement. But when Cal came to get her that night and went up two flights of thinly carpeted stairs to her door, smelling onions unmistakably and hearing family altercations as he passed other apartments, he did not look so amused.

Anne was wearing a dress of some silvery stuff, the color moonbeams are imagined to be. She offered Cal the famous mink coat to hold for her.

"This thing may not be so much fun tonight," he said suddenly. "Sure you want to go?"

"I've been counting the hours."

"Well, I warn you it will be dull."

"As you say, everything's dull. I've changed my mind on one thing though. I've decided I'm duller than most people."

"That's a morbid idea. Why?"

"My opinion of other people must have gone up," she said; "the other thought's too depressing."

It was not a brilliant dinner party that Cal was having. He had asked the young bond salesman and his wife, and one older couple and the Bradley Gateses, who didn't count for very much, but could always be asked to fill in. But he had been given a conspicuous table, and Anne took the seat from which she could not only see everything but be seen by everyone.

"But what are they wearing?" gasped the young woman, who was too new in town to have heard anything. "Who is that woman and what has she got on!"

It was Mary Cass in a splendid dust ruffle of red flannel, sweeping from under a black lace dress; Mary, with an entirely new manner of drollery, lifting it up precisely, then letting it mop the floor.

"It's a red-flannel petticoat," explained Anne without a smile. "How well it suits Mary, Cal."

"Doesn't it? It quite brings her out," he said.

The same thing had happened to Helen Davis, with the scarlet lining peeping from the edges of her transparent velvet dress, showing through it. She had never looked prettier, not even before she was married. But, comic or pretty, they were all alike. That flagrant red flannel, that definite acceptance of the insult and tossing it back as a joke, seemed to have given them all a new lease on amusement and assurance. And when, at the end of the first course, Tom Davis solemnly rose, took off his coat and hung it over the back of his chair, disclosing red flannel edges under his cuffs, the lid was off. Everybody laughed, even the Wave crowd. To have a touch of red flannel showing under the skirt became a distinction. It meant popularity. A great many inhibitions had gone down to defeat. Young matrons who had thought their days of being cut in upon were long since over couldn't finish out a dance with one man. There was something to talk about. And every now and then someone, retelling the story, would look to see how Anne was taking it.

She was taking it rather calmly, smiling a good deal but not laughing much. If some of the glances that came her way had more than a little malice in them, that seemed to fail to touch her. She was sitting alone at the table once, for someone had called Cal away and the others were all dancing, when an overexcited man went by and said too audibly, "There's the one who needs a red-flannel petticoat." Anne didn't appear to hear him, but everyone else around did and passed the remark around. The crowd that Dolly Marble was entertaining seemed to forget Anne was at the party after they spoke to her, and some of the men in that group were cutting in on the red petticoats. Cal danced with Anne several times, but that was hardly a sign of popularity tonight, for everyone believed he'd brought her as a retaliatory touch of mockery.

Shortly after midnight she said to him, "I'm going home now. This is long enough."

"It's not much of a party," he said deprecatingly, for half-past twelve was no hour to let Anne go home, normally.

She laughed. "Oh, yes, it is. It's a particularly good one. But as I said to you before, parties are for those who can get away with them. I may as well go."

But on her way to the door she stopped, having unexpectedly met Helen Davis, all flushed and happy.

"It was a great show, Helen," said Anne. "Good for you!"—and was gone before there was an answer.

She wouldn't let Cal take her home. The most he could do was to put her into a taxi.

"You've other guests," she told him, "and remember that you believe in manners."

"It isn't manners to let you go home alone."

"I'm used to it," said Anne. "I like it. Good night, Cal. Thank you for all the dandy lessons and punishment. But I'll tell you one thing."

"What?" he asked.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"Are You Marrying Me for My Intellect, or Do You Love Me for Myself Alone?"

"It's all right to be serious about the world when it treats you lightly, but when it's treating you seriously it's far better to be light."

He went back to the ballroom, and Helen Davis asked him where Anne was.

"She went home."

Helen was relenting: "Did she think we were terribly rude? I think it was almost mean of you to bring her, Cal. She looked so kind of alone tonight."

"She did, did she?" inquired Cal, and from his tone Helen felt that he must be more prejudiced against Anne than she had guessed. He went back to his party and was so negligent a host that they soon grew tired of being guests and went home. Cal wasted no time after that. He called Anne up. He'd kept her telephone number.

"Cal talking."

"Oh," said Anne, "want me to go to another party?"

"I want to come to see you."

"I'm going away tomorrow. You're too late."

"I thought you probably would be. That's why I'm coming tonight."

She was still in the silver dress when he got there, but she looked a little tired now. The happy look—the look he associated with her—seemed dimmed. Yet he felt more confident than he'd ever felt with her before.

"I'm sorry about that thing tonight," he began; "it was rotten to drag you there."

"You didn't drag me. I went. Why should you be sorry? You proved your point. But don't go forcing me to tell you so."

"That's not what I want you to tell me."

"What is it?"

"I want to know what you are going to do with yourself? Get married?"

She sighed. "No."

"Not the man in Pittsburgh?"

She shook her head. "Certainly not that man. His wife wants him. And I don't."

"Not me?" asked Cal.

"I wasn't counting on it," she answered lightly.

But because he was silent, she turned to stare at him.

"You're not in earnest? You didn't come up here at this time of night to ask me that?"

"Of course I did."

"You want me?" she asked incredulously. "You still want to marry me?"

"I've always wanted you."

"And I've always wondered ——" she began, and her voice was more gentle than he had ever heard it. She left that sentence in her thoughts and asked a question: "Why was it that I didn't marry you in the first place, Cal?"

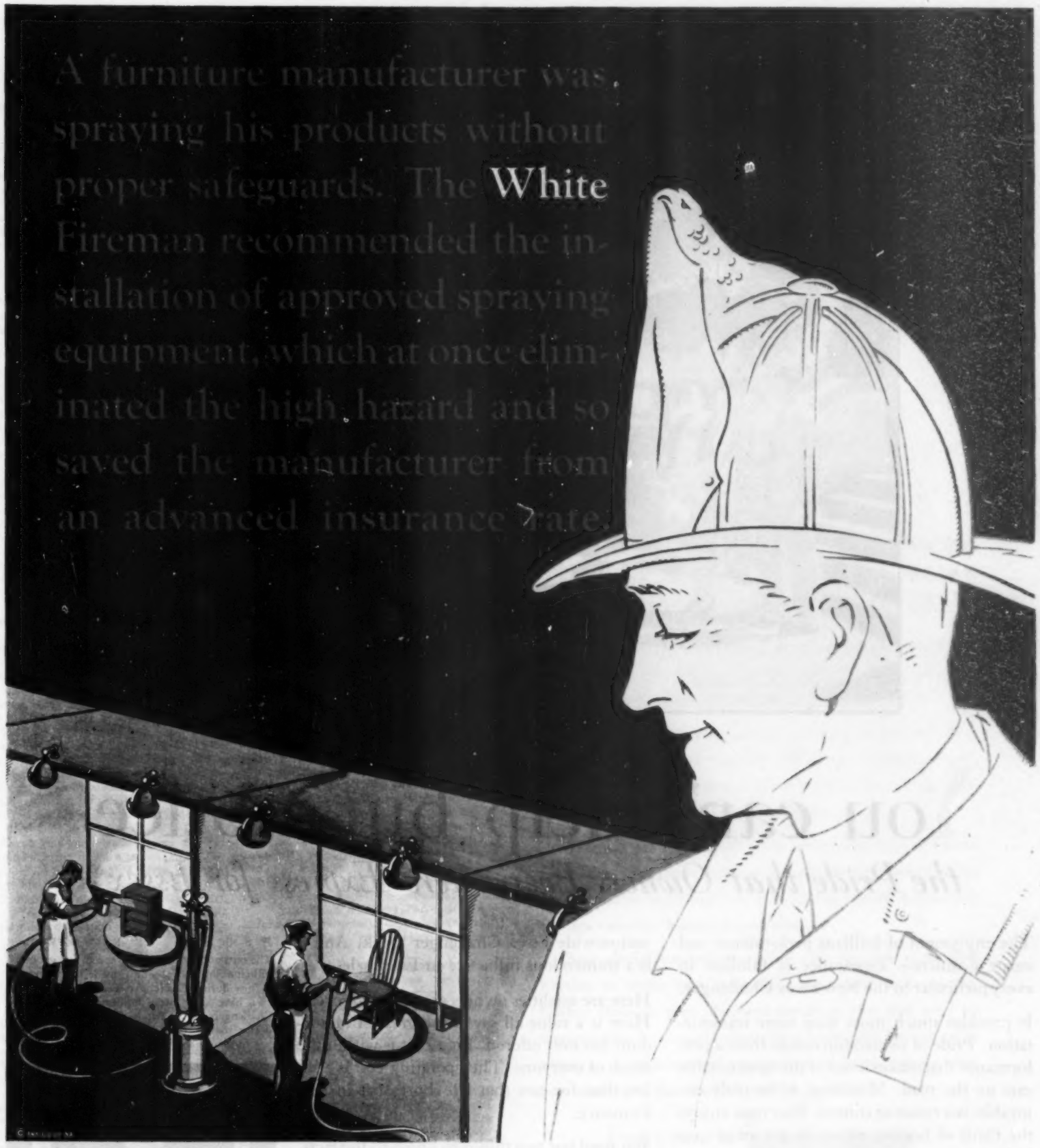
"You said I wasn't serious enough," he said—"not serious enough about living. And the other night you told me I was too serious about this social stuff. Well, all these years I suppose I've tried to please you, and so I got that way. You see, Anne, I only had one talent, and you can only be serious about something that you do well, or that's necessary to do. I can make money, but that's never been awfully essential or very hard work, because I started with so much. The only thing I could be really rather good at was running parties and weddings, and being friendly and knowing who people were. It doesn't make me much of a person, of course."

"It makes you expert in human relations," answered Anne; "it's made you a wise man. And a kind one. You're too good for me, Cal, even if I let myself love you. I wanted to in the first place. I want to now. But, my dear, you're worth a dozen people like me."

"I'll throw the whole dozen in," said Cal, "in exchange for the one of you."

"It's a bad bargain," Anne tried to protest.

But it was already being sealed.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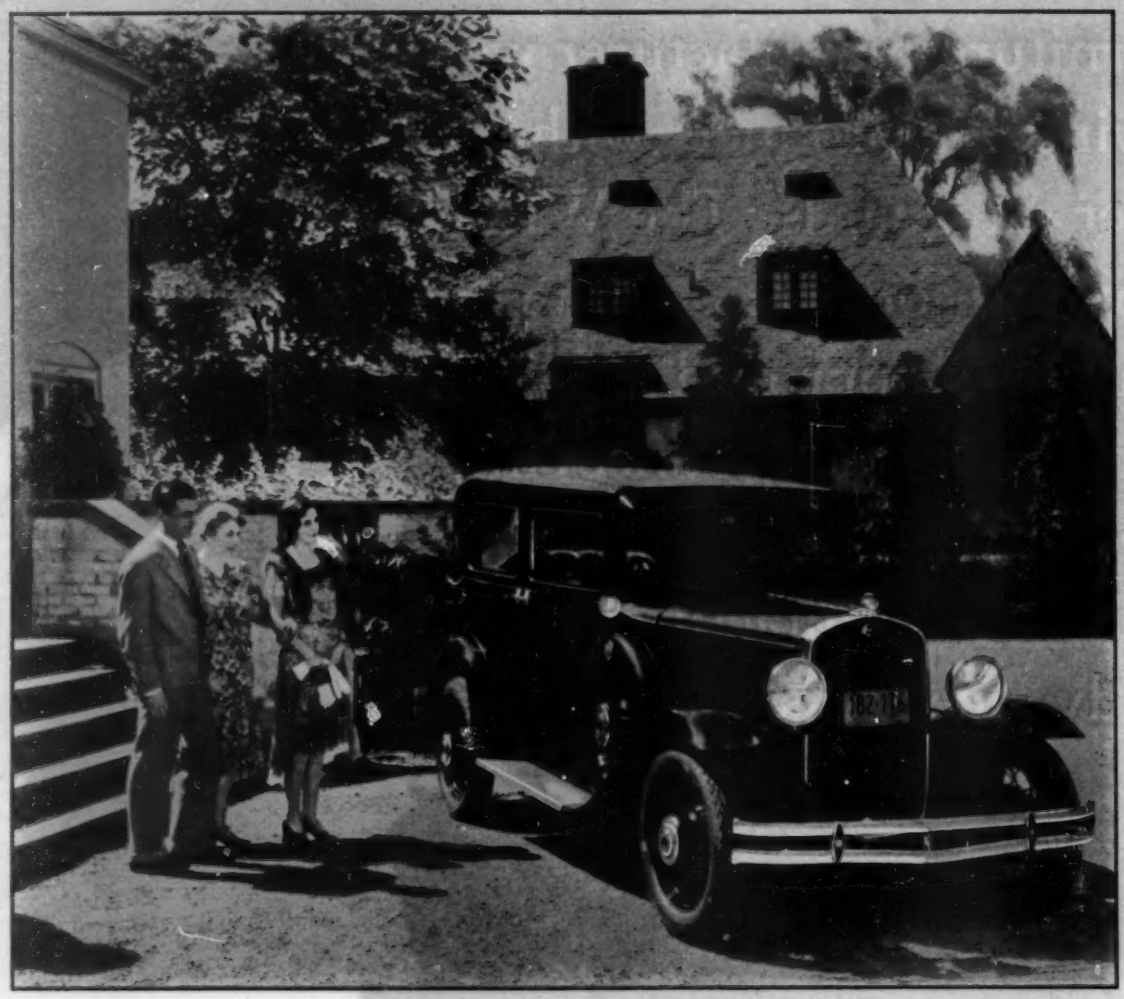

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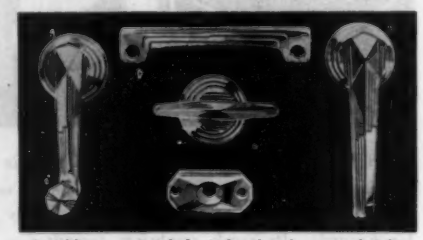

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MIRTHFUL HAVEN

(Continued from Page 26)

"Conscientious!" Wallace groaned. "I wish he hadn't been so conscientious he thought he had to tell Gordon about it before he left! There wasn't any reason Gordon couldn't have been kept in the dark permanently about that detail, and his knowing it makes him just that much harder for us to handle. Father satisfied his own conscience about what Gordon had a right to know, then drove off and left the job up to you and me!"

"No, no, no!" she cried. "You mustn't criticize him! It does seem so pitiful to me—your father's such a good man—to think of his summer's ending in all this turmoil—all this ——"

"Now, now!" Wallace said, for she had become tearful. "We'd better keep our minds on how we're going to manage Gordon, mother. It isn't going to be easy."

"Oh, dear, no; I know it!" She laughed dismally. "I'm afraid we're going to have a sketchy luncheon. Do you suppose he can be persuaded to come down to it?"

She spoke with doubt, but Gordon proved unexpectedly amenable and came to the table upon his brother's summons, though his appearance there was stricken-eyed and pallid. He ate without any diminution of his usual slight appetite, however, and responded quietly with assents to his mother's complaints of the heat. When the meal was finished he did not return to his desk upstairs; instead, he went into the swathed and dismantled living room and began to pace the floor. Mrs. Corning made a movement as if to follow him, but checked the impulse upon a shake of the head from Wallace. Both of them went to attend to final details of packing; Mrs. Corning saw her own completed, put on a traveling dress, descended the stairs and stopped to listen near the open doors of the living room. No sound of pacing footsteps came to her ears, but she knew Gordon was still there, and, after a moment's troubled cogitation, went into the room. He was standing by the window from which Edna had leaped to the terrace, and, with a pair of binoculars at his eyes, was gazing down through the rift in the trees that gave a view of Pelter's.

His mother put a hand softly upon his shoulder. "Don't do that, dear."

He lowered the glasses and turned to face her. "No? Why not?"

"Dear, you don't want to make things more painful for Wallace and me than they need be, do you? You've never had anything but the most loving affection and kindness from us and from your father, have you? You just couldn't do anything that would make us break our hearts with pity for you, could you?"

"No."

"Then you'll be ready to come with Wallace and me when we go, won't you?"

"I don't know."

"My dear! My dear!" she said sorrowfully. "You must try—try to see this wretched business in its proper proportions. I won't say a word in criticism of that poor girl; I'm sure it's true that her unfortunate life has molded her into what she is. Those were good and kind and charitable-minded women I talked to in the village, Gordon; they were very reluctant, and it was only after I'd made plain what Mrs. Munson had told me that they were willing to talk at all. You know that your father and I have never been snobbish about the natives, that we've done every possible friendly thing for them we could think of; but everything in the world has its place, Gordon—people most of all. You know that inherently; you're too much your father's son not to know it, and I don't believe for a moment that you could do anything grotesque in contradiction of it. Wallace says one thing you feel badly about is not having sent word to this girl, warning her not to do something that, as a matter of fact, she didn't do and ——"

"Yes," he interrupted huskily. "The fact that she didn't go to the Casino doesn't make me any the less a coward for not having ——"

"Wait!" his mother remonstrated. "You've got to see it in proportion, dear! You think she'd have been humiliated by being turned back at the Casino door; but would she? You've got to remember that she's shown herself pretty scheming and pretty pushing, Gordon—I'm afraid that's the only word—pretty brazenly pushing. Don't you think it took a rather hard quality of effrontery for Edna Pelter—Edna *Pelter*—to dance that tango, displaying herself as she did before people she knew wouldn't have allowed her to be there if they'd had the slightest idea who she was? Don't you think it took some effrontery to come into this house as she did—to take advantage of Mildred Kerr's having been misled about her, and to push herself in amongst all of us under an assumed name?"

"But she had a right to it," he protested. "She had a right ——"

"No, Gordon. Her step-grandmother—her *step*-grandmother, Gordon—did a very wrong and tricky thing in helping the girl to go to such a school as Miss Branch's, and under a name that was meant merely to cover up her origin and her past. She fooled her best friend, Mildred, from the first, completely, and the only reason she didn't carry out her purpose and keep on fooling all of us was that we were too close to the facts. Are you sure such a girl would suffer very much over her failure to push in at the Casino door? I doubt it, Gordon."

Gordon made a gesture toward the window. "Do you doubt, too, that she's suffering now, mother?"

"Ah, that's the very thing I've been dreading!" Mrs. Corning cried. "This appeal to your sensitive heart through what's happened to her father! No, of course I don't doubt that she's equipped with the natural affections; I'm not saying for a moment that she wouldn't feel the natural sorrow common to all human beings under such circumstances. But you must remember, Gordon, this was a hard man, a dangerous man and—perhaps it seems a strange thing to say—but a good many of these people up here aren't very affectionate with one another—not in the sense that we are. They've lived a rugged life and they really don't seem to feel things quite as we do. You just mustn't let your imagination run away with you; you mustn't think of her as suffering the same quality of pain you'd feel if you'd lost your own dear father. It isn't like that, Gordon, believe me! And when you think of the girl herself—her hardness, her effrontery—a poor cheap little village Magdalen, Gordon; but not a repentant one ——"

"You needn't go on," Gordon said miserably. "I accept all that. I never was with her that I didn't feel something strange about her. She was never straightforward with me. I stood with her here by this window only a few days ago and I knew she was deceiving me and all of us about herself. She partly admitted it to me—I suppose she had to. Well, granting it's all true—even what father said—that she was scheming to entangle me before we found her out. Maybe she was. But she knew she was going to be found out; she said as much to me and told me she'd wait—at Pelter's, I suppose—she'd wait there, she said, for me to come and tell her if I'd really meant something I'd said to her."

"Oh, did she?" Mrs. Corning cried, and reddened. "What was it you ——"

"Just something I said." He turned away.

"Something you said believing her to be Miss Shellpool?"

"Yes," he answered bitterly. "It amounts to that."

"While from the very start," his mother went on sharply, "she naturally enough understood that if you'd known she was Edna Pelter you'd never even have looked

(Continued on Page 57)

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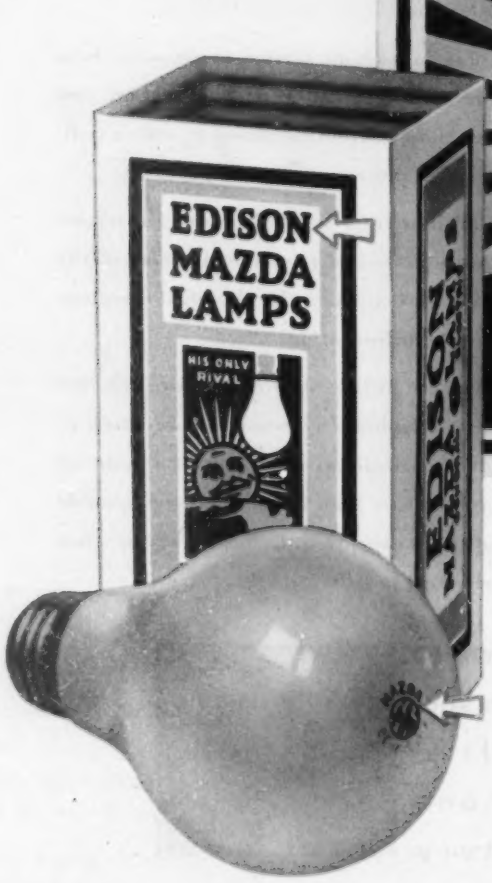

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(Continued from Page 55)

at her. Then, knowing you were pretty sure to find her out, she says she'll 'be waiting,' hoping you'll feel yourself committed to her by 'something' she's got you to say to her in her masquerade as a nice girl. That is, she adroitly planned to get you committed to Edna Pelter by something you said to an Edna Shellpool who didn't exist! Gordon!"

"Well, all right," he said. "I admit the truth of everything you say; but you'll have to admit the truth of something I'm going to say, too. No, I'm not going to speak of the feeling I've had for—for Edna Shellpool, I suppose I ought to say, to be accurate. About that, it seems to me I'm just in a condition of shock and not fit to talk. But one thing does seem clear to me—you'll have to admit the truth about what's going on down there now." He made a gesture toward the window again. "I don't blame father. I don't criticize him; I don't criticize him at all. He's never done anything in his life that wasn't right, I think; but, mother, I don't seem to be able to get the thing straight in my mind any way but this—if father hadn't thought his conscience compelled him to send Tholineau to the Coast Guard, that hearse wouldn't be drawing up in front of Pelter's down there just now. After that, I think when you ask me not even to see her, you ask too much."

Mrs. Corning showed agitation. "You mustn't say such a thing! There's a whole sequence of events that lead to such a happening. You might as well say that wretched Munson boy did it by telling Agatha, or that Agatha did it by getting furious with Wallace, or that Tholineau did it, when all the time the truth is that it happened because officers of the law did their duty in stopping an escaping criminal. The man himself was responsible; he had no business to be engaged in such a traffic, and if he was he had no business not to stop when ——"

"Wait!" Gordon said gently, but in a manner that checked her. "I want to look now."

He had put the binoculars to his eyes again, gazing down through the rift in the trees, with the flimsy, ramshackle old building over the water held at the center of the circle of vision. Mrs. Corning, silent and caught in a dismaying fascination, stared down at Pelter's, too, in spite of herself. Moreover, the same discomfiting focus drew and fixed the attention of her older son as he came almost noiselessly into the room a moment later. He approached without speaking, then stood looking over his mother's shoulder, and the scene far below, down in the glare of the hot harborside, was revealed to those two almost as clearly as it was to Gordon through the glasses.

Before the gateless entrance to the wooden front yard of Pelter's two withered and depressed black horses, obviously wearied with other usage, had drawn a black hearse of a kind long unknown to fashion in hearses; for it was high, glass-sided over iron-rimmed wheels, and, at the corners of its roof, supported monstrous black images of mourning plumage. Two rusty, closed automobiles were before the funeral car; two others waited behind it, near the wooden sidewalk; half a dozen village children and Willie Briggs stood in the road, observant of this melancholy pageant, and at a distance along the fence that sagged over the mud flats a group of shabbily dressed older people seemed to hold an expectant consultation.

The front door of the house opened. Mr. Wining, the undertaker, stepped out, glanced briskly up and down the road, then nodded to the drowsy driver of the hearse, who descended and opened the back doors of the receptacle. Then Mr. Wining made a sign to someone indoors, and, with head bent, walked forward toward the hearse solemnly yet attentively, having the air of being reverent but at the same time watchful of everything. From the open door the long, black coffin came forth, borne by six men bulky in their black clothes, and the thin, small figure of the minister followed. The coffin went slowly to the hearse, was slid within it; the six pallbearers, the minister and two other figures were seen to get into the forward sedans, while Mr. Wining and the driver of the hearse went back into the house. They came out almost at once, carrying two or three wreaths and a few small bunches of flowers, placed them upon the coffin and closed the hearse. The driver mounted to his seat and Mr. Wining returned toward the house, but did not go in. Instead, he paused near the open door and nodded deferentially in that direction.

Then two more black figures came forth. One was that of a tall woman whose head and face were invisible within a black veil. She stooped as she walked and leaned heavily upon the arm of her companion, who was Captain Francis Embury. They walked so slowly that once, just as they came to the hearse, they stopped entirely and the stooping figure seemed unable to go farther; but that was only for a moment, and they got into the rusty automobile that waited just behind the hearse. An old man, shaggy with shabbiness, rickety, limping and leaning upon a stick, followed in company with three elderly women who helped him into the remaining car and entered it after him. Mr. Wining observantly closed the door of the house, came out gravely to the nearer of the two cars behind the hearse, installed himself within at its guiding wheel and nodded through the glass to the driver of the hearse, who was looking back at him inquiringly. Then the short procession began to move slowly toward the village, the automobiles perforce keeping pace with the walk of the tired horses.

At the open window upon Great Point, Mrs. Corning lifted a pitying hand and gently took the glasses from her son's eyes. "Don't, dear," she said in a soft voice. "Don't watch them out of sight. Don't keep harrowing yourself."

"What?" Gordon asked hoarsely, and he sank into one of the shrouded chairs. "For God's sake, you saw that, and you tell me I mustn't even go down there to say ——"

"Oh, see here!" Wallace interposed, and put a hand roughly upon his brother's shoulder as if to shake him. "Use your head a little, will you, Gordon? After that, what could you say? You've been three days trying to write it and you couldn't find anything, so just what the devil would you do if you went there?"

"What? Why, tell her—my God, at least tell her that we're sorry! At least tell her ——"

"Tell her! Tell her!" Wallace interrupted harshly. "You don't know what you'd tell her once you saw her! You don't ——"

"Never mind, Wallace!" Mrs. Corning said quickly, and, over Gordon's drooping head, sent the older brother a shrewd, warning glance. Then, looking from the window again, she seemed to muse. "I suppose they couldn't find the older sister," she said in a thoughtful tone. "Probably they'd lost track of her, so that they couldn't get hold of her at all. At any rate, she wasn't there."

"Who wasn't there?" Wallace asked, puzzled, though a second significant glance from his mother seemed to signal him to make some such inquiry. "What other sister?"

"Miss Pelter's. Mrs. Munson asked me if I didn't remember seeing two bold-faced young girls hanging about on the pier sometimes when I drove by that place, and I did vaguely recall there were two. The other one got into trouble and had to leave Mirthful Haven."

"What happened to her?" Wallace inquired, again as upon a cue.

"I understand she was reformed—for a while at least," Mrs. Corning said. "At any rate, she had a place—general housework for the family of a druggist in Lynn, I believe—but was discharged, and that's the last that's known of her. I suppose some effort was made to find her, but failed, or she'd have been here today."

"I see." Wallace remained thus noncommittal; but what he perceived was that his mother had either fortunately just recalled this information or had carefully reserved it for the most critical moment, which had now arrived. During a long hush then, the issue seemed to hang in the balance, while the mother and older brother watched with tense anxiety the hunched figure of the young man in the chair. The intaking of his breath was audible, struggling and broken; the fingers of both of his hands hung flaccid, shaking, then clenched, then pressed upon his face.

"Now, now!" Wallace said huskily, unable to watch this agony any longer in silence. "You see how it is, old fellow. You can't—you just can't ——"

Mrs. Corning leaned down and took Gordon's shaking hands in both of hers, holding them still against his breast. "Dearest boy, you mustn't suffer so! This will pass. Dearest, remember that time makes all things ——"

"It's too indecent! It's too heartless!" he gasped. "I won't—I won't leave here until something's done about it. She's got to be told we're sorry." Then at last he looked up, and his eyes in haggard, piteous appeal sought his brother's face. "She's got to be told. *Some*body from this family's got to go down there and tell her we're sorry!"

XXXI

AT FOUR o'clock that afternoon Wallace Corning was setting forth upon his uncomfortable errand; but just as he reached the outer door of the hall his mother came hurriedly down the broad stairway and detained him.

"I won't stop you more than a moment," she said. "It's all right; he's out of hearing. It just occurred to me I'd forgotten an important thing that you might make an opportunity to say to the girl. Of course, you must first say what Gordon wants you to, and I don't want to interfere in any way with your making his position clear to her. Everything's worked out as nicely as we could have hoped it would; but this other thing I've just thought of ought to be said, too, and you'll know how to put it tactfully and, of course, considerately. You see, we've been concentrating just on the present, but we've got to consider the future, too."

"Have we? It seems to me that if we can get out of Mirthful Haven without his seeing her, that's about all I'm capable of concentrating on myself."

"No, no!" Mrs. Corning insisted, keeping her voice low. "The future might cost us all we're gaining now if we don't show a little foresight. Of course, when we get home, the thing to do with Gordon is to keep him virtually surrounded by the nicest sort of attractive girls, and I trust to that a great deal; but you mustn't forget that your father loves this place and that he likes to have you and Gordon with him, so there's next summer to think of. She really oughtn't to be here then."

"What do you mean?" Wallace inquired, frowning. "You certainly can't expect me to tell her ——"

"No, no," his mother interrupted hastily. "But I mean she really oughtn't—your father's often said that Mirthful Haven really isn't the place for such a family as that, and it isn't. I mean she ought to be able to see it herself. Really for the girl's own good she ought to understand the situation. The village itself would think much more highly of her if she went away; even those three women who were at the funeral wouldn't feel they could have anything to do with her except under these present circumstances, I know, and I think that if she should be so unwise as to stay here everyone would feel it was to no good end. Who is there for her to associate with and what is there for her to do? Nobody and nothing! So I thought that after you've given her the message of sympathy, and explained a little, if you could just tactfully intimate ——"

"For heaven's sake!" Wallace protested. "You don't expect me to ——"

(Continued on Page 60)

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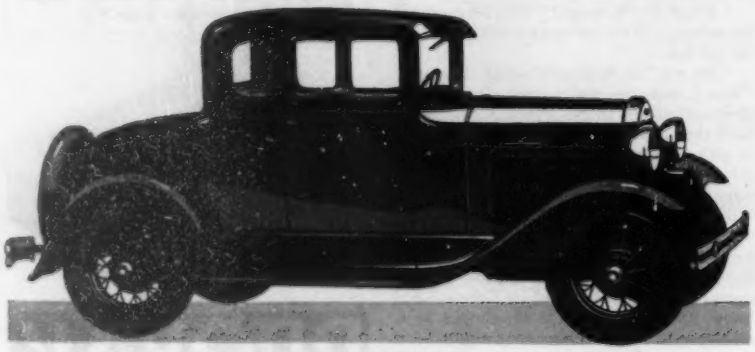

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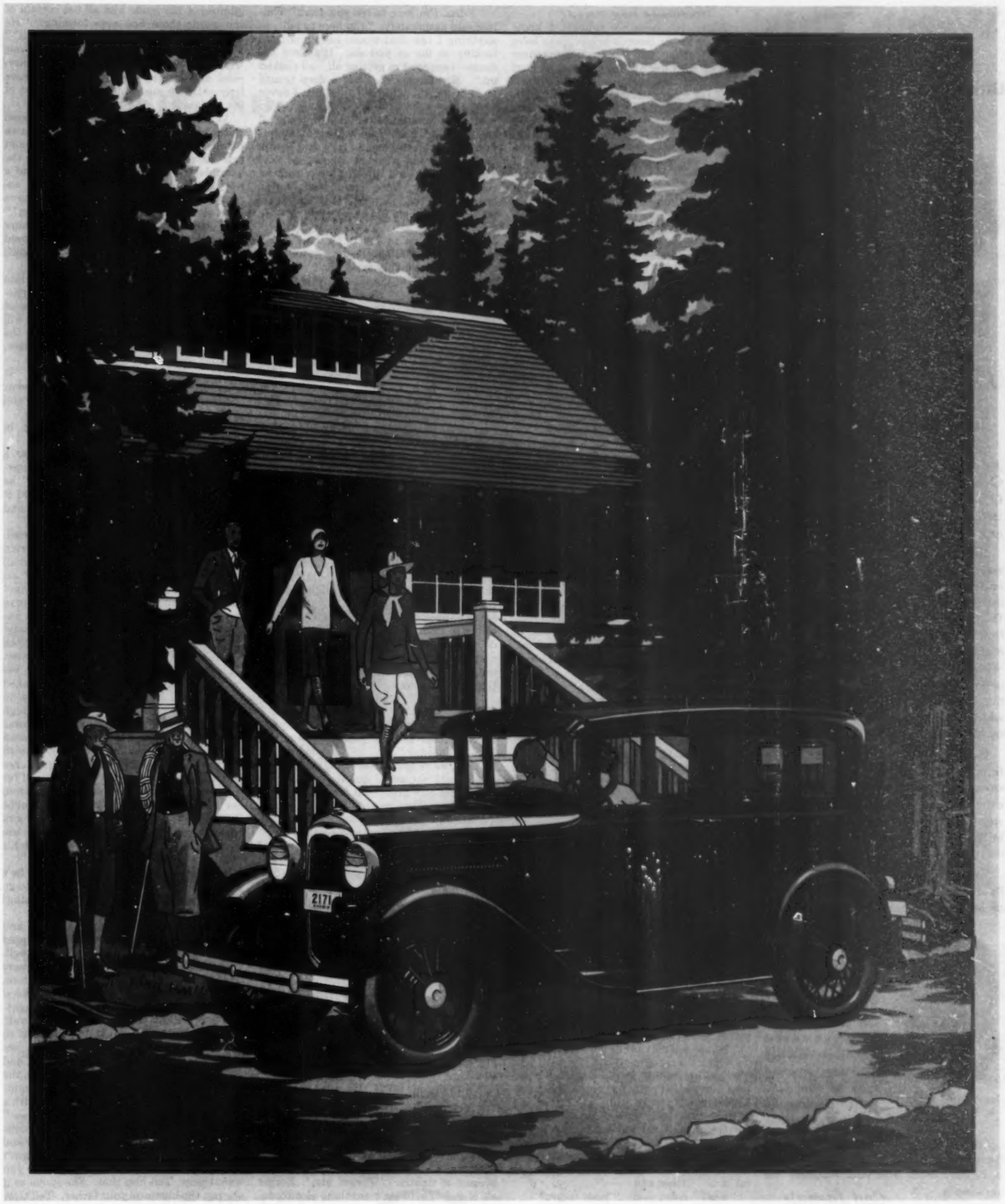

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in "Czar of Broadway"

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Universal this season will make twenty feature-length pictures. Casts, directors, writers and other craftsmen of the highest calibre are united with the vast resources of the Universal organization in their effort to make each picture a masterpiece.

"All Quiet on the Western Front," Paul Whiteman and his Universal "King of Jazz," "Captain of the Guard," with LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHN BOLES, "Czar of Broadway" and "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," that amazing drama of the snow-covered mountain tops, will give you a good idea of what Universal considers the best entertainment.

John Wray in "Czar of Broadway"

And your personal opinion of all of these will be welcome. I will be pleased to discuss them with you. Address me personally.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 57)

"Wait! It's perfectly simple. I know that your father intends presently to have the subject of the yacht-club purchase taken up with her by correspondence—not immediately, of course, but after a time. He'll have a very liberal offer made to her, and if she already had it in mind to go away, why, when she gets the money, it would strike her as just the thing to use in that way. I don't mean for you to mention the purchase this afternoon; I thought that if you could just say, in a friendly way, that so many opportunities are open to girls nowadays—I'm sure she could learn to be a professional dancer, or, if she didn't like that idea, she could study stenography or get some kind of clerkship perhaps—and I thought you might possibly intimate that Gordon would feel a great deal better about it if he could know that she's going to be leading a useful, happy life somewhere, or even that we all felt strongly that it would be better for Gordon if she ——"

"Oh, look here! I've got a hard enough job before me as it is, without ——"

"But this is the most important part of it, really," Mrs. Corning urged. "You'd just be showing a kindly interest in her future; all you've got to do is to lead up to it in a considerate way, as if you'd heard she'd be leaving before long and naturally assumed that it was true. Wallace, she simply mustn't be here next summer, and you know it as well as I! You've got to promise me you'll ——"

"Oh, Lord, I'll try!" he said impatiently, extricated his sleeve from her detaining hand and turned to the door. "I'll promise to try to—if I can!"

Striding gloomily down from the highway and into River Road, he repented of this promise, and, a few minutes later, standing dubiously before Pelter's, he saw upon the outer board of the wooden sidewalk, at his feet, the petals of a blown rose, some of them scuffed by the shoes of passers-by. "Hell of a job to be pushed into!" he muttered, went in and knocked at the door.

Edna opened it and stared at him. She was a jet-black figure in the hot light that struck into the doorway, all except her white face, for, though she still wore the funeral veil, she had pulled it back; she still stooped, too, and stood before him, stooping and staring, with her black-gloved hands pressed together upon her breast as though it hurt her.

"Well?" she said in a thin voice. "He hasn't come, then?"

Wallace coughed painfully. "Do you mind if I step in for a moment, Edna?"

"Why, no," she said, moving back to let him enter, and, after he had come in, stood before him in the same attitude and with the same stare fixed upon his face. "He didn't come, then?"

Wallace made a gesture of appeal. "Don't take it that way, Edna. I've got a difficult thing to ——"

She interrupted him. "Why, I'm not taking it any way—not any way at all. He isn't coming?"

"Oh, dear me!" Wallace broke out. "Just listen a minute. I want to tell you ——"

"Not to tell me that he isn't coming?"

"Edna! Just a minute! I'm here, and I've got something to say to you. First, that our whole family feel the deepest possible sympathy with you. My father and mother have both wished me to say that for them, and you know, of course, how warmly I say it for myself—and—I'm sure Mildred will write you. It's a most shocking thing that's happened to you, and we all of us—father and ——"

"Yes?" Edna said. "Your father?"

Something in her thin and quiet tone as she said "Your father?" went chillingly through Wallace. "I—I'm afraid," he began. "Well, I'm afraid maybe you feel he had something to do with ——"

"Yes. He did it. You don't think I'd marry Gordon if he wanted me to, do you—or if you all wanted me to? But he's coming to say he's sorry, isn't he?"

"Edna, I'm here to tell you that," Wallace said desperately. "I'm here to tell you anything I can that would keep you from looking at me as you do. It's hard because—because I'm getting all—all choked up." He stammered, drew a deep breath and got control of himself. "Edna, I never was so sorry for anybody in my life. You must just understand that Gordon's all smashed up. I don't know how many letters he's begun to you and torn up because he couldn't say what he wanted to say. Finally he told me to say to you that he couldn't say anything except that he was heartbroken for you, miserably and inexpressibly wretched about everything. He told me to say ——"

"He told you to say it for him? You mean he isn't coming?"

In despair at this reiteration, Wallace turned from her and pushed a hot hand through his hair. "By George, my family do put some nice things upon me!" he groaned, and, bitterly remembering his promise, made an effort to fulfill it. "Edna, when I see Mildred she'll ask me what your plans are, and I'd like to be able to tell her. I suppose, of course, you won't be staying on here."

"Here? Why, yes. Where else? Pelters have been here for three hundred years—longer than anybody else except Captain Embury. My father was proud of that. My father wasn't a man to talk much, but he spoke more of that to me, while I was a child and growing up, than he did of anything else. Pelters were the very first people that ever came to Mirthful Haven, and my father wanted Pelters always to be here. I'm the last, so of course I'd stay. I haven't anything to do now except what my father would like me to. I'd been doing something he hated, and I didn't get a chance to tell him how it happened and that it was just for a little time and would never happen again. So all I can do now is to try to think of anything he'd like me to do, and do it. He wouldn't know about it now, but I'm going to try to pretend to myself that he would. You haven't said that Gordon isn't coming?"

"Oh, dear!" Wallace groaned. "Oh, dear!"

"You're going away today—all of you? He said that he was going on Tuesday. This is Tuesday."

"Yes, we're going. Gordon, too, Edna."

"Is he?" she asked quietly. "But he'd be coming here first—just for a moment to tell me he's sorry, wouldn't he?"

"Edna, he can't! You don't understand—it would be just an agonizing thing for you both, and of no possible good! You've just said yourself that if he begged you, and we all begged you, you wouldn't marry him."

"No, never. You see something's happened, and the last thing my father would like ——"

"Well, then, you do understand it! You see yourself it would only be a useless pain to ——"

"Then he isn't coming?"

"He can't! No, you poor thing, he isn't. He isn't coming, Edna."

With her eyes still searchingly upon his, her body still stooping and her hands still pressed upon her breast, she stood repeating this to herself: "He isn't—he isn't coming."

"No—no, he isn't! He can't! It's no use."

"You mean he isn't coming at all—before he goes away? He isn't coming to say ——"

"Edna!" Wallace stepped nearer her, took one of her hands in both of his own and pressed it tightly. "Forget him! Forget all of us! There isn't anything else to do. For God's sake, forgive me for coming to tell you this! Good-by! I've got to get out of here—good-by!"

He strode out and across the wooden front yard, but sent a fleeting, unhappy glance back over his shoulder as he reached the sidewalk. The stooping figure stood in the doorway, staring after him, and the parted lips were moving; even that brief, last glimpse of her made him all too certain of the words those lips were forming: "He isn't coming, then—he isn't coming at all?"

Wallace walked home slowly, at intervals wiping his face with a blue silk handkerchief and cursing the heat, though more frequently he made himself the subject of his profanity.

As he opened the gate that gave access to the graveled path through the deep lawn before his father's cottage, however, and saw his mother waiting for him upon the veranda, the dull anger within him found a less direct and more satirical form of expression. "Crazy to hear the good news your sweet boy's bringing you, are you?" he asked aloud, though at that distance she could not hear him. Then he closed the gate behind him with a metallic crash and walked moodily up the path.

Mrs. Corning came eagerly to meet him at the top of the veranda steps. "He's pacing the living-room floor again; but he let Joseph pack for him, and everything will stay all right if we can just keep him in the frame of mind we've got him into. Wallace, you did what I ——"

"Look here!" Wallace said gruffly. "It wouldn't do anybody any harm if he went down there and told that girl good-by and said he was sorry. That's what I ——"

"What?" Mrs. Corning cried out in shocked alarm. "Are you crazy?"

"You listen!" he said, and gave her a quick, roughly spoken account of the interview. "So what harm would it do?" he asked, concluding. "What harm would it do if he just saw her for a few moments and told her ——"

"You're crazy!" Mrs. Corning cried. "Absolutely crazy! Do you want to ruin everything just at the last moment, and all just because you're a man and on that account can't help being always gullible, emotional and susceptible when any woman seems to be in grief?" She laughed in humorous despair of all masculine good judgment under such circumstances, and then her laughter, continuing, became shriller. "You poor dear ninny; you actually believed she wouldn't take him if he asked her? And that she wouldn't know how to make him ask her if we were only soft enough to let him see her? What? When you come up here after seeing her and propose to send him straight to her? After arguing with him practically for days that he mustn't see her, and then going down there yourself for the very purpose of keeping him away from her and satisfying him with the thought that you went as his substitute! Do you remember imploring him a while ago to use his head? Good heavens, Wallace, don't you think you'd better use your own!"

Wallace looked sheepish. "Well, he's waiting for me and I suppose I've got to go in there and tell him—tell him something! I don't know what to ——"

"You don't?" Mrs. Corning asked, and now she laughed comfortably, with a pleased assurance that matters would go well. "Nothing's simpler or easier than the mere truth, and that's all you've got to tell him. Except for letting yourself get emotional and coming back in a temporarily wrought-up state, I think you did really rather well, Wallace, and, though she didn't seem to take to it immediately, at least you implanted that idea about her going away, and your father's offer later ought to do the rest." Mrs. Corning bit her lip and thought. "It might even be made a larger one, with a hint that it would be conditional ——" She broke off this train and went to the point of the present crisis. "Just go in there and tell Gordon the truth. You say she wasn't crying and didn't shed any tears while you were there. Tell him that. She spoke as if she put the blame on your father. Tell Gordon that. She said her father had hated everybody at the Point and she was sorry herself she'd ever had anything to do with us. Tell him that. You see, when you think you ought to feel sorry for a person and hear that he's angry, you don't feel so sorry! Then I think you ought to tell him that she seemed disappointed."

(Continued on Page 62)

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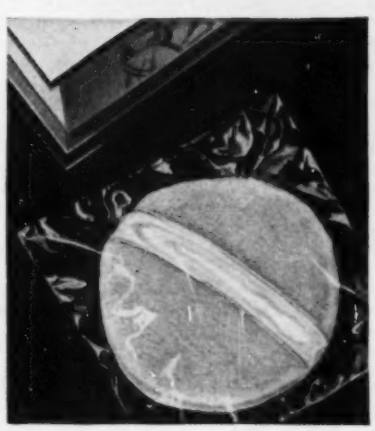

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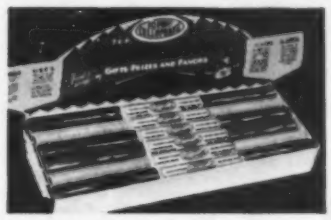

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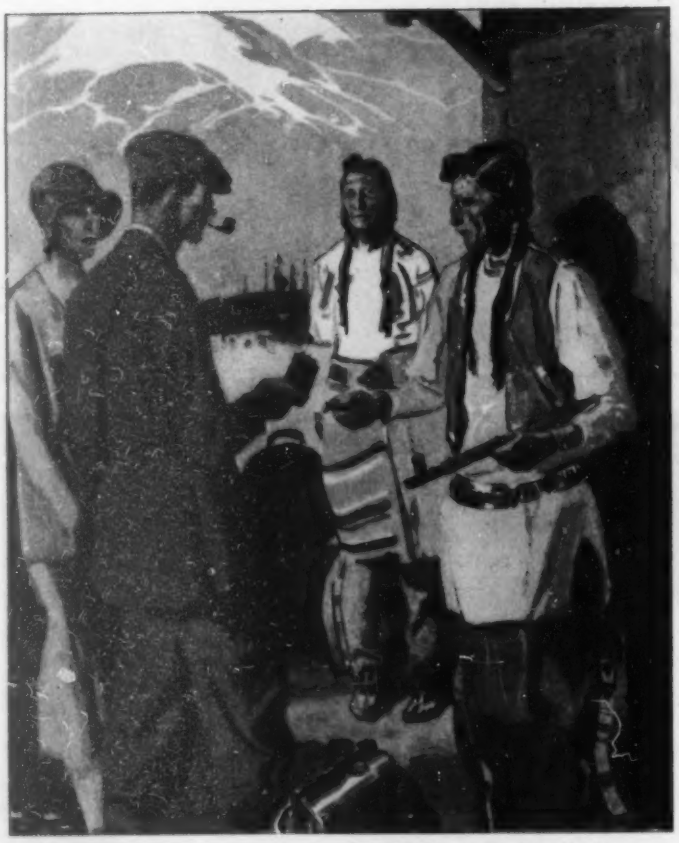

"For thou hast magic beyond wine
to unlock natures each to each."
—J. R. Lowell

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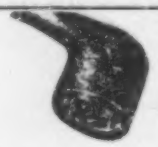

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(Continued from Page 60)

"'Disappointed'?" Wallace asked, with satire. "Is that the impression I've given you—that she seemed merely 'disappointed' because he didn't come?"

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Corning smiled and shook her head pityingly. "I didn't say to tell him she was disappointed because he didn't come. I said just to tell him she seemed disappointed, and I don't suppose many things are truer than that she is disappointed! I haven't a doubt she's thought that he was almost within her grasp—a Corning!"

"You mean that's what I'm to give him a chance to infer that her 'disappointment' is about?"

"Certainly!" Mrs. Corning spoke impatiently, genuinely irritated by his youthful, masculine blindness. "You poor goose, if you doubt the truth of it, just take it from me that I understand the situation perfectly, or, if you can't do that, at least you care something for your brother's peace of mind and his restoration to a cheerful and wholesome outlook, don't you? We ought to be leaving here in three-quarters of an hour; we've got just that much time to save him in, Wallace. I've told you precisely what to say to him—the real truth of the matter, and it's only the real truth that'll save him. You don't propose to ruin him instead, do you?"

"You take the responsibility?"

"Good heavens, yes!" she exclaimed scornfully, and, at the same time, laughed with affection and put an amiable, urging hand on his arm. "Go in; be cheerful with him and take your time about it. Keep him away from the windows on the other side of the house and stay with him until it's almost time for us to be leaving. The trunks have already gone; the bags are ready to be brought down and put in the car, and, if you can just keep talking until it's time to start, all the better. Tell him about this matter first and then talk about a whole lot of other things. Be brisk about it! Now then, in you go!"

"All right," Wallace said doggedly, and went into the house.

Mrs. Corning's thoughtful glance followed him through the open doorway until the light upon the back of his gray flannel coat was submerged within the shadows of the hall; then, her expression becoming one of grave content, she descended the steps, went round the cottage to the rear and began to talk with some workmen who were bringing shutters from the garage and placing them handily beneath their proper windows. She made the conversation as loud and as gay as she could, laughing a great deal herself, and hoping that the cheerful sounds she produced were audible through the open windows of the living room not far behind her.

She protracted her liveliness for some time, then made a silence and listened; she could hear Wallace's voice—it had the businesslike briskness she desired of it—and the contentment of her expression increased. She went into the house, ascended to her own room and did not leave it until a chauffeur came to inform her that it was time to be setting forth.

Wallace and Gordon were already standing beside the waiting open car when she came brightly from the house and joined them. Gordon, swallowing repeatedly, did not look at her, or at anything except the ground, but she took his arm cozily and affectionately.

"You sit in the back seat with your poor old Muddie," she said. "Wallace can hop in beside Webber, while you and I have this big roomy tonneau all comfy to ourselves." Gordon followed her into the car meekly, not looking up, and, as the white-sided tires began to turn upon the driveway, Wallace spoke in a low tone to the chauffeur:

"Beat it, Webber! We've got plenty of time, but from here to the village, hit it up! When we get out on the New Yarmouth road you can take it easy. Right now, step on it!"

Wallace saw Pelter's, closed and bleak, from only the side of his eye, as they fled through the glare over River Road; he controlled a tendency to shiver and knew, without turning, that his brother did not look up. "That'll do, Webber. Take it easy now. It's all right."

At the crowded station in New Yarmouth he joined his mother and Gordon after making an inspection of a bulletin board upon an exterior wall of the building; he came to them ruefully. "An hour late, and we sent Webber back! What'll we do? Try to find a movie open?"

"No—for heaven's sake, no!" Gordon muttered. "No!"

"Of course not!" Mrs. Corning said quickly. "We don't feel like any stupid old movie, Gordie and me. Too stuffy and hot, and that's what it is in this awful place too!" She took his arm. "We'll just walk around a bit in the open air. You wait here, Wallace; Gordon and his poor old Muddie are going to take a nice little stroll and see all the sights of New Yarmouth from outside! Aren't we, Gordie?"

His deep sigh seemed assent enough to satisfy her, and he let her take him out to the street behind the station. There he paused irresolutely, but only for an instant or two; she kept her arm tightly within his, chattering to him cheerfully and constantly of nothing, and Wallace, looking after them, saw them set forth upon the walk she had proposed. They did not return until the whistle of the approaching train had been heard. Mrs. Corning was still talking indefatigably, Gordon still kept his eyes upon the ground, but, when the train had roared into the station and they had found their car, he looked up for one short glance toward Mirthful Haven, gulped, and ascended the steps after his mother.

"Well, that's done!" Wallace said to himself, and did not follow them immediately; he remained near the steps and stared up inquiringly at the sky. There were no clouds overhead where a pale blue seemed to be changing to dirty yellow, more with the haze than with approaching twilight; but in the west the thickness, remarked by the fishermen at noon and dwelling there all day, had abruptly become darker. A gloomy nucleus seemed to move behind the haze that hung upon the land.

"Thunderstorm coming up over yonder," Wallace said to the porter. "It looks like a heavy one."

"It do that! Ain' goin' be no trouble to us, though, inside ow nice dry cah, suh."

"No," Wallace laughed, as he mounted the steps. "It looks as if something pretty heavy might be going to drop down yonder, though—over Mirthful Haven way."

His prognostication was correct. As he and his perturbed brother and their mother looked out from their flying, dry shelter, a few minutes later, and saw trees bending hazardously, crossroads receding in turmoils of white dust and horses galloping in the fields, something heavy did drop down upon Mirthful Haven. The wind-bolt Webster Hazzard had predicted came with such suddenness, with such blackness and with such strength that no one in the village could remember its like, and there were not lacking inhabitants imaginative enough to connect it with the funeral of Long Harry Pelter. Huddling indoors, they spoke of this conjunction, as such things have always been spoken of since the ancients first saw strange signs in the sky and felt the earth staggering underfoot at the time when some strong figure of a man met death or was buried. First, there had been the portent—Pelter's dog was killed on the third day before his own violent passing, they said in Mirthful Haven, and now, on the third day after—the day of Pelter's burial—came this bolt of wind in which the flimsy house where he was born and lived all his life could not easily escape perishing.

The cottagers still left upon the Point saw the somber nucleus behind the haze grow monstrous and come out from the veil. Immediately all the sky was dark, then black. At sea a white wall seemed to advance from Old Bareface; it moved swiftly upon the black water, leaving all

(Continued on Page 64)

451

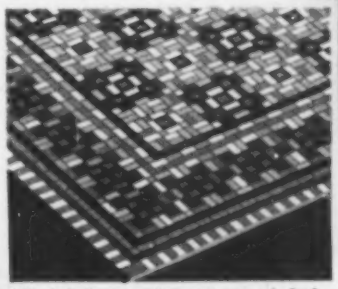
COOL *to look at . . . .* **COOL** *to walk on . . . .* **COOL** *to clean*

These NEW RUGS *lighten summer housework . . .*

ON those hot days when every step is *such* an effort, when housework is *so* tiring, what a relief to have Armstrong's Quaker Rugs on your floors.

Colors as cool and fresh as an ocean breeze. And a gloss-smooth surface that is kind to busy feet. Kind to hands and knees—and back, too. For it is this lacquer-smoothness, called the Accolac Process surface, that makes summer housework so much easier. No back-breaking rubbing and scrubbing . . . not with these rugs on the floor. They are dirt-proof, stain-proof and water-proof. A sweep of the mop or damp cloth and away goes the dirt, the greasiest spot, the nastiest stain.

So remember to ask for *Armstrong's Quaker Rugs*. Because it is *these* rugs that have the easy-to-clean Accolac Process surface.



(Above) *Cool as a sea breeze. Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4681*

(Below) *Another pretty pattern. Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4650*

Cool in pattern, quick to clean, low in price. This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4702.

If you prefer to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2, 3, and 3¾ yard widths.

And it is *also these rugs* that have the new-type patterns that Armstrong designers created especially for homes of good taste and modest budgets. (You can buy a *room-size* Armstrong's Quaker Rug for a very few dollars.)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

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A new discovery in driving comfort

Hundreds... perhaps thousands... of men who rely on athletic supporters for safety insurance in golf, tennis, swimming and other active sports, have learned by experience how much they add to comfort in long motor drives.

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What every man should know *about the need and functions of a supporter is concisely presented in our new treatise "Guard the Vital Zone." Address Bauer & Black, 2518 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, for free copy.*

(Continued from Page 62)

white behind it, and then quickly all the visible ocean was white. Thunderbolts crashed in the driven vapors; lightning ringed the village and the Point. But it was the fierce stroke of the wind that made the people cower in their shelters. Shingles flew up from roofs, like decks of cards tossed into the air; great branches sped from elms in the village, and old trees crashed down in the deep woods. Then, upon this wind, came a tumult of pounding rain; waterspouts seemed to walk upon the sea—and all at once, in the west, there was a watery yellow light that stupendously became a dingy red. Dumfoundingly, the thunder only rumbled; the sinister nucleus passed out to sea, drawing all the vapors with it, tearing them from the reddened west; it was as if a black tent had been put down over land and sea, and was now torn up and blown away. The squall had lasted no more than twenty minutes; and now a startling, quiet twilight lay over the drenched and strewn earth and the noiselessly tossing sea.

Wires were down, with their poles, profusely, but those to the Point came in a conduit underground and were intact. It was Mrs. Sillery's niece by marriage, at the Cornings' cottage to assist in its closing, who telephoned to the small exchange in the village that there had been a catastrophe at Pelter's. "It ain't there!" she gasped. "It's gone! It's a-layin' over on its side in the mud and water! Somebody better go see what's happened to that girl! Pelter's is gone, I tell you! It's gone!"

The stars were out now; but neither their light nor that of the lanterns carried by the searchers discovered any trace of Edna at Pelter's. When old Wye found her, it was upon that high rock at the crest of the cliff where she had often sat in her childhood to watch the racing white manes of the sea coursers, where she had watched for her father of nights and where she had sat with Gordon Corning and told him how the Mirthful Lady struck upon Old Bareface—asked him to understand and let them care for each other as though they "both were dead." She was lying face downward, shivering, upon the wet rock, with her arms extended toward the house beyond the highway; and this prone attitude of supplication was that of a stricken creature who still begs for mercy after the stroke has fallen.

Old Wye saw the patch of sodden black upon the rock, fumbled his way to her, whimpering, and tried to lift her. "You come along, honey," he panted. "Where I live, it ain't hardly fit fer you. They wouldn't want you 'most any place back yonder in the village, but they's one house where they do. You come along, honey. I can take you to one house in Mirthful Haven where you'll be welcome."

XXXII

THE comic mask that should sometimes have been where it never was—in attendance upon Corning in his imagination—might appropriately have come now to wear an aspect less irresponsibly pagan. By the arrival of spring, indeed, he should have felt that hovering grin as a merely benign mirthfulness, so little derisive that it might have been but a posture of lips to smile blessings upon him. Reassuring orderliness had slowly yet sweetly been restored into his household; the family life ran again into its proper pattern like soft batter into the waffle iron, and all was admirable, nothing was shocking.

His daughter unresistingly drilled through a finishing year at a school, not Miss Branch's, and in June would be taken upon a well-guided foreign excursion; Wallace should have his wedding then, as he deserved for the intelligence and application he had already shown in business, and, most gratifying of all, though the younger son was not the elder's equal in displayed ability, Gordon had gradually emerged from distempers and melancholy; he was becoming sane, busy and willing. Health and nervous placidity seemed to be his reward, and, in private conversations with her husband and Wallace, Mrs. Corning sometimes complacently referred to her prediction that the episode of the previous summer might prove beneficial. When finally, in the early spring, evidence of Gordon's normal condition became decisive and conspicuous she almost openly triumphed in the demonstration of her prophetic sagacity. Thus the time actually came when she spoke of it to Gordon himself.

"You'll have to believe now that your poor old Muddie possessed quite a little common sense, won't you?" she said to him one day, with laughing tenderness. "You weren't quite sure Muddie was right then; but I think possibly from now on you'll trust her to know!" Her manner became more serious, though not less cheerful. "Dear, that distress you went through at the end of the summer—providentially it was short, and such nonsense after all, when you come to think of it! We all go through those shakings up when we're young, dear. Life brings them to us because we need them. But afterward, no matter how much they've hurt us at the time, we can look back and see that they were just blessings in disguise. You'd got yourself into such a morbid, queer state, poor thing—and no wonder!—I think what happened was just what you needed to rouse you from it. Who knows?" She looked at him here, with a motherly archness. "If it hadn't happened I'm not sure—I'm not absolutely sure—that you'd have been wide awake enough by now to look as conscious as you do whenever you hear the pretty little name, Peggy, just barely mentioned!" She laughed and patted his cheek; became serious again. "There, don't get red and don't mind Muddie's teasing. It's so beautiful, and so right, Gordon, so right! And when one thinks of this exquisite young girl, with her fair, fragile, pure face ——"

Mrs. Corning ended by becoming gently tearful; but that night, when she told her husband of the conversation with Gordon, her mood was more philosophic, though not less self-congratulatory.

"There's something so sweet about his nature," she said. "It's touching to see him beginning to be happy at last. I knew he would be; his nature's so impressionable, so sensitive, that if he's not allowed to become morbid about something that happens to him he's really what we call flexible. Well, being flexible is part of being normal in men, especially in young men, and most especially of all in young men who are falling in love. Take away one girl from them and it's a law of nature that they'll rebound to another, because there's a void in the heart that simply has to be filled. Look at widowers! So the very time you're removing an undesirable girl from a really normal young man is exactly when you ought to throw him with a desirable one. I've seen it so often! That's what I've worked for, you see, and I don't think it'll matter so much now whether that girl's still there or not when we go back to Mirthful Haven; though, of course, I'm sorry you felt you had to decide to give up your old idea. I know you'd had it at heart for years; you're always so bent on doing good things for that ungrateful place, and it does seem too disappointing for you to abandon it at last."

She was indulgently sympathetic in the matter she mentioned, knowing Mirthful Haven ever to be close to her husband's heart. Not only when he was there but at other seasons of the year, his fondness for the place led him frequently to think of it, to project new plans for its improvement and to ponder upon old ones not yet successfully in operation. Among those unfulfilled there was one long irksome to him, an old nettling from which he had finally thought it better to accept the scar of a partial defeat. At the behest of his colleague, Vandenbrock, a New Yarmouth agent had been instructed to secure the site of Pelter's for anonymous purchasers, but reported that the most persistent efforts to obtain even an interview upon the subject were failures equally persistent. So much inherited stubbornness depressed the founders of the yacht-club; they abandoned their plan to build a clubhouse over the water, bought land for its site behind the old wharf near the harbor mouth, agreed upon the architectural designs, and, by the end of April, were ready to begin construction. Upon the last afternoon of that month, Corning and his older son made a final, careful study of the blue prints from the architect's office.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to run up to Mirthful Haven," the father said, as they concluded this examination. "Hodgson is a good architect, but he's never been among those people and he won't know how to talk to Woodbury Fogg and make him understand things at all. What's more, Fogg won't try to make Hodgson understand anything. Well, you know them both and how to talk to them, and you know exactly what the founders want done. Hodgson is going up to stake out the site with Woodbury Fogg next Monday, and somebody ought to be there to interpret them to each other and see that things are right. Since I can't go myself, I'd rather have you do it than Vandenbrock or any of the others."

Wallace accepted the commission cheerfully, and, having decided that his errand might agreeably be made into a little open-air excursion, he set forth at noon upon the following Saturday, driving an efficient small green automobile. He took his leisure, riding between roadsides gallant with hints of spring, and it was not until the next afternoon that he crossed a broad river and came into a browner country where such hints were missing. Here no slightest green harbingers appeared, for winter was dead, with spring not yet born upon the rugged ground; this was a bleak pause between two seasons, and, at the ends of rutted by-roads to his right, the sea was hurling an icy froth upon the coast. He slept at an inn some sixty miles from his destination and drove into Mirthful Haven at a little before noon on Monday morning.

The village seemed to be sound asleep under the high bright sun. Not a soul did Wallace Corning see as he glided into Cargo Square, and all about him there was only sunlight and silence. No crowing sounded there from Willie Briggs; he was missing, and River Road lay as vacant as the Square, and as still. The harbor water was flat glass, without a boat upon it, and even from the sea outside there came no chugging from a fisherman's engine, nor, far or near, was any lonely sail in sight. Oppressed with all this bright vacancy, Wallace drove slowly. Something seemed to be wrong with the landscape before him; suddenly it looked unfamiliar, so altered it was for lack of a high, gaunt outline that had long been part of it. Mirthful Haven was strange in the silence, but stranger still without Pelter's.

Pelter's pier still straggled out to the channel; the old wooden front yard was still beyond the gateless gateway, and upon the platform a cottage of a single story had been built, evidently from the wreckage. Wallace frowned at it in surprised perplexity as he passed, but put his wonderings out of mind, only to replace them with others a few moments later. He found Hodgson, the architect, and the driver of a New Yarmouth taxicab in lonely occupation of the land near the harbor mouth.

"Where's your contractor—Fogg?" Hodgson asked, coming to the green automobile as Wallace brought it to a stop. "I got here about half an hour ago and haven't seen a human being. Is your village always like this?"

"I don't know; I've never been here out of season before and it gives me a feeling of queerness." As Wallace spoke, a sudden shrieking commotion agitated the air; dozens of sea gulls rose from the water's edge across the harbor, uttering outrageous cries of passion, then fluttered down, gabbling. "Murder! Those birds almost make one jump, but it's a relief to hear something besides the surf—some sign of life!"

"How about this man, Fogg?" the architect asked, with a little skepticism. "Is he usually about as prompt as this?"

(Continued on Page 69)

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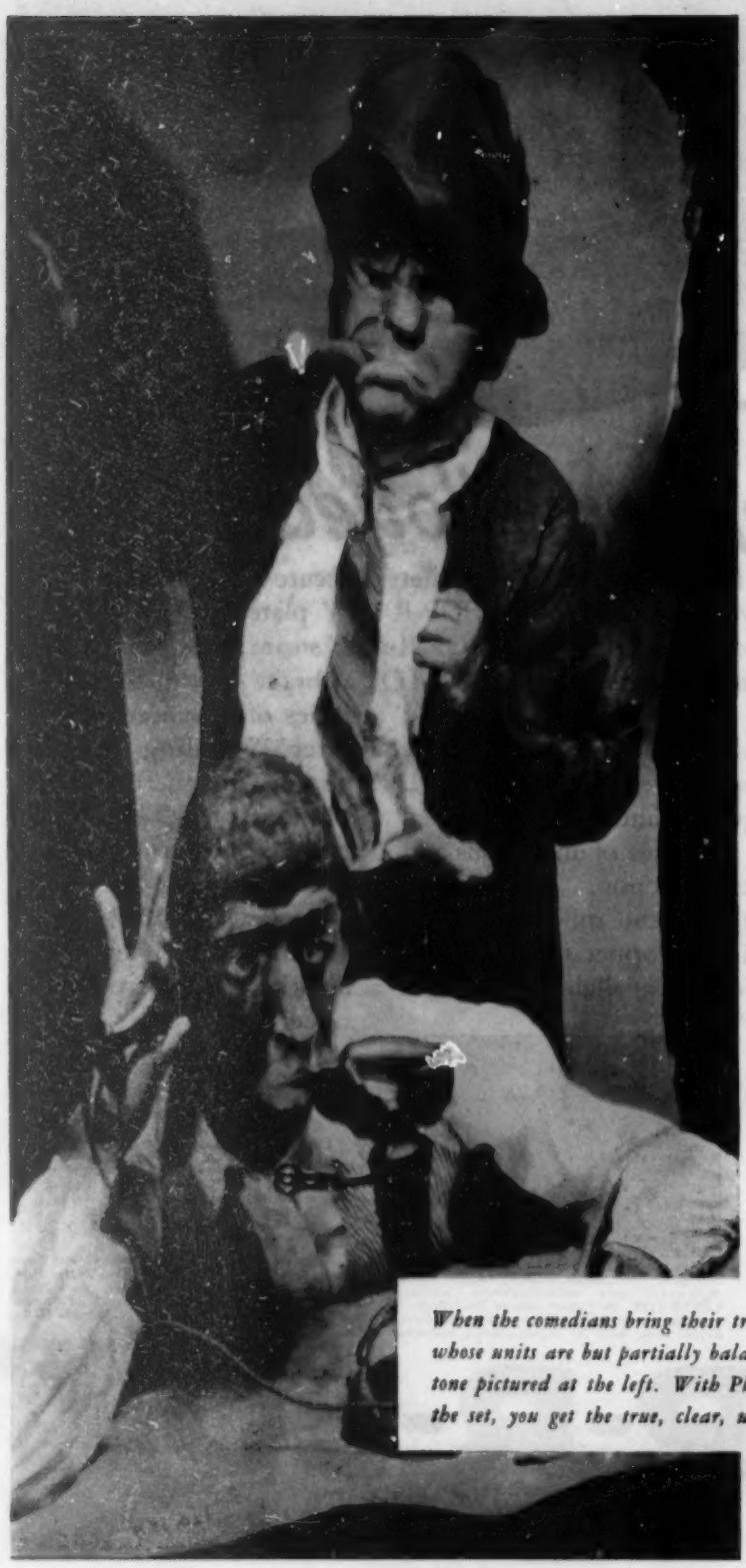

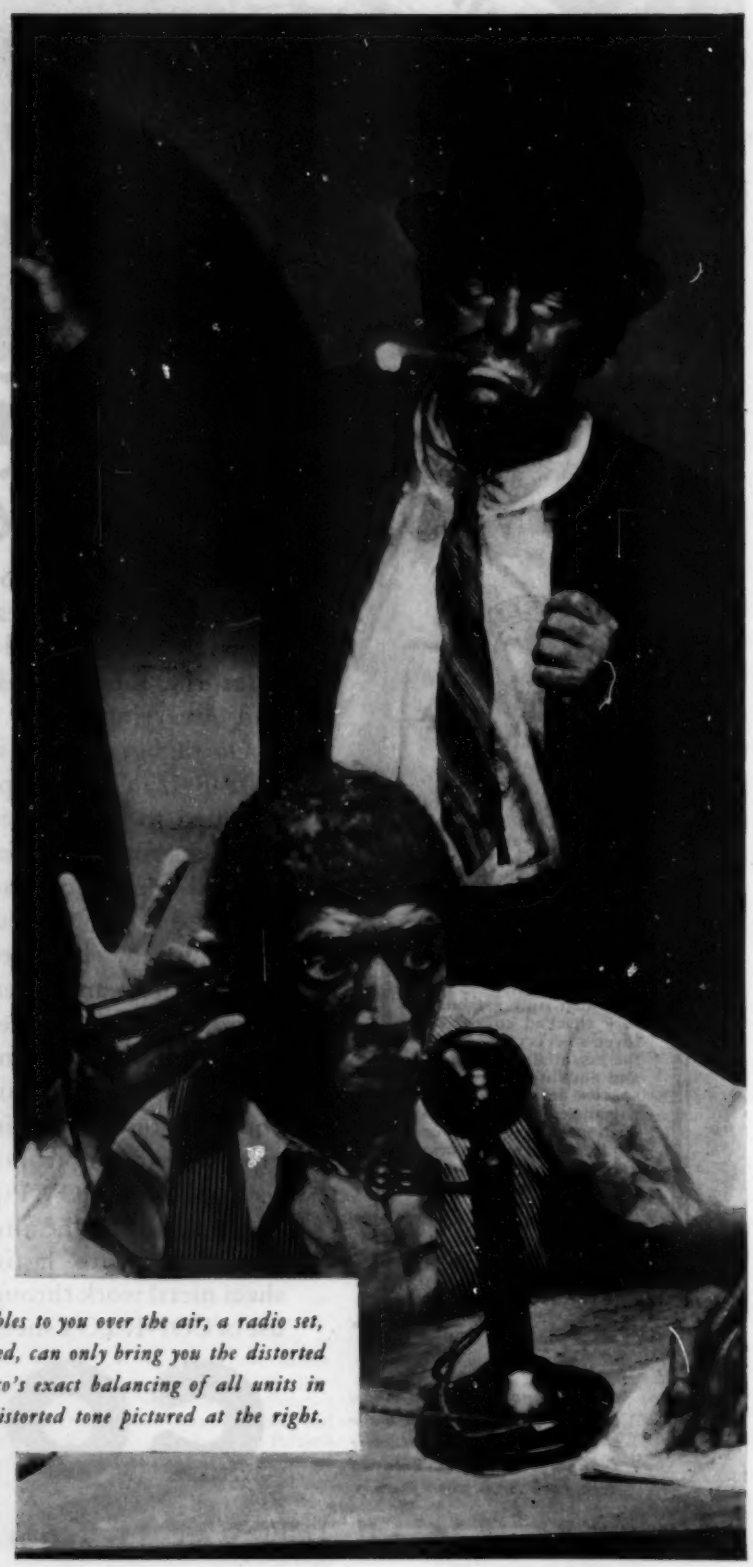

When the comedians bring their troubles to you over the air, a radio set, whose units are but partially balanced, can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right.

832

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AFTER years of engineering study and research, Philco has at last achieved a combination of radio and phonograph which will rightly take its place as the supreme masterpiece of reproducing instruments.

Philco's new Radio-Phonograph transmits all recorded music *through the Philco Radio set itself,* with an exclusive, electrical tone-arm pick up. Now, *for the first time,* the wonderful records of today can be heard with that marvelous, true, clear, *undistorted* Philco tone, obtained by means of Philco balanced units.

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Finally, both your records and your radio reception come under the magic spell of Philco Tone-Control so that your renditions, from station or from record, are subject to YOUR will; your interpretation as to tonal quality; your personalized touch to all home entertainment. Even the scratch of old records you still cherish can be reduced by a turn of the knob on the front of the set.

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This new instrument is a worthy addition to the complete Philco Radio line of Consoles, Lowboys, and Highboys. In these new, exquisite cabinets are placed the wonderful new Philco Screen Grid and Screen Grid Plus sets—new circuits of such fine selectivity, power, distance-ability and pure tone as to give you an entirely new outlook on radio reception. And new Station Recording Dial enables you to permanently log your favorite stations.

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The combination set which, for the first time, gives Balanced-Unit Tone and Tone-Control operation to the reproduction of phonograph records. As a radio it is the wonderful super-set, Philco Screen Grid Plus, with built-in aerial. The beautiful cabinet is American black walnut, matched butt walnut, and figured Oriental wood.

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EVERYWHERE you hear them talking about it... see them admiring it...this new Thor washer of beautiful Monel Metal. Here is a modern washing machine made to last a lifetime!

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INCO MONEL METAL

MONEL METAL
MODERN AS TOMORROW

(Continued from Page 64)

Wallace laughed. "He's likely to do things at his own time, but he does do them. He'll get here—ultimately—and won't explain why he didn't come sooner. We'll get along with him rather better if we don't inquire."

"Indeed? I suppose it wouldn't incommode him at all to have me miss my train from New Yarmouth at three forty-five."

"I ought to be starting back before that myself," Wallace said. "Perhaps I'd better run down to his house and look him up."

He turned the car about, drove back to the village and to the house of Woodbury Fogg upon a lane leading out from Old Road. There he knocked repeatedly upon the front door, the side door and the back door without evoking any response. He returned to Cargo Square, and, seeking information, found the grocery locked, the drug store locked and Mouse's Restaurant locked; no other places of business had any appearance of being in operation even from time to time. He walked down to the small coal yard upon one of the wharves; only a sorrel cat was there, sitting in the sunshine and looking down attentively at some gulls in the river. She gave him one preoccupied glance, found him of no consequence, returned her gaze to objects of more interest, and Wallace withdrew, not further disturbing her.

He got into his car and again drove forth upon River Road, frowning dubiously; when he reached the corner of the street where Captain Embury lived, however, he heard sounds that reminded him of the seagulls' outburst and saw a few children coming from the schoolhouse. There were some stirrings of life, then, in Mirthful Haven even out of season, he perceived, and, halting his car at the corner, waited until a schoolboy approached.

"Hello there!" Wallace called. "Look here a minute, will you?"

"Huh?"

"See here! Where is everybody?"

"Huh?"

"I'm looking for Woodbury Fogg. Have you any idea where I'd be likely to find him?"

The boy stared at him thoughtfully. "Who?"

"Woodbury Fogg."

The boy continued to stare, but finally inquired, "You mean Woodbury Fogg?"

"Oh, dear me!" Wallace muttered, and drove slowly on; but became aware of another token that there was life in the place. A rattle-trap old open automobile, with its top raised and a torn side curtain flapping out like a beating wing, came clattering from behind, passed him furiously, dwindled and stopped before Pelter's. There descended from it a figure bent like the picture of a crone in a child's story-book; it hobbled into the gateless gateway, and the rusty automobile went on toward the sea. Wallace recognized the bent figure, stopped his car when he reached Pelter's and got out. Old Wye was sitting upon a wooden stool beside the door of the cottage that had been built upon the platform.

"How do you do, Mr. Wye," the young man said in a friendly voice. "I'm looking for Woodbury Fogg and so far haven't been able to get any information about him at all. That didn't happen to be his car you were in, did it?"

"What say?" Wye asked, and, as the question was repeated, took from his overcoat pocket a small white pasteboard box from which he removed an oblong bit of iced cake. "What say?" he asked again, and began tremulously to eat the cake.

"Was Woodbury Fogg driving that car?"

The aged man looked interestedly at the fragment of cake remaining between his thumb and shaking withered fingers. "Did you see him a-drivin' of it?"

"No, it went by too fast and the curtain was in the way. Can you tell me where I'd be likely to find him?"

Wye finished the cake, put the pasteboard box back in his pocket, and, not looking at Wallace, sat blinking out at the road. "One them young Cornings, be you?"

"Yes, I'm Wallace. Don't you remember me, Mr. Wye?"

"Guess I might."

"By the way ——" Wallace said, bethinking him of information to be secured for Mildred before his departure that day. "Ah—I was wondering about this cottage here. I don't suppose Edna ——"

"What say?"

"I was just wondering who lives here?"

"I do," Wye said, found some crumbs of icing upon his lap, and, with relish, thrust them between his puckered lips. "I do."

"Then Edna—Miss Pelter ——"

"Ain't no Miss Pelter here," the old man said decisively. "Ain't no Miss Pelter nowuz around here and ain't li'ble to be."

"You mean she's living in the village?"

"Dun't mean nothin' the kind," Wye returned, with the same decisiveness. "Didn't hear me say she was, did you?"

"No, but ——" Wallace laughed with an indulgent exasperation. "See here, Mr. Wye, I've got to find out about her for a friend o' hers. This friend wrote to her several times last autumn, but only got one short note in answer, and it didn't explain much. It gave the impression that she was breaking off relations with friends she'd made away from here, so to speak, if you understand what I ——"

"Guess maybe I could," Wye interrupted irritably. "Guess maybe I could understand 'f I was a mind to."

"Well, then, would you mind telling me what you know about her? You see, I'll be expected to answer questions when I see her friend on my return. You say she's gone away from Mirthful Haven?"

"When'd I say she did?"

"You said ——"

"I know what I said! Said you wun't find no Miss Pelter nowuz around here, and you wun't!" The old man looked in his lap for other crumbs, found none, and for a moment gave way to an emotional disappointment. "All gone," he said whimperingly. Then, reviving, showed his caller a watery flicker of green from eyes that took on an expression of cunning. "One them young Cornings, be you? Lookin' fer Woodbury Fogg, too, it seems like you said. That what you ast me?"

"Yes, if you won't tell me about ——"

"I'll tell you 'bout Woodbury Fogg," Wye said suddenly; he chuckled and his eyes grew brighter. "Tell you where you can find out all 'bout Woodbury Fogg, and where he is. You turn right round and head right back to Cap'n Embury's and ast 'em there. They'll tell you all 'bout Woodbury Fogg and where he's b'en this mornin'."

"He's doing some work for Captain Embury?" Wallace asked. "You said he's ——"

"Said you'd find out 'f you go back there and 'quire. That what I said or ain't it?"

"I think it was," Wallace returned amiably. "All right; I'll try it. So thank you and good-by, Mr. Wye."

The old man made no response to this farewell, but sat mumbling to himself and chuckling. As the small green car turned and began to retrace its way to the village, Wye leaned forward to watch it, then sank back and closed his eyes contentedly in the warm sunshine. "Miss Pelter," he mumbled. "One them Cornings. Told him she wun't, and she ain't."

Turning into the street of the aforetime captains and magnates, Wallace saw a group of middle-aged and elderly villagers standing about half-way between the corner and Captain Embury's gate. Their backs were toward him, but he had the impression that they were dressed as if for Sunday, and they were looking toward Captain Embury's house with a grave interest. Across the street a dozen children lingered before the schoolhouse, and among them were two or three older people whom he supposed to be teachers; children and teachers, too, all looked in that same direction. Willie Briggs leaned against the fence near the Captain's gate, but no one would look at him with the staring expectancy that was in all these eyes. Wallace felt himself in the presence of an event, one that had been happening or was about to happen, and he remembered the odd expression of cunning that had come upon Wye's face when the old man had told him to seek information at Captain Embury's door. There might have been an irony in that cunning—the aged fisherman had seemed to have an odd malice in his voice when he spoke the words, "One them Cornings," and perhaps he had intended a senile joke at the expense of one of that family. Wallace stopped his car at a little distance behind the group of middle-aged and elderly people. Several of them turned; he recognized an acquaintance, descended and spoke to him.

"Seabury, I've been all over the village, up and down and everywhere, looking for Woodbury Fogg. I finally found old Wye, and he said to come back here and ask at Captain Embury's; but it looks as if something were going on there."

"Well, it does," Lin Seabury agreed gravely. "Cap' Wye's gittin' awful old. Kind of in his second childhood like, guess he was, when he told you that. Said you was all over the village, did you?"

"Yes, for the last three-quarters of an hour without seeing a soul until ——"

"No, guess you wouldn't—not anywheres around the Square, nor nowheres else, likely. Didn't happen to pass up Church Street, though, did you?"

"No."

"Well, you wouldn't 'a' seen nobody there, neither," Seabury said. "Guess you d 'a' seen more automobiles out front the church, though, than you would any time in ten years, 'cept when the summer people's in Mirthful Haven. That's where Woodbury Fogg was, and what makes it seem so second-childishness in old Cap' Wye to tell you to come down here to ask 'bout Woodbury Fogg, why, it's the very fact 'twas Woodbury Fogg that jest a little while ago, after the ceremony let out, took and give Cap' Wye a ride back home."

"What!"

"Certain'y did. Took and give him a ride to where he lives—where Pelter's used to be."

"Curious," Wallace said. "Why in the world do you suppose that old man wanted to send me ——"

"Right to Cap'n Embury's!" Lin Seabury said, taking up the word. "Speshually as this wouldn't be no time 't all to be askin' the Cap'n 'bout anything p'tic'lar like that. You see ——"

He was interrupted by a short and swarthy man who turned away from the group of villagers, and, accompanied by a tall and angular woman, came to join in this conversation. "Wait a minute, Lin," he said querulously; then addressed Wallace with affability. "Reckanized you right away, Mr. Corning; guess you 'member me—I'm Mr. Boy that does consid'able gardenin' right next door to you at Mr. and Mrs. Vandenbrockses'. Hope all your family's well and enjoyin' the winter—spring, I sh'd say, likely, 'fore long, though. No, as Lin says, this wouldn't be no time to be astin' Cap'n Embury, for one reason 'cause he ain't back home yet; but why I took up the question myself, it's more on account o' me bein' able to tell you 'bout matters if I was a mind to than what Lin Seabury could, on account o' Mrs. Sillery here doin' reg'lar help work at the Cap'n's and me bein' her boarder. You see ——"

Mrs. Sillery interrupted him. "If this young man wants to see the Cap'n," she said, looking at Wallace, and apparently speaking directly to him, "you better tell him where the Cap'n's gone. Tell him they both went out t' the buryin' ground right from the church. Went out there to put flowers on her father's grave. She said ——"

"Wait a minute!" Mr. Boy interposed. "I was the one that heard her sayin' it, 'cause the dinin'-room door wun't shet right tight." He addressed Wallace, showing by a gesture that he alluded to Mrs. Sillery. "She's hard o' hearin'; wouldn't nobody know much 'bout this matter if 'twun't fer me. Mrs. Sillery, she holds 'twas the Cap'n

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 69)

from the fust that wanted a marriage, as you might say, to come of it, but right there's the question. Heard 'em speakin' 'bout it twicet, with my own ears. Heard the Cap'n sayin' he thought she'd be makin' a sackafice and she said 't wouldn't be and talked 'bout her father—how she wanted to do only jest the things he'd want her to, and nothin' else. Took on some 'bout how that was what she was livin' fer. Then seemed the Cap'n got wind o' her bein' pestered some by menfolks wantin' to make up to her when they wun't nobody to see 'em, and he heard they was talk that all Mirthful Haven kep' right on lookin' down on her, 'speshually the womenfolks. Well, suh, now you take Mirthful Haven and ——"

"And it certain'y is Mirthful Haven today!" Lin Seabury interrupted with unction. "It's like what Ben Pibuddy's Aunt Hez says—heard her just after the ceremonies let out. 'Funny thing!' Aunt Hez says. 'Funny thing, everybody's livin' here all their lives and never takin' in the significance or in other words, the meanin' o' the name o' the town, she says, 'Not till right up till today!' she says, and it looked like she had it! Guess nobody's goin' to laugh where the Cap'n could see 'em or even git wind of it, but certain'y Mirthful's the 'propriate name fer a Haven on the day when the biggest man in it, past eighty, takes and marries a girl nineteen years old!"

"What!" Wallace cried, stepping back, as he began to understand. "Captain Embury was married today? What girl nineteen years old?"

"Why, Edny Pelter!" Mr. Boy said, astonished. "Didn't you know? Married at noon, and I guess they wun't nobody in Mirthful Haven but 'cepted the Cap'n's invitation! 'We'll invite 'em and we'll see who comes!' he says, and they certain'y all come! I was jest tellin' you: I heard the Cap'n say it myself. 'By God!' he says—yes, suh, the Cap'n used the word right out. 'By God, she sh'll be married in church!' he says. 'By God!' the Cap'n says. 'I got one advantage to give her. I can make her the most respected widow that ever lived in Mirthful Haven!' He had his way ——"

Mr. Boy, pleased with the effect he was having upon the staggered young man before him, would have continued; but someone in the group at a little distance from them turned and said, "Hush!" Someone else said, "They're coming!" and silence fell upon the sunlit street.

At the corner above, where the street from the church leads toward Old Road, there appeared an ancient carriage long mildewed in the Captain's stable; it was drawn by two rough-coated bay horses under the guidance of a solemn village boy with a white carnation in his buttonhole. It drew up at the mounting-block before the Captain's gate, Captain Embury and Edna stepped out, walked to the broad granite step before the beautiful white doorway, and paused there for a moment.

Neither of them seemed, or was, aware of the little crowd watching them; but as the Captain opened the door Edna turned her head for one long look at the schoolhouse across the way, and Wallace Corning, staring over the shoulders of the villagers, found a strange idea in his mind. Seeing that look of the pale bride, he thought, for just the moment, that things were out of place in his world; it seemed to him, just then, that he came of a dull family, and that his brother had committed a very sin of dullness.

Then the people about him stirred, beginning to move away, for the Captain and Edna had gone into the house and the door was closed. Wallace saw that two of the elderly women in a group near him were weeping quietly, and he was not surprised, for he found it difficult to remember, just then, what it was that had brought him to Mirthful Haven.

He attended capably to the business that had brought him, though, and by mid-afternoon both he and the architect had gone their ways. Nightfall found no strangers in the village or down by the sea; the dark houses upon Great Point were silent above a drowsy surf, and all along the harbor there was only the lonely light of the cottage upon the old wooden platform of Pelter's. In the village, children and their elders prepared for bed, and in the street of the ocean overlords a brightness diffused from the windows of a room where Edna Embury sat reading, as upon other evenings at this hour, to her old husband across the rosy, marble hearth. She read to him from his favorite book.

"'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.
The selfsame moment I could pray ——'"

Starlight fell upon the roof of the old house, upon the roofs and the two spires of the village, and all was well with Mirthful Haven.

(THE END)

and the need of coffee. The dining room that closes at nine. The conversation with yourself. The conversation with the manager. His politely raised eyebrows. As a matter of fact, he sleeps on your floor himself, and he has always found it unusually quiet. His total inability to cope with anyone who doesn't get up at seven. His unspoken but evident opinion that you ought never to have come. His tolerant suggestion that you will soon get used to it. Your immediate decision that you aren't even going to try. The train that leaves practically at once which you somehow catch. The feeling that you have left the hotel gasping. The feeling that you are glad of it. The superextravagant drawing-room. The gloriously turning wheels. The curve in the track. The thoughts of New York. The lovely traffic. The darling riveters, and the beautiful radio next door. The swoop to sleep and the last conscious thought, which is, that you must remind your husband not to sign the new lease, because now you want to buy an apartment.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 22)

The Return of the Slave

LADIES' skirts are going down,
Going down, going down;
Ladies' skirts are going down,
My fair lady.

We thought her free from fashion's yoke
And cheered her for her brains;
Our manly hearts with pride near broke
When she threw off her chains.

Her skirt, which through long dreary years
She had been dragging round,
Raised haggard eyes and dried its tears,
And started from the ground.

Triumphant upward crept its hem
With an inspi'ed persistence,
Till knees appeared. (We'd heard of them,
But doubted their existence.)

Go ring the bells and fire the guns!
At last emancipated,
She stood before us doting sons
Completely bi-furcated.

One happy day the slave was free;
One happy day, and then
She bade good-by to liberty
And sought her chains again.

The skirt drops downward from the heights
And shall drop lower yet. . . .
Ah, well, we saw some wondrous sights
That we shall not forget.

Again her skirt will mop the street;
It shakes us to the core;
Farewell, farewell, dear little feet!
We ne'er shall see you more.
—Lowell O. Reese.

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

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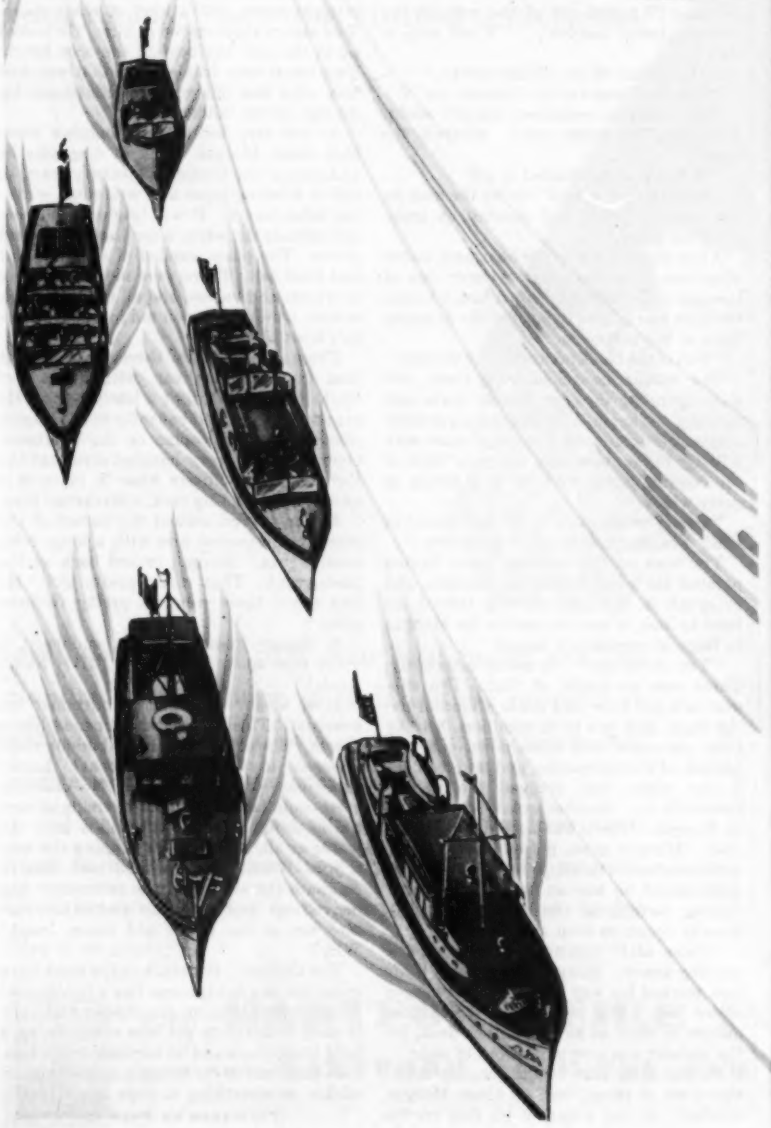

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FISHERS OF MEN

(Continued from Page 9)

over with. No cork belt for me. If we go over, it would just prolong the agony."

There was another boat to leeward of them that they could see upon the crests from time to time. To windward, already fast disappearing, was the little mail steamer, broadside to the seas, the steam still feathering from her escape pipe.

"My bag!" gasped Morgan suddenly. "I've left my bag on board!" There was the worth of several months' pay in that valise, and strapped to its exterior was his sword, that he had worn but twice, reporting for duty at Newport, and again for the same occasion at Queenstown, and that he had carried all the weary way across England and Scotland to wear again at Stornoway while he paid his respects to his superior there. Another dollop drenched his back and a man in the after part of the boat began to bail.

"Join the Navy and see the world!" said Morgan bitterly.

Then suddenly there was a rush of water and the submarine climbed over a sea at them, nearly swamping them as she swung broadside on. She looked enormous, but Morgan could see, just the same, that she was a little one, one of the five-hundred tonners, her conning tower camouflaged with a great streak of white on a gray background. The gun crew, clinging tightly to their gun, like firemen on a speeding truck, looked soberly at the men in the boat. From behind the weather screen on the conning tower two muffled figures looked down at them. From their attitudes they were inspecting the boat with their glasses.

"Ahoy!" hailed one of the men on the conning tower suddenly. "What ship is that?"

"The Eilean More, of Stornoway."

"The mail boat for the Islands, yes?"

The steersman remained sullenly silent.

"Come, we know you! Where's the mail?"

"We've aye distributed it a'!"

"Stand by for a line!" called the man on the conning tower, and shouted an unintelligible order.

A line slapped across the boat, and, under directions from the conning tower, one of the men in the lifeboat made it fast, whereat the boat was hauled in against the dripping flank of the submarine.

"You in the black mantle, come aboard!"

The submarine rolled over them, the water gurgling into her ballast ports and foaming out again, now showing a partially housed periscope and a stumpy mast with AB still flying, now only the gray flank of the conning tower with its wide streak of rusty white.

"Come, be about it, or I'll sink the lot of you! You there, forward, I mean you!"

The man on the conning tower having pointed his hand directly at Morgan, and everyone in the boat having turned his head to look, it was impossible for Morgan to feign ignorance any longer.

"You mean me?" he asked innocently. There was no doubt of that. The submarine's gun crew had made a kind of saving chain, and two of its members, held by their comrades, had come down onto the ballasts of the submarine, and mid-leg deep in the ocean, had dragged the lifeboat broadside on. Another extended his hand to Morgan. There was nothing to do but obey. Morgan arose, poised himself, then, as the submarine rolled, jumped for her. The next second he was on her gun platform, looking ruefully at the lifeboat that had already begun to drop astern.

"Come aft!" boomed the man on the conning tower. Morgan, clinging to a life line, worked his way aft. The boat surged under him. She must have started her motors as soon as he was on her deck, for the lifeboat was now almost out of sight.

On the after part of the conning tower was a set of rungs, and up these Morgan climbed. At the sound of his feet on the conning-tower platform, two of the four men there turned. One was tall, in a sou'wester, but the other wore a sweater, a tightly buttoned blouse and a cap, heavy with the gold-embroidered oak leaves and crown of the Imperial German Navy.

"What were you doing on that ship?" demanded the man in the sou'wester.

"I was a passenger," replied Morgan.

"A passenger! For where?"

"Oh, I was just out on a fishing expedition."

"Oh! For what?"

"For fish."

"Has that vessel been abandoned?" interrupted the other German.

"I didn't inspect it," said Morgan. "I got myself off. That's all a passenger is supposed to do."

The two German officers—the man in the sou'wester must be one, for sailors do not speak with such a tone of authority—looked at Morgan narrowly.

"You are an officer?" went on the German, with a glance at Morgan's cap device. "Ach so! . . . *Bootsmann!*" He continued in German to one of the other oilskinned men on the tower. This one hurriedly unstopped the lee weather cloth, then rolled it down. They had come closer now to the little Eilean More, tossing forlornly on the lonely seas.

"Now," said the German officer, "go below!"

"Below?"

"Yes. You realize you are a prisoner of war. Yes! Go down! We waste time!"

Morgan went down. There was a narrow, canvas-shrouded ladder that led straight down into a kind of chart room. Two sailors there stared at him. He looked up at the gray sky beyond the open hatch. Two heads were framed in it that watched him—the two officers. He continued his descent of the ladder.

At the very bottom was another room that made Morgan think of diagrams he had seen of the human alimentary tract, so full of winding pipes and wriggling, writhing tubes was it. It was bright with lights and pleasantly warm after the bitter wind above. The place smelled of oil and paint and fried fish. There were more men there at wheels and valves, and all turned to look at him. One of them pointed to a door. Morgan went through.

There was an alley there, an aisle like that in a Pullman car, with a vista of bunks, and on his right a leather sofa. He sat down and looked vacantly at the framed photograph of a woman on the bulkhead. Over it was an ivory-handled dirk that the German naval officers wear in place of a sword, and, in a tiny rack, a blackened pipe.

A man peered around the corner of the door and inspected him with a long, cold, hostile gaze. Morgan looked back at the photograph. That was a pretty girl. He had heard there were no pretty German girls.

A buzzer hummed, then, suddenly, a voice pipe spoke raucously: "*Hart Ruder rechts!*"

Now what? Morgan unbuttoned his overcoat. This thing had happened like a dream. The attack! Slam! Abandon ship! Overside in this sea in a boat! Lucky those men were fishermen! No ordinary crew could have got a boat overside in such quick time, or got her upright into the water at all, with the sea running the way it was. Then, before he had been able to estimate the situation, the submarine had heaved up from nowhere and taken him into her as the whale had taken Jonah! Why?

The uniform! His black shape must have stood out against the seas like a lighthouse! Those dumb-bells on the Eilean had been in such a hurry to get him overside, as if he'd stand there and let her sink under him, that they had never thought to give him an oilskin or something to hide himself with.

(Continued on Page 76)

"See here, Hartford—you're going too far!"

The Hartford is interfering with Fire's business—very seriously.

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SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DESOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL SIZE

(Continued from Page 74)

Too bad the Germans had not gone to their boat and plucked them out of it to get a free trip to Germany. Their boat—by the way, what boat?

The boat into which he, Morgan, had slid, had already shoved off when he had hailed it! There had been no more. The other boat had been a long time ahead of them. There had been no more! Paige and some of that gang were still aboard. What for? For no good to the submarine, that was certain. And Morgan's destiny was now irrevocably bound with that of these Germans. He hurriedly buttoned his overcoat again. How cold it was!

"*Stopp!*" spoke the voice pipe.

The silence below there was horrible. Morgan had had no time to think of his position, but he realized it now with terrible force. What was going on? From aft he could hear a faint humming, but no sound of voice or of movement; only the occasional hum of a buzzer or a croak from the voice pipe.

What was that? A vague murmur, a something, a sort of "Alarums without." Was it gunfire? Was it his heart beating?

"*Schnelltauchen!*"

There was noise enough then! A gong clanged, water roared behind Morgan's back; he could hear it rushing and gurgling, the sigh and whistle of escaping air, the hurrying rush of the sea coming into the boat. He felt the tilting of the deck beneath his feet. They were going down!

With a clatter of feet, men entered from aft and stood there, between the bunks, panting, dripping, and staring down at Morgan. These men, all in their boots and oilskins, must be the gun crew. One of them kicked him savagely, but his companions pulled him away.

What had happened? The deck had leveled out, the water no longer roared behind the bulkhead. Had she simply dived? Had she been fired on? What next? The gun crew, panting, stood in the alleyway as though waiting for a signal; their faces calm, yet white and sober, as of men who knew their danger. From time to time they looked at Morgan.

"*Auftauchen!*" The oilskinned men turned and hurried aft. Again the ballasts roared, and again the deck tilted; but up this time. Silence once more.

Thump! The boat shook. Thump! It must be her gun! Thump! Another! Yes, that must be her gun. She had opened fire.

A long time passed. Thump! would go the gun, and the things on little shelves round about would dance. Thump! Then a long pause—sometimes several minutes. Thump! Then, after nearly an hour, the gun crew came down again and went forward along the alleyway, pulling off their oilskins. One of their number—evidently a petty officer—came to Morgan and, gargling a mouthful of words, pointed aft. The gesture was plain, if the language was not.

Morgan went out into the control room, where the two German officers waited. Morgan searched their faces for some sign of what had passed above, but they only stared at him coldly. Then suddenly the officer in the cap spoke. His English was not so perfect as the other's; there was a burr to his voice and he hesitated over his words.

"What is your name?" began the German.

"Morgan. Lieutenant, junior grade, United States Navy."

"Kapitän-leutnant von Keyserlinck," replied the other, bowing slightly. "My second, Oberleutnant-zur-See Baron von Branscheid. Tell me! Have you no sense? Why did you not tell us that the steamer had a gun crew on board?"

"I didn't know it had one!" protested Morgan.

"When was that gun installed, and how was it done in forty-eight hours?"

"I tell you I know nothing about it!"

"My friend," said the German energetically, "do not mistake me! Our situation is serious! Tell me the truth! How big a gun was it?"

"We know all about it," interrupted Oberleutnant-zur-See Baron von Branscheid. "We have been fishing for the mail steamer for a long time. She has been going out to sea from Coll when the current was northward, and then going up inshore of North Uist on it, probably to save coal. She has mail on board, orders, and food parcels for the naval stations. She has had no armament except an old Mark II three-pounder on the forecastle. You see we know!"

"That's more than I do," replied Morgan. "I know nothing about her. I never saw her before last night."

"What were you doing on her?"

"I was a passenger."

"Going where?"

"Fishing!"

"Yes, so you said before. Fishing for men. Consider. Don't you realize that the British knew you were on this boat and tried to sink her just the same?"

"We unshipped the weather cloth so that they could see you going below if they were watching," added the baron. "We thought that either you, knowing you were going to possible death, would change color, or that the British, knowing we had you aboard, would not fire on us."

Morgan, though he died the next minute, could not restrain a chuckle. "You don't know much about the British, I see." He smiled. "The last thing on earth that would make them hold their hands would be the knowledge that I was on board."

"Yet you refuse to give us information about their ship that is sunk, and men that are already dead that thought nothing of killing you."

"You don't know much about Americans either," smiled Morgan.

There was a slight pause.

"You're a cool one," remarked Von Keyserlinck bitterly. .

A door suddenly opened aft and a greasy man wearing an officer's cap came through. He shut the door, but not so quickly that Morgan could not hear frenzied hammering, hurried, excited voices, and the steady thundering of running water, as though a bathtub was being filled. The greasy officer spoke briefly in German, then turned and hurried aft again.

"We have an injury," began Von Keyserlinck again, in his careful English. "It would help us if we knew with what it had been done."

"Well, what happened? Give me a few details," said Morgan.

"Well, why not? We were still inspecting her for signs of life, when she opened fire with something. We dived, and then came up out of range of her gun. After that it was simple."

"Simple? What was simple?"

"We sent them to *der Boandlkramer!* H'm! Where we are very likely to join them."

"To the what?"

"To Davy Jones," said the German grimly.

Morgan put a hand against the periscope sheath to steady himself, and waited a moment until he was sure his voice would not shake before he spoke: "But during the fight this boat was hit too!"

"During or after or before. Aft of the engine room is a compartment for the electricians. It was not until we dived after the action that we discovered it was full of water. If we knew the caliber of the gun we would know how big a hole we have there."

"Well, they didn't tell me anything about it," replied Morgan firmly. "If they had, I wouldn't have understood them. Did you hear those men in the boat? Could you understand a word they said?"

"Were they the only people on board—those fishermen?" asked the baron.

"That's all."

The *Kapitän-leutnant's* eyes narrowed and he nodded his head grimly. "You're a cool hand," he said; "but we waste time."

The other officer—the baron—began to remove his oilskins and Von Keyserlinck unbuttoned the jacket that he wore. It

(Continued on Page 79)

Horse Power and HORSEPOWER

CONTRARY to pastoral traditions, which color the city dweller's conception of farming, American agriculture is a highly mechanized industry. It is our most highly powered industry except the railroads. Its aggregate capacity is about 50,000,000 horsepower—greater than the capacity of all the prime movers in factories and electric generating stations combined.

The machine age in the United States has been as much rural as urban since 1850. It could not have been otherwise.

The industrial revolution of steam would have been still-born if it had not been for the horse-driven agrarian revolution which enabled one-third of the nation to feed and clothe the whole. In all the ages before, three or more workers had to till the soil that one might work in shop, mine or mart.

But the farmer's great array of power, with which he met the challenge of the industrial revolution in the cities, is wasteful of money, materials, time and attention. Except his electric motors and windmills, the farmer's power machines demand almost constant attention, and require time and labor to put them into action. They consist of more than 24,000,000 small units. Of these, 18,750,000 are animals with 35 per cent of the total power capacity.

From all his power the farmer in any year gets only about four per cent of the capacity if it were working and earning its keep all the time. The manufacturer gets at least 13 per cent of the entire working capacity of his engines, and electric generating stations deliver better than 30 per cent of their possible yearly output of power.

For power the farmer pays at least 25 per cent of his gross income, while the cost of fuel and power in manufacturing is only three per cent of the value of the output.

The electrification of agriculture, then, cannot be viewed as merely a process of bringing power to the farmer. The farmer has power—lots of it. But he has not the kind of power which can do small, scattered jobs with a minimum of human attention. He has not the kind of power which can work at a high percentage of its capacity as an interconnected electric system can. Those are characteristics of electric power, but not of the farmer's present power resources. They are characteristic of horsepower but not of horse power.

And those are the benefits which the increasing electrification of agriculture is accomplishing.

* * * *

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The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES," *which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

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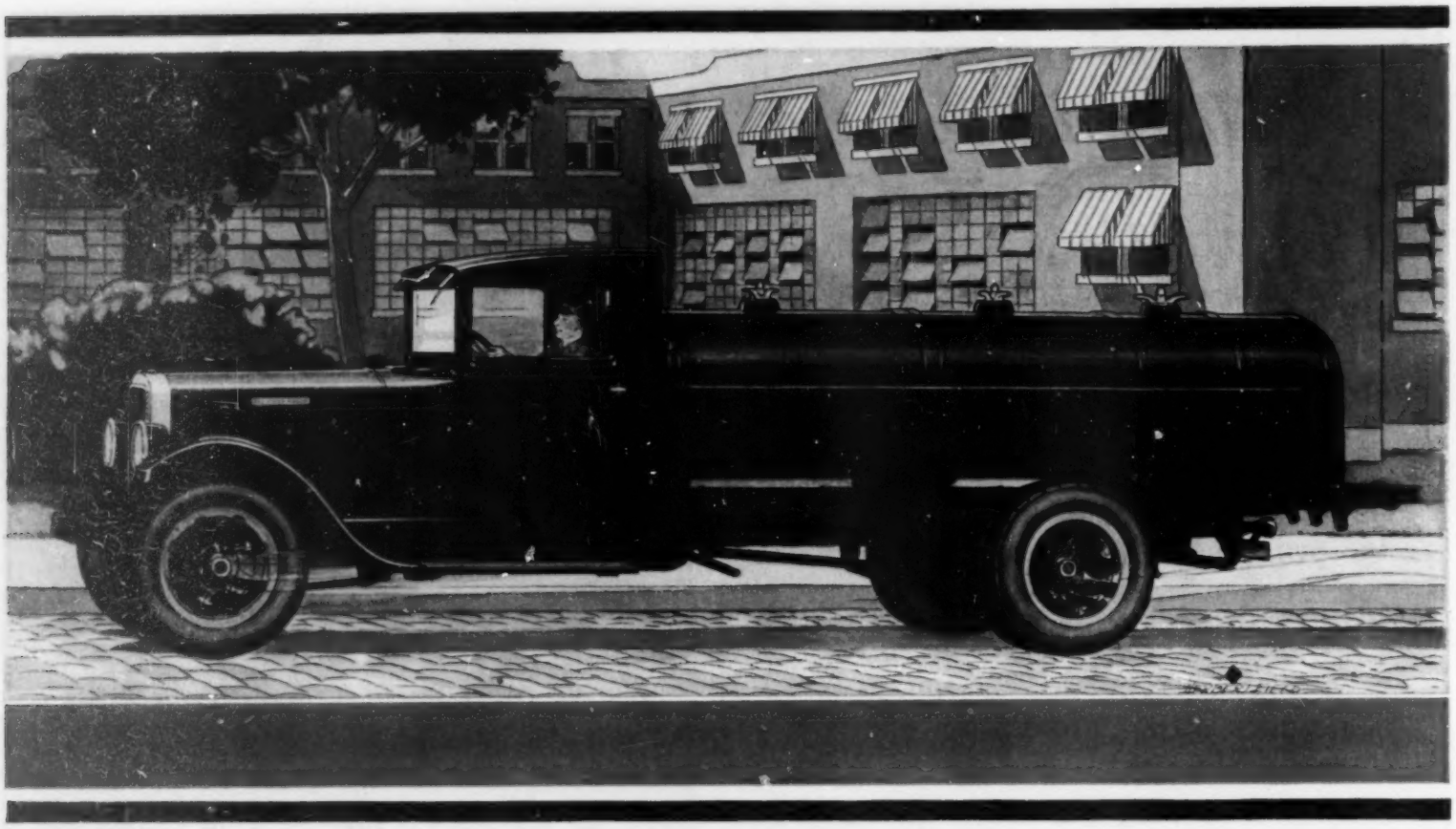

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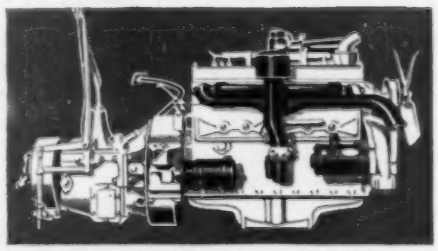

The Reo Gold Crown Engine 248

REO LONG LIFE SPEED WAGON

(Continued from Page 76)

was hot in that control room. Von Keyserlinck kept turning his eyes from one gauge to another, watching, watching, but calm, undisturbed. He gave an order in German to his second in command, who vanished away aft, where the sounds of unrest were growing more and more audible. Von Keyserlinck gave an order to the man at the forward diving rudder, and another to the man at the ballast controls. Morgan watched one spin his wheel and the other open, first one, then a second, then a third valve. The depth gauges flickered, needles on mysterious dials here and there moved, the deck slanted aft beneath Morgan's feet. Another order, another try. The deck slanted just the least bit more. The depth gauges still read "20."

Von Keyserlinck stepped to the ballast controls himself, as an owner would take the reins of a nervous horse from an unskilled coachman. He gave a brief order; then, after a minute, another. Morgan could see him opening the valves, watching the dials, feeling the heartbeats of the boat, balancing her, trying to find the wound that was weakening her. Then Baron von Branscheid returned, his face dripping oil.

"The after hatch is gone," said the baron, as though he spoke to Morgan. "The door into the electricians' quarters is tight, but she's making water through No. 7 frame."

"Do you get air in the engine room?" asked Von Keyserlinck.

"Not a bubble. It must go outboard somewhere!"

"H'm. Rotten luck!" Von Keyserlinck turned away from the ballast valves.

"Are you trying to frighten me?" asked Morgan, forcing himself to smile.

"By speaking English? Not at all. Since the baron and I both speak it, we can consult without alarming the crew. No, no need to frighten you! The situation is serious enough. Our air line to the after ballasts has parted somewhere."

Morgan swallowed dryly.

"You swallow?" asked Von Keyserlinck. "That's a sign of rising air pressure." He looked up at a gauge. "Yes. The pressure is rising much more rapidly than it should. Now, why should that be?"

"Haven't you got a water-tight bulkhead between here and the leak?" asked Morgan.

"Yes," replied Von Keyserlinck. "You see this brass needle? You see it is tipped? It shows our inclination. You see here a red mark? When the needle passes that red mark, it means that the liquid runs out of our batteries. Chlorine gas. Suffocation."

Morgan could not repress a cough, but Von Keyserlinck had turned away, and as if nothing had occurred, he briefly inspected a dial, a vertical gauge, and tentatively opened a valve, which he soon closed again. He half shook his head, then quickly gave an order in German. The sailors in the control room left wheel and valve and disappeared forward. Oberleutnant-zur-See Baron von Branscheid hurried aft.

After some time appeared several men dripping water and oil, their faces smeared with grease, leaving pools and runlets of inky water behind them. They disappeared through the forward door, and Morgan could hear their feet clattering along the alleyway between the bunks. Lastly came the baron, with the same greasy man in the officer's cap, swinging a great wrench with which he had battened the water-tight door. They had abandoned the engine room. Von Keyserlinck reached out his arm. There was a click and the control room was in darkness.

"We will now go forward, Lieutenant Morgan," said he coldly. "As the space there is limited, I must ask you to wait in the officers' quarters until—until further order."

The first room forward was evidently the commander's, for it had but one bunk, the leather couch on the opposite side and a tiny desk. Forward of that was a sort of Pullman compartment, more plainly finished than the first one, and with two bunks. Here Morgan was told to remain. The baron, reaching into a drawer, took out a packet of letters which he buttoned into his leather coat. Then, with his hand on a switch, he asked Von Keyserlinck a question in German.

"No," replied the other in English, "leave the light on."

"We'll be running down the batteries!" protested the baron.

"The batteries will last as long as we need them!" replied Von Keyserlinck grimly.

They went on, and Morgan sat down on the narrow sofa to await events. Forward must be the men's quarters, for Morgan could hear them moving about—the rustle and scrape of oiled clothing, the low muttering of voices. He waited a long time, sitting there alone. He was glad they had not turned out the light. He shifted his position on the couch from time to time, then suddenly realized that it was not nervousness that made it impossible for him to be comfortable for more than a short time. The boat was tipping backward. He noticed with alarm that he had to lean distinctly sideways to maintain his balance.

Suddenly, with horrifying slam, the door into the commander's room swung shut. Forward, from the other side of the bulkhead, Morgan could hear little scurrying, tapping sounds; mysterious clicks and thumps. It must be the sound of all the tiny objects that men gather about themselves when their home is measured by the four corners of an iron bunk—shaving brushes, plates, cups, pipes, photographs—all carrying away and rumbling aft to bring up in ruin against the bulkhead. With a ghostly rustle, a drawer in the tiny washstand slid open and deposited its contents on the deck with a crash. The liquid would be out of the batteries in another minute if this tipping backward kept on!

Then suddenly the door in the forward bulkhead was jerked open. There was a volley of German, and as Morgan rose from the sofa and clawed his way to the door he heard a voice calling faintly, "Here! Lieutenant! Come up here!"

The compartment forward was full of men, and the atmosphere in it struck Morgan full in the face with almost solid force. He dragged himself up the inclined deck, shoving his way through the men that clung to the bunks on either side, to the last compartment of all, the torpedo room. Here were brass wheels, pipes, overhead conveyors, chain pulleys and the breach blocks of four torpedo tubes filling all the forward end of the room. Beside the tubes stood Von Keyserlinck, the baron and a bearded sailor. This last, at a sign from Von Keyserlinck, spun a wheel, and the breach of one of the tubes fell open with a clang.

"Lieutenant," began von Keyserlinck, "you may be interested in what we are doing here. We have an inclination of fifty-two degrees and a depth of twenty meters. A simple calculation of angles would lead us to believe that the bow is out of water."

Morgan said nothing.

"To prove this by experiment, we opened the sea port of No. 1 tube. No water came into the tube. There is, therefore, a way of escape by the tube."

"H'm!" said Morgan. "But a man would freeze to death outside."

"Well, that's the point," smiled Oberleutnant-zur-See Baron von Branscheid.

"The men," went on Von Keyserlinck, "have some objection to leaving the boat—which is, after all, warm—for a sea bath that will most certainly be cold. It will be dark outside by this time. Our position is somewhere between St. Kilda, the Flannens and North Uist. Too long a swim even in summer."

"What's all this to me?" asked Morgan.

"Simply that you were such a cool hand and that sort of thing, we thought you might want to go up the tube."

The baron here laughed outright; perhaps at the change in Morgan's face.

"There is a possibility—a remote one—of ships' being about. A rocket may attract

(Continued on Page 81)

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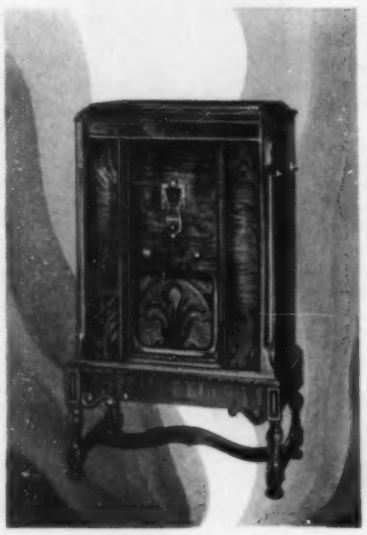

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(Continued from Page 79)

their notice," went on Von Keyserlinck. "Come! What do you say?"

"Meaning, of course, that you are going to shove me up that tube anyway?"

"Certainly not. You're a prisoner of war. We won't make you do such a thing. We are not savages, in spite of what you've been told."

There was a long and terrible pause.

"I'll go up," said Morgan quietly, taking off his overcoat.

"Remember, there is no restraint."

"No, no! That's all right."

"We have an empty oil drum here. We'll push you up the tube on that. Here's a bit of line. Wrap it around you, and then you can make the oil drum fast with it. Take this pistol. There's a rocket in it, which you will fire as soon as you get your arm out of the tube. It may bring up a ship. One more thing. A light hammer. Rap on the hull with it, once you're outside."

Morgan pulled himself up to the tube and, astonished at his own calmness, inserted his head into its black mouth.

"Well, the whale is about to disgorge Jonah," said he.

He felt them fitting his feet to the oil drum. Hands shoved at his knees. Then he was inside the tube, in blackness. Suddenly a blast of icy air struck him and a bucketful of water descended on his head, drenching him. They had opened the sea port. Oh, man, how cold it was! Then he felt pressure on his feet, and up the black tube he went. The air! The open, free and blessed air. But it was cold! It struck him like a mass; he could feel his heart struggle against its icy fingers.

The sea gave off a kind of radiance, although there was no moon, and by this he could see a little. Below him, the seas lapped at the side of the submarine; then, as they rolled, surged upward as far as the mouth of the tube, and icy dollops gurgled down inside. The submarine leaned like a spar buoy, now with her bow out of water as far back as her gun, now completely covered up to the rise of her net cutter.

Morgan heaved himself out of the tube and clung to the net cutter. The wash of the first sea drenched him. It was easy to see that life would not be long here. Nevertheless, he raised the pistol as high as he could and fired it. A rocket climbed into the black air, then burst, leaving a green flare aloft that burned for a long time, drifted downwind almost out of sight, then suddenly went out. Morgan rapped on the hull with the little hammer. Where was the oil drum that he was supposed to have made fast? He peered into the tube. Sound. Scratching, then an officer's cap and a dark figure. The commander!

"Have you fired the rocket?" Oberleutnant-zur-See Baron von Branscheid's voice.

"I've fired it."

The officer climbed half out of the tube and, sitting on the edge, craned his neck about the horizon.

"See anything?" he asked.

"Only water," replied Morgan.

"Let's try a Coston!" The officer rubbed a Coston flare light and held it like a torch, while Morgan clung to the steel net cutter with freezing hands. The wind was so cold it was like the blow of a whip.

"Some of the men have decided they'd prefer to come up," said the baron. "They'll be up with another drum shortly." He seemed to be preparing to go down the tube again.

"Are you going down?" demanded Morgan, through rattling teeth.

"Yes. Kapitän-leutnant von Keyserlinck is staying below, and I must stay with him. We have oxygen bottles there, you know, and some of the men might forget themselves and open them without authority. It would be an easy end to their troubles, but we mustn't let them think of such a thing."

The baron rapped on the hull—clang, clang! Then, after a second or two, he disappeared. Shortly after, a sailor came up, cringing from the cold wind and the drive of the spray. He clung to the side of the submarine, ducking the lapping seas, until an empty drum came up, which he lashed to a ring bolt, then lowered himself into the water beside it. More sailors followed, one by one, until six were in the water. In the water? Why did they stay in the water? It must be warmer there! "Why, of course," thought Morgan. It was the wind that was so bitter cold, and in the water the wind could not get at him. A second drum appeared, and there being no one to catch it, it toppled out of the tube into the sea, and bobbed there, thumping against the hull. Morgan slid down, and still keeping hold of the submarine by her ballast gratings, he managed to get hold of the line that was around the drum. He pulled it in, intending to make it fast, but his numbed fingers could not make the turn in the line, even hold it, so that it slipped through them and into the sea again.

The men on the other drum muttered in German. Then, after a long time, one of them heaved himself up on the submarine. He hung there, cursing and kicking at the hull. There was a clank of metal, splashing; then the man's lumped figure against the stars was gone. He had gone down the tube again. A little later another followed; then, one by one, all. They had reëntered the submarine to take what might come, rather than wait for certain death in that cold sea. Morgan watched them go, one after the other, back down the tube.

What was their hurry? He did not feel cold now. Under water the wind did not bite. He felt fairly comfortable. Comfortable? That must not be; comfort meant weakness, exhaustion, death. He tried to drag himself out again onto the net cutter, but he was already too weak. He waited, working himself along as the seas lifted him, until he could get his foot in a chock, which, as the sea lifted the submarine, raised him into air and completely out of water. He felt the wind strike him like a blow, but felt no cold. The two oil drums, carried by the sea, bumped once or twice against the hull, then disappeared.

"I've got to go in," thought Morgan. "I've got to go down the tube. I'm dying here."

He reached into his belt for the hammer. It was gone. He tried to reach the edge of the tube with his foot. His foot slid off into space. He tried to see the opening. Darkness. He felt with his free hand. The tube had been closed from the inside. The hammer he had had—where was it? A piece of line, his fist, his foot, anything to rap against the hull! No hammer, no line, and his feet refused to move. And then, like a plunging horse, the bow of the submarine surged up and away from him, while his hooked fingers scraped down her dripping side, and he was in the water again.

Another sea lifted him away, so that he could see the bow rising and falling in the trough. Then, with the next heave, he was gone altogether, into another valley. Here a surge lifted him, lifted him, lowered him, dragged him back, rolled him as though in a blanket. As though in a blanket, he smothered, he fought with his hands, but all the time he felt himself falling, falling, falling, through starless depths.

Then, for no real reason, but because he felt that he could, he opened his eyes. It was light—a dim mysterious yellow light. Something burned him inside as though an inverted Coston was flaming down his throat.

"He's with us again," said a voice. Again the fire burned his throat.

"Gah!" choked Morgan; then, opening his eyes wider, he observed that the light came from beside him and that a man was dimly outlined by it, just his hands and face. Then he saw that it was Paige, the Britisher who had claimed his bunk that morning and had gone down in the destruction of the Eilean More. Morgan thought upon that a long time.

"Is this heaven?" he finally gasped.

"Hardly," grinned Paige. "It's the Eilean More."

"The Eilean More!" replied Morgan. "Why, she was sunk!"

"Devil a bit!" replied Paige.

Morgan craned his weary neck. There was a dim light from a lantern fixed to the bulkhead, in which the tall Paige's head floated as in a kind of mist. Behind Paige the placard still announced that passengers disembarking at Portree might eat their luncheon at 11:30. Morgan was in the old cabin, on the table.

"How did I get aboard?"

"We fished you out of the ocean."

"Kind of fisherman's luck."

"Righto."

Morgan became conscious of someone rubbing hard at his legs, of the fact that the first blanket he had had over him had been snatched away, and another one, so hot that it must have been artificially heated, was being wrapped about him. Hurrying, kindly hands put a dry shirt on him, and once more Paige held a cup to his lips from which flowed delicious fire.

"So she didn't sink you," murmured Morgan. "They told me they'd sent you all to Davy Jones. They wanted to know what hit them."

"I dare say. Now don't talk any more. Just go to sleep, like a good chap."

"No! But listen! The sub! I've just come out of her! She's around! Disabled!"

"Quite so," replied Paige calmly. He felt of Morgan's pulse and rearranged the blankets.

"I'm not delirious!" cried Morgan. "I tell you that sub is right around here! How else do you think I got here?"

A door opened and a blast of cold air rushed in.

"How's the Yank doing?" asked a cautious voice.

"Very well," replied Paige.

"Good!" said the other cheerily.

Someone took Morgan's arms now and began to massage them vigorously.

"We saw the rockets," began Paige, "and thought they were from some torpedoed steamer's boats. We had just about steerage way. We made for where the rockets had come up, crawling along. Then, climbing over a sea, there was the dickens of a row. We could all see something, looking out for these boats we were after, and what not. Piece of wreckage, perhaps; some said it was a sub's bow. We hit it. Nothing we could do. Couldn't stop; no time, you see. We slammed down on it with all the tons and tons of water we've got in the forehold. We put a boat overside to see if we couldn't pick something up, and they found you floating about."

There was a long silence, broken only by the soft grunting of the men that were rubbing warmth back into Morgan's frozen body.

Again a door opened somewhere. "I say, Paige, is he coming round all right?"

"Quite."

"Good," said the mysterious voice, with satisfaction.

"Say," began Morgan, fighting off the drowsiness that was stealing over him, "if that isn't the wildest yet. Here it's hours since the fight, and you and the sub still side by side, you might say. How do you figure that out?"

"Ah, well, that's not extraordinary. We disabled her with the bomb, and she put us out with a few shells through our main steam line. We'd both drift, you see. We'd both go the same way, being in the same tidal current, with a slight difference in speed, perhaps. Two drifting vessels always come together. . . . But really, now, I think you'd better take a lie-down, like a good chap. We'll talk this all over tomorrow."

"Tell me," said Morgan, "one more thing before I go to sleep. What did you hit the sub with?"

"Depth charge from a lifeboat. They've been annoying the mail boat for some time, you see, but they didn't dare come inshore after her. So we just fixed up a little to receive them; slight change in some of the crew, and a few gadgets here and there, and

(Continued on Page 84)

MOULDERS SINCE 1897

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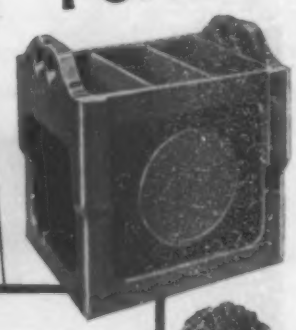

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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 81)

slid out a few more miles to seaward. Nobody considered that anyone would walk aboard and claim he was a passenger for Stornoway! They haven't carried a passenger for months. And then, you see, the sub went over to your boat after you, and never went near the other, that had the bomb in it! After the firing started, she went down to get behind the boats, so that we couldn't shoot back at her, and that was our chance. Over went the bomb. But then she dived, and we were so crocked we couldn't go after her, and we thought the whole affair had been a failure—all on account of the interference of one beggarly Yank!"

"Well," said Morgan, feebly trying to free one of his arms from the rubbers, "I'm sorry I nearly fouled your gear. I didn't know any better. I appreciate your giving me all this hot grog and heating blankets and massaging me with all this trouble after my nearly swamping you."

"Quite all right," replied Paige. "Blood is thicker than water. All in it, you know. Cousins across the sea, after all. Now, enough! Not another word."

Shortly after that, Morgan slept and those about him ceased rubbing and pounding.

"Good!" exclaimed Paige with satisfaction. "Now we'll put him to bed, and you men stay with him. Keep the blankets hot, you know, and give him a bit of soup from time to time if he asks for it. Careful is the word. The blighter! If he doesn't pull through, we'll have no one to confirm our sinking that submarine."

THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 15)

Royalists," he explained importantly; "outside the banking house we have nothing to do with the republic. The president is a pig! And yet, Susan, with all that, I am a little tired of France. I have had too much experience. Too much of everything. I am glad to be lying here at your feet in a Kentucky woods. I am glad you are cool and clear like this water. I wouldn't have you different for anything. You are good for me."

She sighed. "I reckon that is a compliment," she said. His hand softly inclosed her ankle and she promptly drew it away.

"I am glad you are what you are," John repeated. "After all, wit isn't very restful. And I need rest. I need a drink of water. I'm sick of champagne. It's noisy in Paris. No one ever rests there. But it's quiet and peaceful here. In the Kentucky woods with you, Susan. You are good for me," he said again. "Every man, in the end, turns to a woman who is good for him. I have turned from Paris—Paris is a woman—to you."

Susan Abel laughed gayly. "Gracious," she exclaimed, "you sound older than Gabriel Sash!"

He grew sulky, once more annoyed. John turned away from her and gazed moodily at the stream. The water was saying something to the grass along the bank; he could almost distinguish what it was—not quite. The small sound of the stream was soothing. A whispered confidence.

He returned to Susan. "You don't like me," he complained; "I can't think why, but you don't. Here everyone is so different from me. I feel lonely."

She swiftly touched his hand with the tips of her fingers. "That is silly," Susan told him. "We may be different, but, at the same time, we are your family; you have no reason to be lonely. And why do you say I don't like you? I do like you. This will make you furious—I am sorry for you." It didn't infuriate him at all.

"You are very sweet to me," John asserted, capturing her hand. "If anyone could make me feel at home in Kentucky it would be you. I have thought about you a great deal. At night when I can't sleep. You are like a sweet pink-and-white peach of Provence. A lovely peach in cool green leaves." He kissed her wrist. Susan gently recovered her hand. She gazed at her wrist.

"No one else talks the way you do," she admitted; "men say nice things, of course, but, somehow, they are different. What you say bothers me. It stays in my head. I get unhappy."

He realized all that she meant, John assured her. "You can tell by what I say, the way it sounds, that my life has been dark. You know I am lonely. I thought, until I saw you, that all my life would be that way—darkened by a feeling of tragedy. My mother, remember, was a *tragédienne.* Greater than Rachel. I have inherited her sense of doom."

John Dixon Folkes put an arm around Susan's shoulders and drew her close to him. He said, at that moment, nothing. There was a whisper of wind high in the trees; the voice of the stream, he thought, grew louder. He could almost make out what it said to the grass. A stream in Kentucky talking to the grasses on its bank. Susan, he realized, was sweet in his arms—young and fragrant and still. He kissed her. Her eyes were closed; she made no response. Susan's lips were cold and immobile. She smiled at him vaguely. John didn't understand her. He didn't, however, understand himself. He began to hate the stream. It came between him and Susan. She was infinitely more desirable than he had realized.

"I don't want for you to kiss me," she told him. "It's like what you say, and makes me unhappy. No one has ever made me unhappy before. Not this way. I have to think about it. Think what I think about it. I'm not a Frenchwoman with a lot of wit."

"You are better than a Frenchwoman," John assured her. "I told you I wanted to forget them. I don't care so very much for wit." He was amazed at the sound of emotion in his voice, the appearance of honesty in his manner. It was useful to have had a great actress for a mother. He was, John discovered, actually enjoying himself in Kentucky, the backwoods, away from France. "Why don't you want for me to kiss you?" he mocked her phrase. "Isn't it a natural thing to do if I love you? I do love you, Susan. I have to kiss you." Her lips were colder, more immobile, than before. "Don't you love me a little?" he demanded, holding her as closely as possible. "I won't be able to live if you don't. I can't live without you, Susan."

"I am going to marry Ambrose New," Susan Abel told him. "He's a cousin like you and lives in Lexington. We have arranged to be married as soon as he can afford to. Ambrose won't even let me mention any money I might get. He is terribly stubborn." She remained, explaining that, quietly in his arms. The more fortunate of the plowboys.

"I hope you will be very happy," John said, with an air of great magnanimity. He held her, perhaps, a little closer.

"It's been going on forever," she continued; "I am nineteen, yes; we were engaged five years ago." A further element, he realized, not without danger, had complicated his interest in Susan Abel. It was possible that before he left America he would be faced by a duel with Ambrose New. He rather hoped so. It would be a more appropriate ending to his Kentucky adventure than the purely sentimental one he had arranged for in imagination. There was nothing extraordinary to John Dixon Folkes in the possibility of a duel. It was, he thought, not only an honorable but a reasonable proceeding.

"Don't," Susan said. "I couldn't stand it if you did it again."

He had come to America, he said, too late. "I am too late. I have lost you. A few days' happiness, a little while to see you, and then I must go away forever. I will never return to the United States."

Susan said faintly, "I will never go to Paris."

There were tears on her face. That was splendid. His appreciation of the moment, however, was interrupted by a sharp unhappiness, an actual wretched hurt, that seemed to afflict his stomach rather than the more appropriate region of his heart.

She would, Susan promised, come back to the stream and the shellbark tree tomorrow; at the same time of the afternoon, she agreed; and then she left him, she left the contracted space of the forest, walking swiftly through the wood pasture beyond. John Dixon Folkes surveyed himself with a returning satisfaction; he was, he felt, a man of the world; a man even of the Parisian world. The next afternoon, meticulously dressed, he went to the place of his engagement with Susan Abel. There was a stir by the shellbark tree; Susan was there before him; it turned out, to his immense annoyance, to be old Gabriel Sash. He surveyed John Dixon Folkes with his customary bright and penetrating gaze.

"I never thought to see you here," he said satirically; "so far away from civilization." Gabriel Sash had a voice like the voice of the stream—a monotonous sound with an occasional fluctuation like the eddy of water about a stone. "I have been studying on you," he continued. "I never knew your grandmother, Delia Abel, but her brother, Manoah—Elisha's father—was close to me as two fingers on the one hand. I can be counted on to know the Sashes and Abels. Delia was more of a Cutts. But what you are nobody could say. Yes, you are so full of airs and graces it's nigh impossible to reach down to flesh and blood. That's account of you having an actress for a mother."

"I suppose I would be like her," John answered civilly, "but not so much as I'd choose. Her air, everyone thought, was the most beautiful in Paris, and her grace was marvelous, even in France." He was thinking, "When will the old idiot go? If he stays to talk, it will ruin everything."

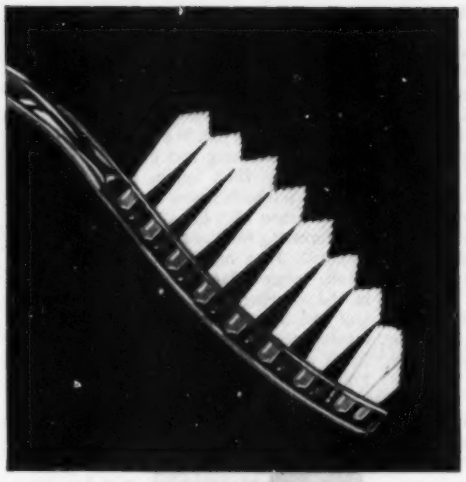
"I don't blame you having a good word for your mother," Gabriel Sash admitted; "all I can see is what she left in you. Nothing of much account, far as I can see. But there is good blood in you. The best Kentucky blood, and that's the finest in the world. You can't really compare any other with it. Not rightly. Sit somewhere; you make me nervous the way you fidget up and fidget down. Like you were expecting your sweetheart. I'll give you a piece of advice, too—don't get hopeful about the girls in the bluegrass. They wouldn't look at a frog. Not one of them. You're cut out on a foreign pattern."

Susan Abel appeared, a figure in white moving through the sunlight and shade of the wooded meadow reaching to the mansion at Calydon. She came nearer; old Gabriel Sash, facing the opposite direction, didn't see her, and John melodramatically waved her away. She stopped, obviously surprised, and John Dixon Folkes waved an arm vigorously. Susan turned slowly and retraced her steps.

"You are a sight too glib for around here," old Sash went on, his voice now mingled confusingly with the murmur of the stream. "You're not suited to Kentucky, and Kentucky would be bad for you. The way things are," he specified. "Sit down like I told you. God's sake, it won't hurt your pants!" He sat down. "It seems to me you're not very considerable, anyhow I look at it. A kind of Frenchified jumping jack. I wouldn't trust you around a juniper bush. But there is no getting past your blood. The best in Kentucky."

That, it seemed to John, was what the stream was saying to the grass—the best blood in Kentucky.

(Continued on Page 86)



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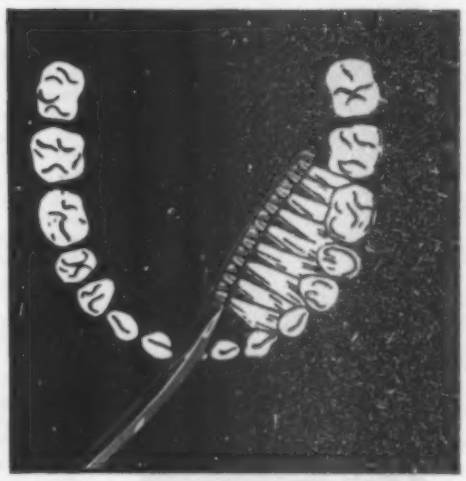

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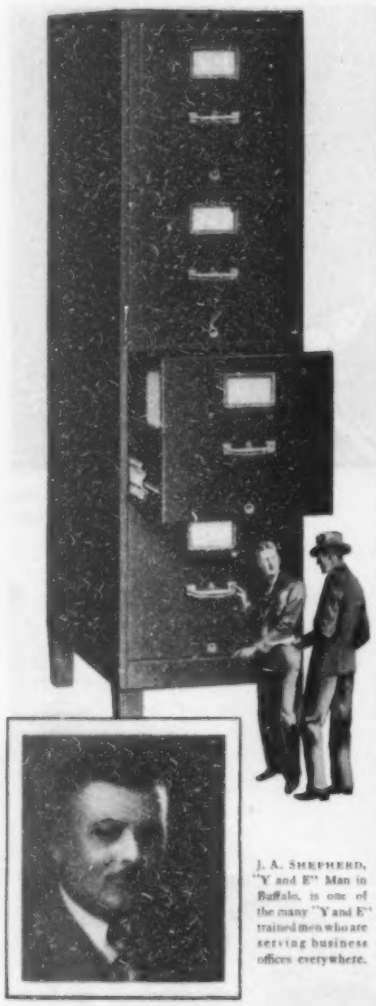

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(Continued from Page 84)

"You don't know anything," Gabriel Sash asserted; "mainly that's the trouble with you. Brought up in France—among frogs. You never heard rightly about the right things, the right people. It's likely you think this is a considerable woods you are sitting in." Gabriel Sash laughed at him—a fluctuating sound resembling eddying water. "It's nothing. A few trees in a pasture. The forest used to be everywhere—sugar trees and blue ash, black locust and honey locust with thorny spikes and broad pods, elms and hickories and walnuts, mulberry trees, pawpaws and buckeyes, and groves of red cedar, groves of tulip poplars higher than your mind could reach. A forest without underbrush. A level floor like you would dance on. Only there wasn't much dancing to it. Not with the Indians from the north and the Indians on the west, the French Indians—Kentucky saw enough of the painted French in those days! The southern tribes helped to make life pretty too. The Cherokees and Catawbas. Nobody ever said a word to you about them. Take my life: I was born in 1815, just after the war with England and the Canada expeditions. I didn't see that, but the Mexican war came along soon, and then the states got to fighting among themselves. The point of a saber went in this shoulder and came out below my elbow. I lost all my sons in the Rebellion—Belvard and James and Wickliffe. Belvard never saw his child. He fought for the Union, and so did James, but Wickliffe went with the South. He was a captain under John Morgan—Gen. John H. Morgan, the greatest cavalry leader of all time."

"Wickliffe," the stream whispered—"Wickliffe—Wickliffe Sash."

The sound of the stream grew louder; it was both louder and remote; it had the continuous broken volume of a waterfall. A whippoorwill called in the gathering dusk. A mountain of rock rose from the ledge where, sick with weariness, he was standing. The men of his company, he saw, were practically incapable of another step. They stood behind him in the high ravine in fantastic attitudes of exhaustion and a semblance of order.

"Fall out," he commanded them. His men collapsed where they were. He said to Major Diamond, "I don't like the way the men look. They are not taking care of themselves."

What, Major Diamond inquired, could he expect? "A hundred and fifty miles of these mountains in seven days. Worse than twenty miles a day climbing in formation. Some left Huyter's Gap hardly more than a week ago. That's two hundred miles anyhow."

What day was it? It was the seventh of June in 1864.

General Morgan's command had reached Pound Gap the second, dislodging the small Union force guarding that entrance to Kentucky. The general absolutely counted on investing Mount Sterling tomorrow. He had no time to lose! When it was discovered that he was again raiding in Kentucky—it must be known to the Union headquarters in the state tomorrow—there would be an overwhelming concentration of troops upon him. General Averell and General Crook were on the march. General Burbridge would not linger in the east. Morgan, at best, had twenty-five hundred men. His success depended on the outcome of the race between him and the Federal commanders for Mount Sterling. The odds against General Morgan, Wickliffe Sash knew, were not important. This was his fourth raid into Kentucky, and he had always been opposed to enormous majorities of men and arms. The best, however, belonged in the past. To the first and second raids and even to the disastrous third raid across the Ohio River. Yes, it was different now. It was different, worse, with the whole Confederacy.

Wickliffe, sitting on cold rock in the fast-gathering dusk, his body one intolerable ache, said to himself: "We are licked." On his left, the kitchen fires made a sullen glow. He could see the fires of other companies ahead of him. There was an occasional call and the distant scrape of horses' hoofs; scarce-moving figures. The brigades were largely silent. The familiar strains of Stump-Tailed Dolly and of General Stuart's favorite song, If You Want to Have Fun, Jine the Cavalry, were wholly absent. Wickliffe Sash had a battered tin cup of coffee, a thin segment of bread hardly better than a burned paste of dough, and bacon boiled without greens. Lieutenant Colonel Martin requested his presence, and Wickliffe found him with Alston, who commanded the second brigade, Colonel Giltner and General Morgan. Morgan, Wickliffe Sash believed, had never wholly recovered from his imprisonment on Johnson's Island. His voice was sharp and his periods short.

The command was to advance at daybreak. Its purposes, as usual, were diverse: Captain Jergens, with fifty men, would be detached to destroy the Frankfort and Louisville Railroad bridges. Major Chenowyeth would burn the bridges of the Kentucky Central steam road. Captain Sash, familiar with the ground about Lexington, General Morgan required to proceed ahead with messages of his intentions to Confederate supporters in Fayette County. A vague sense of impending fatality accompanied Wickliffe back to his company. The men were sleeping on the bare rocky ground of the Rebel Trace. His thoughts attached themselves to his cousin, Charlotte Hazel. In a very short while now he would be with her again for a few hours. Would this, he speculated, be a good time for their marriage? Mason Hazel, who had been forced by the death of his father to remain at Greenland, would be able to secure a preacher, sympathetic to the South, for the ceremony.

In the morning there was a space of gray depression, a physical agony at any further movement, and then the sun enveloped Wickliffe Sash in a blaze of transcendent glory. The mountains fell away behind him; the gloomy ascents and stone precipices dissolved; before him lay a wide and brilliant and pastoral plain. There were, everywhere, noble groves and woodland meadows deep in grass and shaded by aged sugar trees and elms and hickory and tulip poplars; he saw orderly pastures with whitewashed fences where horses burnished by the sun were slowly grazing, with flowing tails and manes, beside red Devon cattle like animals in dark copper. The pastures were woven with crystal streams; houses, tranquil and white, stood among tall trees, with lawns falling away in slopes and terraces of flowers; and everywhere the grass was bluer than green.

An intolerable sharp pain of recognition and longing, of relief, struck into Wickliffe. "The blue grass!" he said out loud. The peace and loveliness of the land below him, the great houses among the trees and the small houses along the roads, with the morning smoke rising from their chimneys, wet his face with sudden irrepressible tears. It was the blue grass! Here was home. The privations and terrors of war, the brazen noise and hailing iron and lead, the swift silent peril, appeared to have been lost with the mountains. No one on that vast sweet plain of happiness and plenty could need food or shelter or security. Wickliffe, as General Morgan had acknowledged, knew it intimately; he had caught innumerable silvery fish in its innumerable clear silver rivers; he had shot quail and woodcock in all its thickets, squirrels and wild turkey in the woods and clearings; there was hardly a house of consequence where—before the war, when he was a boy—he had not danced to the fiddling of negroes and added to the gayety of the barbecues.

"Wickliffe—Wickliffe Sash," the stream whispered.

The murmur of water was taken up and made articulate by old Gabriel Sash. "Wickliffe was killed at Cynthiana," he said. "Isham Rose, who was in the Forty-fifth Union cavalry and afterward married Charlotte Hazel, brought him home, shot through the head by a pistol ball." John Dixon Folkes was silent. He sat beside Gabriel Sash at the foot of the aged shellbark tree and gazed into a stream murmuring to the grasses along its banks. Wickliffe Sash, he considered, had been fortunate—squarely killed by a pistol ball in a great war when he was young—young and in love. Luckier, for example, than Isham Rose, who had brought Wickliffe home, and was now living at Greenland with his wife, Charlotte. An uninteresting man and a fat, uninteresting woman. John remembered now seeing a small, framed daguerreotype of Wickliffe in the drawing-room at Calydon—a dark boy with hair carefully brushed away from a thin, intent face. All the Sashes, all the Abels, had gaunt faces. He, John Dixon Folkes, had such a countenance.

"Your great-grandfather, Manoah Abel, was born at Bardstown," Gabried Sash informed him. "His mother was Mary Delaunay, a Catholic. He studied law with James Sash at Frankfort and became a lawyer of great importance in the state. He was in love with Nancy Sash, James' daughter, but she wouldn't marry him, and afterward he married Susan, one of the New York Cutts. A splendid woman. Nancy wouldn't take Manoah because he killed Jarrot Bensalem. Nancy asked him not to, but he did just the same. But he had to kill Bensalem! Jarrot murdered James Sash. Cut him to death with a knife in the street. James was unarmed."

That, John Dixon Folkes told himself, was barbarous, without the honorable circumstances of a duel. It would not be possible, it wouldn't be decent, to let Jarrot Bensalem keep on living.

The streets of Frankfort, on the day Jarrot Bensalem was found not guilty of murdering James Sash, were filled with crowds of men and loud, angry argument. Already, in fights, two individuals had been killed; one by shotgun wounds in George Gayle's tavern, a notorious resort; the other, a supporter of the Anti-Relief Party, had his skull crushed by a stone an undiscovered person had flung. The town was crowded with men from the country, in butternut shirts, with linsey coats on their arms and wide-brimmed, dusty black hats. The handles of long knives were visible above belts; heavy pistols, in a wide variety, were only half concealed. It was, on the whole, Manoah Abel realized, a throng of Relief sympathizers—men who wanted the state to legalize the issue of cheap paper money for the immediate settlement of hard times. In other words, fools. Jarrot Bensalem, one of their leaders, had appeared after his release on Broadway and there was a tremendous demonstration of approval. Bensalem had said a few words. Entirely political.

Manoah was in the law rooms he had, such a short while ago, occupied with James Sash, and he moved to a window opening on Broadway, where he watched the somber, passing stream of men. Clouds had come up and there was a patter of rain. The procession of faces was grim. Intent, angry faces and the hard pressure of men's bodies. Their solidarity, their primitive singleness of mind, by sheer contrast created a vision of Nancy Sash. She was seated beside Manoah Abel on a bank of grass where white violets grew above the Kentucky River.

She demanded, "If Mr. Bensalem gets off, what will happen?" He looked fixedly out over the river. "You must answer me," Nancy insisted.

"I don't know," Manoah admitted; "I don't know."

She had to ask that, Nancy explained. "I don't want to. I don't want to at all. Manoah, if Mr. Bensalem goes free, will our family do anything about it? It wouldn't, with men like ours, be unlikely."

That, he protested, was not a proper question. "Women should have nothing to do with those things. It isn't becoming."

"Mostly you would be right," Nancy agreed. "This is special. Special, you see, because it is about my father." The cold

(Continued on Page 89)

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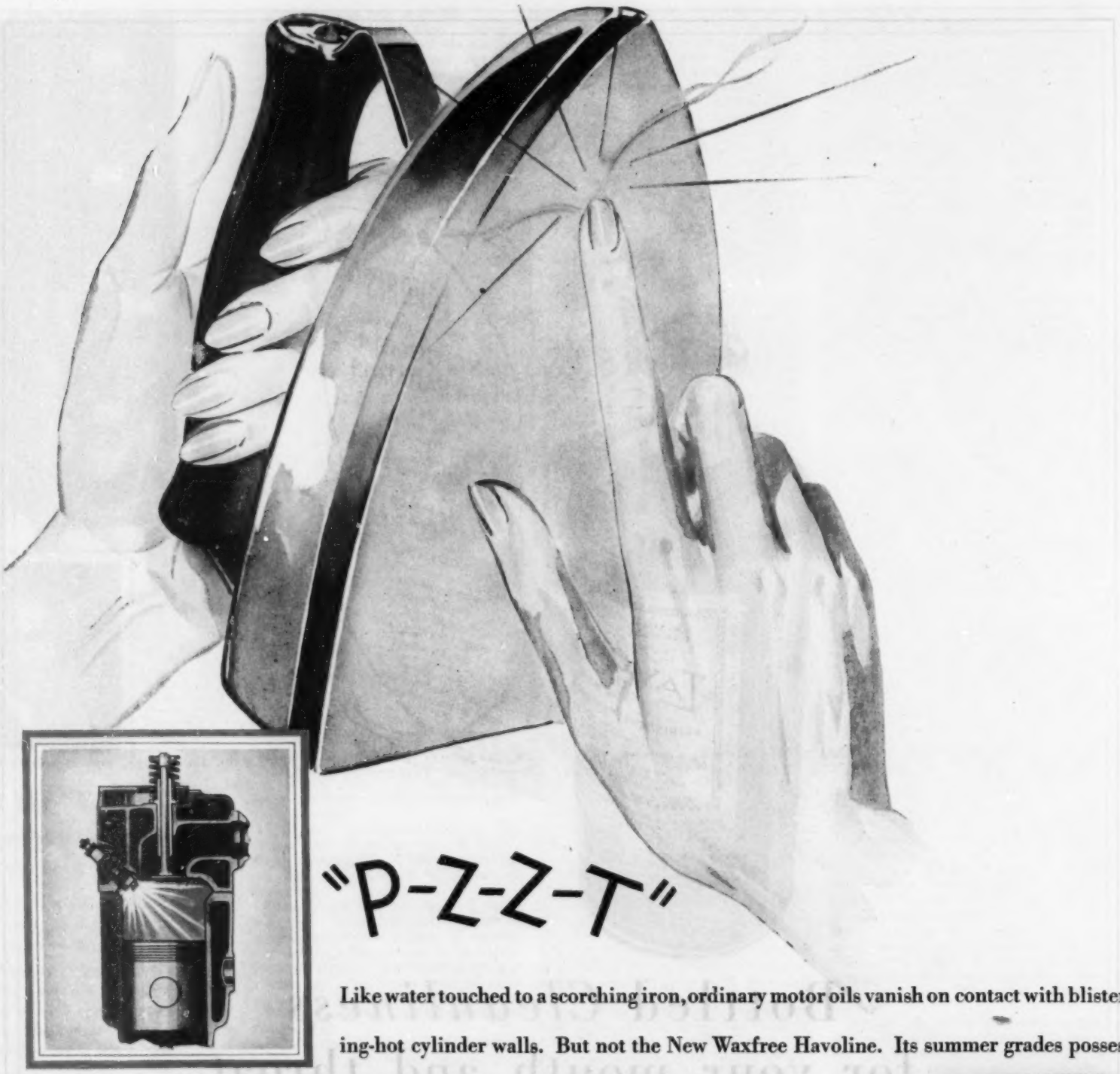

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(Continued from Page 86)

edge of a premonitory dread entered into him. "Manoah," she continued, "you almost told me what I was afraid of. What I hated to ask. You were closer to him than anyone else; he couldn't have loved you more; you would be the first to make Mr. Bensalem pay for what he did. Darling, if father had been different, perhaps I'd want you to kill Mr. Bensalem. Even if he killed you. That isn't sensible, but you see what I mean. If father were different. But you knew him too. You understand how he hated everything violent." Nancy put her arm around his; she pressed his arm against her warm body. "You mustn't do it, Manoah," she said. "Promise me now you won't. All this must die with my father. The way he'd want it to. Manoah, if you kill Mr. Bensalem I can never marry you."

Manoah Abel, wretched, began to argue with her. "You might be very wrong," he insisted. "This is a thing you wouldn't understand. Men have to decide it, and not a woman. There are some situations we can't avoid, no matter what they cost. James would have admitted that."

The sound of frogs rose, persistent and mournful, along the river bank. The eastern sky faded through faint rose to a clear green. The earth darkened.

"Sometimes," Manoah went on unhappily, "there are obligations greater than any individual necessity. Greater than any man's hopes." He felt a shiver pass over Nancy.

"I don't like it here," she told him. "The frogs ——". She caught her arms about him and drew herself up, a fragrant and distracting weight, upon his body. "You won't hurt us," she whispered—"father and me. We don't know what we would do without your help and love."

"That," Gabriel Sash said, sudden and thinly harsh, "was the way he was fixed." John Dixon Folkes was startled. The old man, the shellbark tree, the stream—all seemed immaterial. "Yes," Gabriel repeated, "it was like that. Nancy was a Sash and Manoah was an Abel. One and the same. Jarrot Bensalem murdered the man who was more to Manoah than himself, and Nancy wanted the killing to end. I always thought her mind was some turned, but there were no doubts left when she made it up. Abel knew that. The afternoon he left his office looking for Jarrot Bensalem, it was forever good-by to Nancy Sash. He found Bensalem in his room at the Love House. Mrs. Bensalem was out drinking tea and Jarrot's bodyservant was fixing to shave him. Manoah didn't give Jarrot Bensalem no chance at all. He said it was an execution. Then Manoah surrendered himself to the sheriff. There is a story in the family he saw Nancy before he went to jail. Wasted time. He got off soon as the Circuit Court met."

"He had to do it," John Dixon Folkes cried; "Manoah had no choice. You must see that." In his excitement he rose and stood facing Gabriel Sash. "If he had listened to Nancy he would have lost her as well. She would have hated him and he'd have hated himself. Nancy could never have had a particle of respect for Manoah afterward."

Old Gabriel Sash studied him gloomily. "You know too much about women," he asserted. "That isn't healthy. It isn't right. I've been watching you and noticed it before. I'll say this, too—Ambrose New comes of a very short-tempered family. Well, one way or the other, Manoah Abel did lose Nancy; he married Susan Cutts; and so you were born in Paris instead of a respectable place. . . . Sit down. You have no call to shout at me. You don't know anything about this. . . . Women never signified much in the affairs of the Sashes and Abels. Take James Sash, that Jarrot Bensalem killed—he carried his second wife right out of the convent of Loretto, but that wasn't the main thing about him. James fought through all the wars there were in his time, and that was plenty. When he was mustered out of the Army in 1813, he was a brevetted colonel. James was with Green Clay and his three thousand men at Fort Meigs. He joined General Harrison and beat the British at the River Thames, where Tecumseh was killed. Before all that, in 1792, he was together with Major Adair near Fort St. Clair. Even you might have heard how the Indians licked them there.

"The next year James and General Scott and Wayne were north of Cincinnati. James Sash stayed at Greenville all winter, helping to build Fort Defiance, and in August—it was 1794—they won the Battle of Fallen Timbers. James didn't think much of fighting either. He was one of the few who escaped from the Battle of the Raisin."

Far away from that disaster, listening to the voice of an old man like the fluctuating sound of the stream at his feet—a stream whispering to the grasses that trailed in its clear, brimming water—he was still overcome with horror at the disaster on the River Raisin. It had followed the capture of Frenchtown; the English had retreated before the first assault of the Kentucky troops; but holding Frenchtown was a far different undertaking. There were several things Col. James Sash could not fathom about the American situation there. For example, no sentinels had been posted on what must be the main way of the enemies' approach; and why Colonel Wells stationed his men outside the defenses, the stockade, James had no idea of. Wells, he considered, was pointedly inviting disaster. It soon followed. There was a sudden hateful screaming of savage voices; the British and Indians swept forward; Colonel Wells' men were surrounded.

Colonel Allen shouted to James Sash, "We can't let the Indians have them! We must make a sally! Call for volunteers!" The volunteers were immediately available—a force of men under Allen and Colonel Lewis and James Sash left the comparative safety of the stockade and charged to the relief of Wells. A hundred, at least, were killed at once. Colonel Allen was shot through and through the body; an Indian with his face painted in ashes bent over Allen with a knife. He rose, tearing Colonel Allen's bloody scalp from his broken and mutilated skull. Lewis was tomahawked; James Sash dragged him back to the stockade.

The Indians and British gathered in overwhelming numbers about the fortifications of Frenchtown. Proctor, for the English, sent the Kentuckians promise of safe conduct in return for immediate surrender. James was skeptical; it was better, he thought, to die in honorable warfare, defending to the last their fatal position. Surrender, however, seemed imperative. Perhaps General Proctor would keep his word; he might restrain his Indian allies. Neither occurred. Drunken Indians murdered the soldiers leaving the stockade; Indians cut them into shocking deaths on the streets. They hacked at the Americans and collected their scalps. James Sash heard the yells of savages burning a house filled with wounded Kentucky soldiers; they killed with tomahawks and knives the helpless Kentuckians in the cellar of a tavern. An Indian too drunken to be actually dangerous shot at James, and James took the musket from him. He knew some English terms, and James Sash, with his saddlebags for bribe, persuaded the Indian to guide him back to General Harrison's impotent command.

In the forest the guide was undecided about their course; twice he vanished among the trees and reappeared at James Sash's back. The Indian disappeared again, and James stopped behind a barrier of immense fallen trees rotting through countless cycles of years. That time, with the Indian moving swiftly and eagerly forward, James Sash buried his knife in the copper-colored side. The savage died without a sound, with proud, set lips and dim eyes. The forest was profoundly silent except for the whispering voice of a stream, clear running water and banks of troubled grass. "One less Indian," James Sash told himself with a grim pleasure. "One Indian less," the stream reiterated. "One less Indian," John Dixon Folkes thought, satisfied and brutal. He could still feel the shock of the knife plunged into a human body.

Gabriel Sash sat gazing with fixed eyes into what was left of the forest. John was once more facing the moment when, with Colonel Allen and Colonel Lewis, James Sash left the stockade at Frenchtown to support Wells' unhappy force. They set their feet without hesitation on the way to death. A simple and unremarkable act of obligation. An obligation, John Dixon Folkes, realized, that each man contained within himself. They owed their hopeless sally to inner necessities which kept them decently alive. He began to see that, because of such necessities and men, Kentucky assumed a solid value; it was a land, a state, made out of certain durable and reassuring qualities—unassailable courage and an utter simplicity of mind. Its virtues, as well as its faults, were the result of early bitter hardship and danger; its first spark was struck by the flint, the determination, of a few men from Virginia and Georgia and the steel tomahawks and scalping knives of raiding Indians. It had, equally because of so much desperate struggle, a pastoral desire for peace, for white houses and brick houses and houses of Kentucky limestone set in tranquil groves and surrounded by green meadows. For red Devon cattle like animals in dark copper and burnished horses with drifting manes and tails.

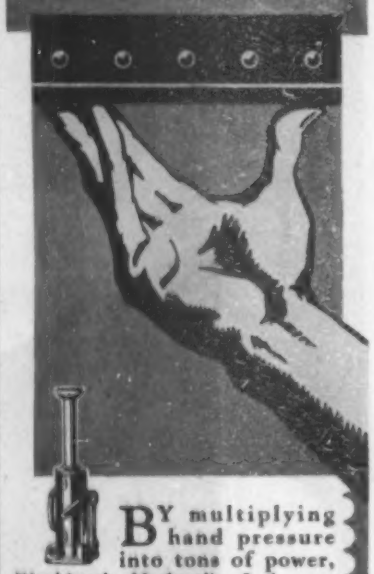
"It goes back to Gabriel Sash, the Long Hunter," the old man asserted. "He came from the Holston country with Colonel Knox in 1769. That was the beginning of the Sashes and Abels in Kentucky. At Harrodstown. Isaac Mace, Beriah's son—his mother was Kate Abel—had it all in his head. Twenty men left Reedy Creek with Knox and traveled by Cumberland Gap and the Great Warrior's Road to Flat Lick. There were tall cliffs there, and mountainy hills, and everything else you could put a name to. But mostly briers and wild grapevines. They camped in Price's meadow and built a depot, agreeing to come back every five weeks. Gabriel Sash hunted with John Rains and Obadiah Terrell through high grass you could never reach to the end of. Caves with human bones and salt licks with bones bigger than a man's body. Some of the hunters went home, but a parcel stayed. Gabriel Sash was one of them; they built two boats and two trapping canoes and went on down the Cumberland.

"They went down the Mississippi River clear to the French fort at Natchez. Gabriel Sash came up through the Indian country alone and met Colonel Knox and Richard Skaggs and one or two more on Laurel River. They went west and met a party of Cherokees. It wasn't a war party, and their chief, Captain Dick, sent them up a creek and beyond a bushy ridge, and, like he promised, they chanced on the prettiest river in the world. Deer and bear and buffalo on the meadows and in the skirt of the wood. Gabriel Sash stayed there alone, and in the fall—it was 1771—Knox came back with pack horses and they built a skin house on Caney Fork. They hunted the Barrens up to the Green River, but lost all their pelts—twenty-three hundred deerskins. Rotted. Some more went back to the settlements, but Gabriel Sash wasn't with them. The Indians got Christopher Stoph and William Allen; pushed them full of fat pine splinters and lighted them up; the faster Christopher and William ran the brighter they burned. Joseph Drake discovered Drake's pond. A great place for deer. Isaac Bledsoe found a good salt lick. Gabriel had a mind to see Harrodstown."

His mind to see James Harrod's town on the Salt River, at Big Spring, brought him out of the forest at the end of a spring day. He was surprised by the buildings and extent of Harrodstown. Twenty cabins—some of them double—at least. The fort had two rows of cabins, their outer walls

(Continued on Page 92)

One hand moves tons



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From main line N. P. Ry., near Stampede, Wash.

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For more than a thousand miles, the majestic grandeur of Rockies and Cascades accompanies the NORTH COAST LIMITED through the Northwest, the country pioneered, developed and served by the Northern Pacific Railway.

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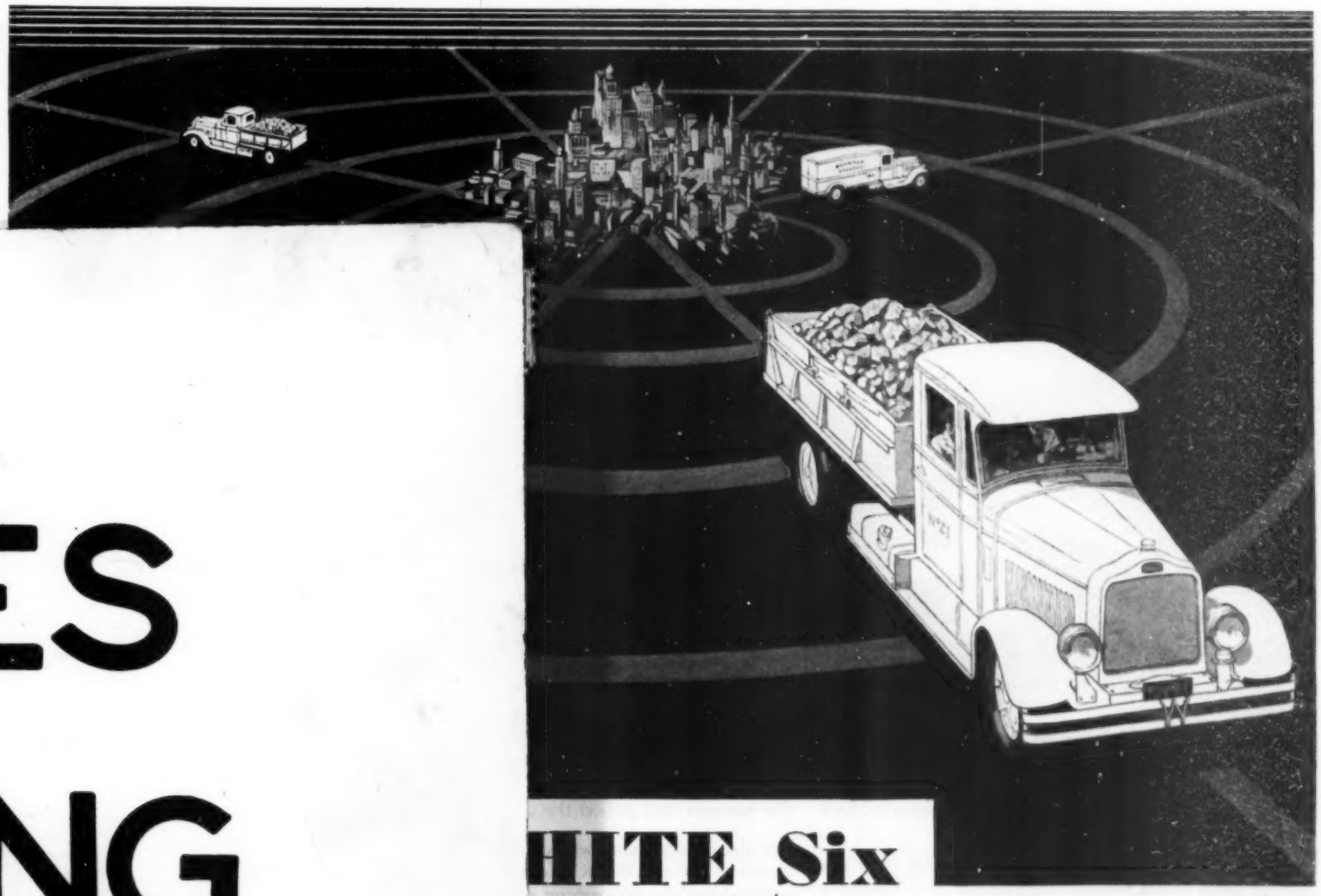

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TRANSMISSION—Selective type, four speeds.

REAR AXLE—Heavy, single reduction, full floating.

FRAME—Pressed steel, heavily reinforced.

4-WHEEL BRAKES—Hydraulic internal expanding, power assisted. Four-wheel air brakes optional at extra cost.

EMERGENCY BRAKE—Double-drum, internal expanding. Mounted on drive shaft, operated by hand lever.

GASOLINE TANK—35 gallon tank on right side of frame.

ELECTRICAL SYSTEM—Two-unit, 12-volt starting and lighting. Third brush control. 12-volt battery.

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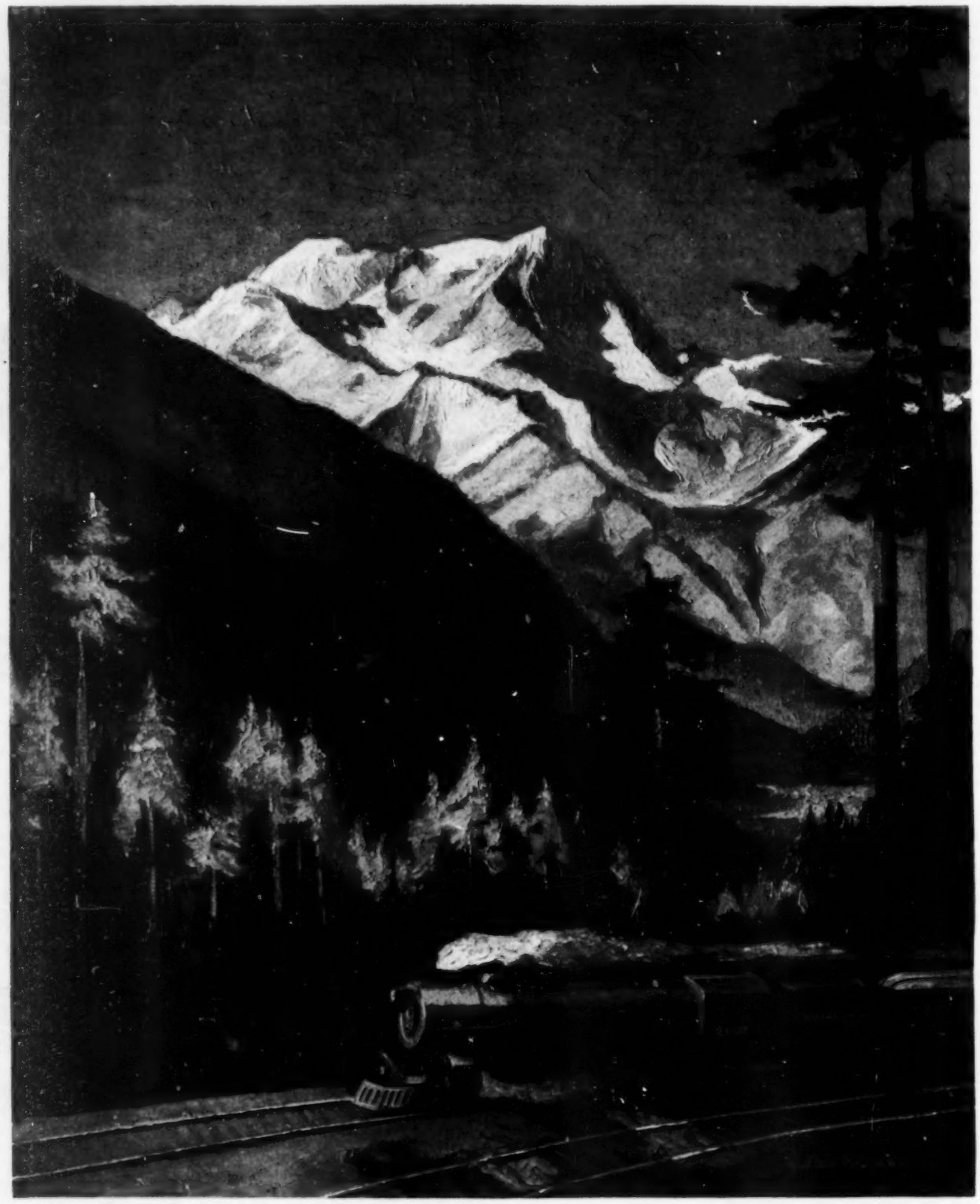

Rainier National Park
From main line N. P. Ry., near Stampede, Wash.

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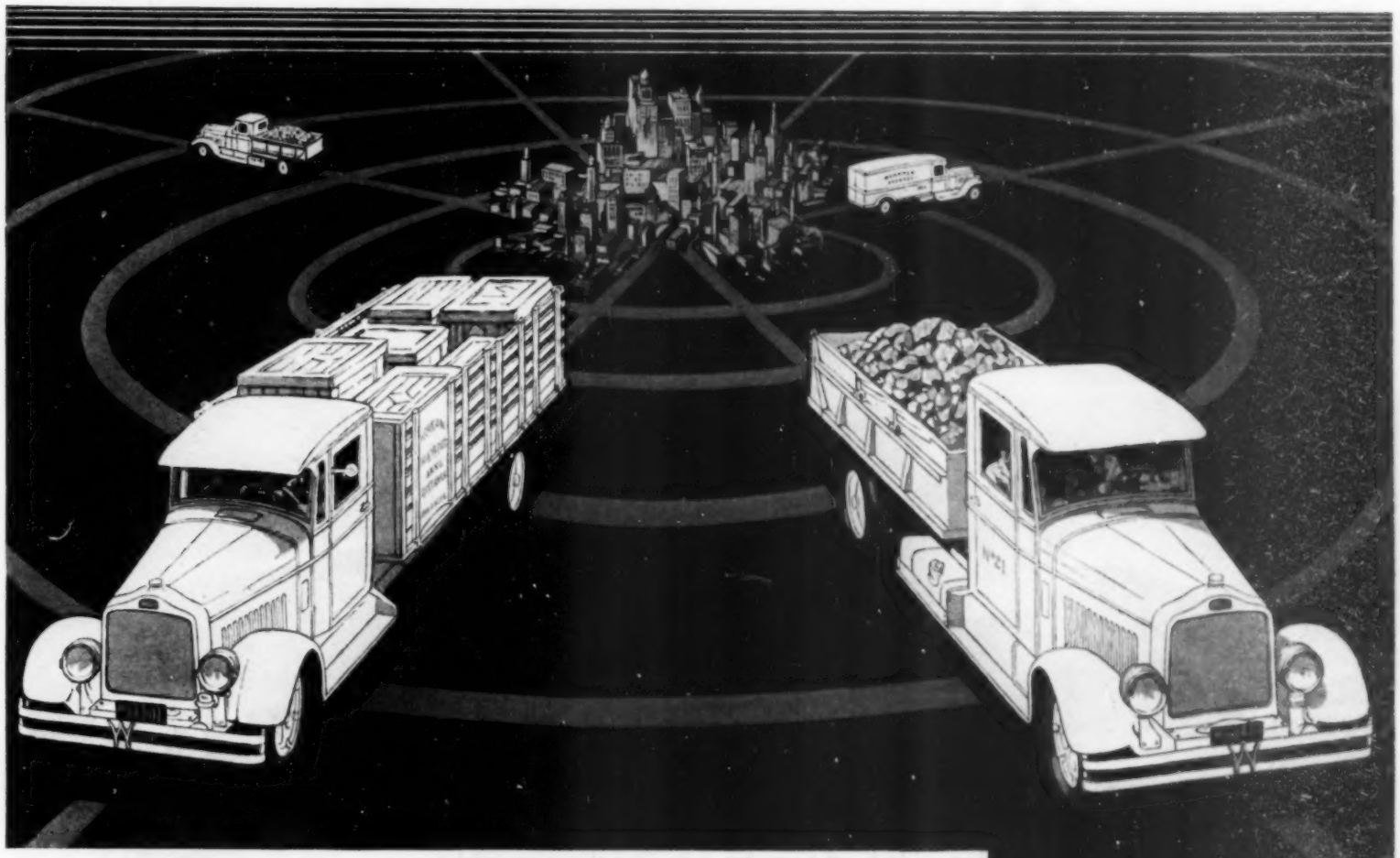

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The Model 63 is rugged, oversize and White-built throughout. It is designed for both city and inter-city hauling with extra power for steep grades and rough going, and higher average speeds and quick acceleration in heavy city traffic.

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TRUCKS
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A terrific storm and a stalled car in danger of being swept away by rising flood waters—this was the situation that faced V. B. Hunter, a repairman employed by R. Y. Bowers of Lancaster, S. C. at three o'clock one dark morning last Spring.

To reach the stranded car with a wrecker over the clay-greased roads seemed impossible. But Hunter's job is often impossible—saving lives—saving cars—working at all hours.

Borrowing a steel cable from a nearby cotton mill, he waded through the dark treacherous water. Sixty yards—one misstep fatal! Fearlessly he dived into the icy water, tied the cable to the car, waded back to the wrecker and pulled the car to safety!

For this exceptional service V. B. Hunter has been awarded the PEDRICK Medal of Honor. Repairmen everywhere are performing equally hazardous feats of courage. If you know a man deserving this medal, send us his name. He may be awarded a cash prize and public recognition of his valor.

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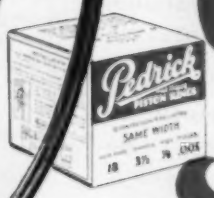

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Slight motor defects often cause serious accidents. When you have engine trouble, don't try to decide yourself what the trouble is. Ask an expert repairman. There is no motor cure-all—no single mechanical remedy that will cure engine trouble.

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Experience with millions of cars enables your repairman to recognize the first signs of trouble and to make the necessary adjustments. By servicing your car regularly, he can keep it at top performance and warn you of approaching trouble before it becomes serious and expensive.

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Worn piston rings may be the cause of loss of power, excessive fuel consumption, oil pumping and other engine troubles. If you need new piston rings, your repairman will tell you and will install a new set.

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(Continued from Page 92)

simply. "She has allowed me to say that she wants to marry me."

Elisha Abel studied him closely. "Susan is engaged to Ambrose New," he asserted after a while.

"I am sorry about that," John said again, "but I am not going to let it spoil our lives. Susan would rather marry me—you see, she hadn't known me very long—and that ought to make you decide in my favor. It is your duty to see that she is happy as possible."

Elisha Abel frowned at him. "I don't like you," he admitted; "no one here did until Susan changed her mind. If she has—if she has. It isn't necessary, either, for you to indicate where my duty lies. In fact, it is decidedly impertinent. You are impertinent. I'd far rather Susan married Ambrose New."

"This wasn't anybody's fault," John Dixon Folkes explained. "It happened in spite of what we all wanted. You don't know if you like me or not. You don't know me. Perhaps I don't like you. I don't have to. But I do have to marry Susan. I came to you at once."

Elisha Abel continued to frown. Then it was evident he had reached a conclusion. "Very well," he said, "I will believe what you have told me. After that it is Susan's affair, and not mine—Susan's and Ambrose New's. You must take it to him. I will agree with what you all arrange. Ambrose, I believe, is back from the sessions of the Circuit Court."

John explained to Susan her father's attitude. He could see that she was disturbed.

"It's the Sash and Abel men," she explained. "You are so selfish—you think of nothing but honor. All the rest is sacrificed to it. If you look very closely at honor, I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be nothing but vanity."

He explained that she could not judge the standards men were measured by. "Look," he proceeded, "at my great-grandfather, Manoah Abel, and Nancy Sash. He had to kill Jarrot Bensalem. Either way he would lose Nancy. I will have to give Ambrose New what satisfaction he demands. If he insisted on a duel, and I refused, I'd have to leave the bluegrass. I'd have to leave Kentucky. You wouldn't care for me any more. I couldn't look even a negro in the face. All my life I would be referred to as the man who was afraid to meet Ambrose New. I took you from him, and if he wants it he must have a chance to make me pay for it."

Susan was unconvinced. It was all a piece of vanity, she insisted. She cried a little.

John Dixon Folkes rode, the following morning, into Lexington and to Ambrose New's office. He seemed, John thought, to be like Mason Hazel—a quiet and tired-looking man with eyes deeply set in shadow.

John said, "I am John Dixon Folkes; I am staying at Calydon—but, of course, you know all that. You know that my grandmother was Delia Abel." Ambrose New rose and extended his hand. "Wait," John told him; "perhaps in a moment you won't do that." He gazed about. No one else was within hearing. "I am in love with Susan Abel," he proceeded; "I ought to say we are in love with each other. We thought of getting married."

Ambrose New was sitting in the chair back of his large table. He didn't look at John; his gaze was concentrated on a tray of pens before him. A quiet and obviously tired man with eyes quenched in shadows. There was a long silence that developed in John Dixon Folkes a state of annoyance.

At last Ambrose New spoke. "Where would you plan to live?" he asked.

"Here, of course," John declared. "We wouldn't consider going anywhere else."

Ambrose New gazed slowly about his office. He completely avoided, he ignored, John. "That is all," he said suddenly.

John was astounded. "I am sorry," he said; "Susan is sorrier than she can express. I told you I am at Calydon. If you should want to see me, if there is any satisfaction I might give you, I will be instantly ready."

Ambrose New repeated his simple phrase, "That is all."

He was, John Dixon Folkes realized, dismissed. He stopped outside Ambrose New's office with a feeling of angry impotence. This changed into a glow of considerable satisfaction; he had won Ambrose New's love away from him, he had offered Ambrose the completest of all satisfaction, and Ambrose had avoided it. Ambrose had tamely let him carry Susan off.

John returned to Elisha Abel. "What did Ambrose say?" Elisha demanded.

"Nothing," John Dixon Folkes replied; "nothing in the world. He simply looked around at his dusty office and asked where we were going to live. It was a silly question and I let him see I thought so."

Elisha Abel said scarcely more than Ambrose. "You are very young," he told John. Then, abruptly, he left him.

Susan kissed John Dixon Folkes. "Don't you see," she explained, "Ambrose meant that if we were going to live here, he couldn't. He thinks it would make things a little difficult for me. I believe Ambrose loves the bluegrass better than anything else in the world."

It was afternoon and they were standing on the Calydon lawn. The pastures were dark green within brilliant white fences, and negroes were working in an orderly tobacco field. A deep tranquillity possessed John Dixon Folkes; he was, like the bluegrass, one with the soil of Kentucky; an unpremeditated phrase, both strange and familiar, occurred to him—he, too, was part of a limestone tree.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and final story of the series by Mr. Hergesheimer.

A Road Bordered With Rhododendron Near Asheville, North Carolina

No more Tired Aching Feet!

By this new, original, exclusive method, tired, aching feet, pains in the legs, swollen ankles and sore heels—are quickly ended.

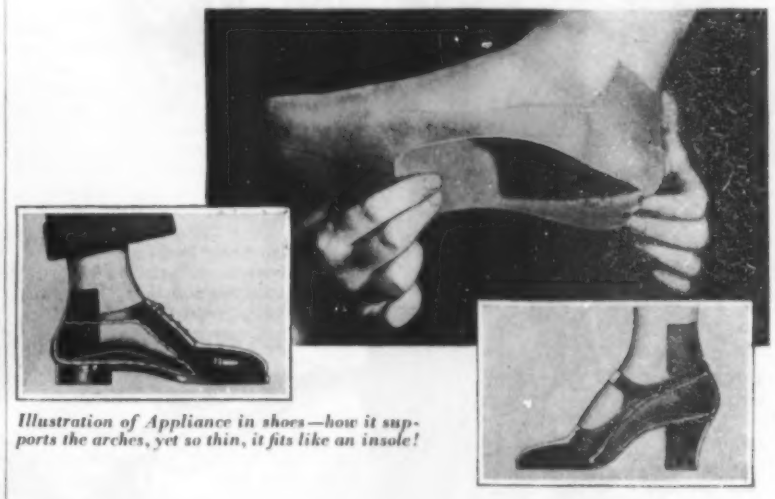

Illustration of Appliance in shoes—how it supports the arches, yet so thin, it fits like an insole!

NINE times in ten, aching feet, sore heels, swollen ankles, painful callouses, cramped toes, etc., are the result of *weak or fallen arches and foot strain!* The ligaments become strained and the muscles lose their elasticity, allowing the arches to sag the tissues and press on the nerves. Soon every step hurts.

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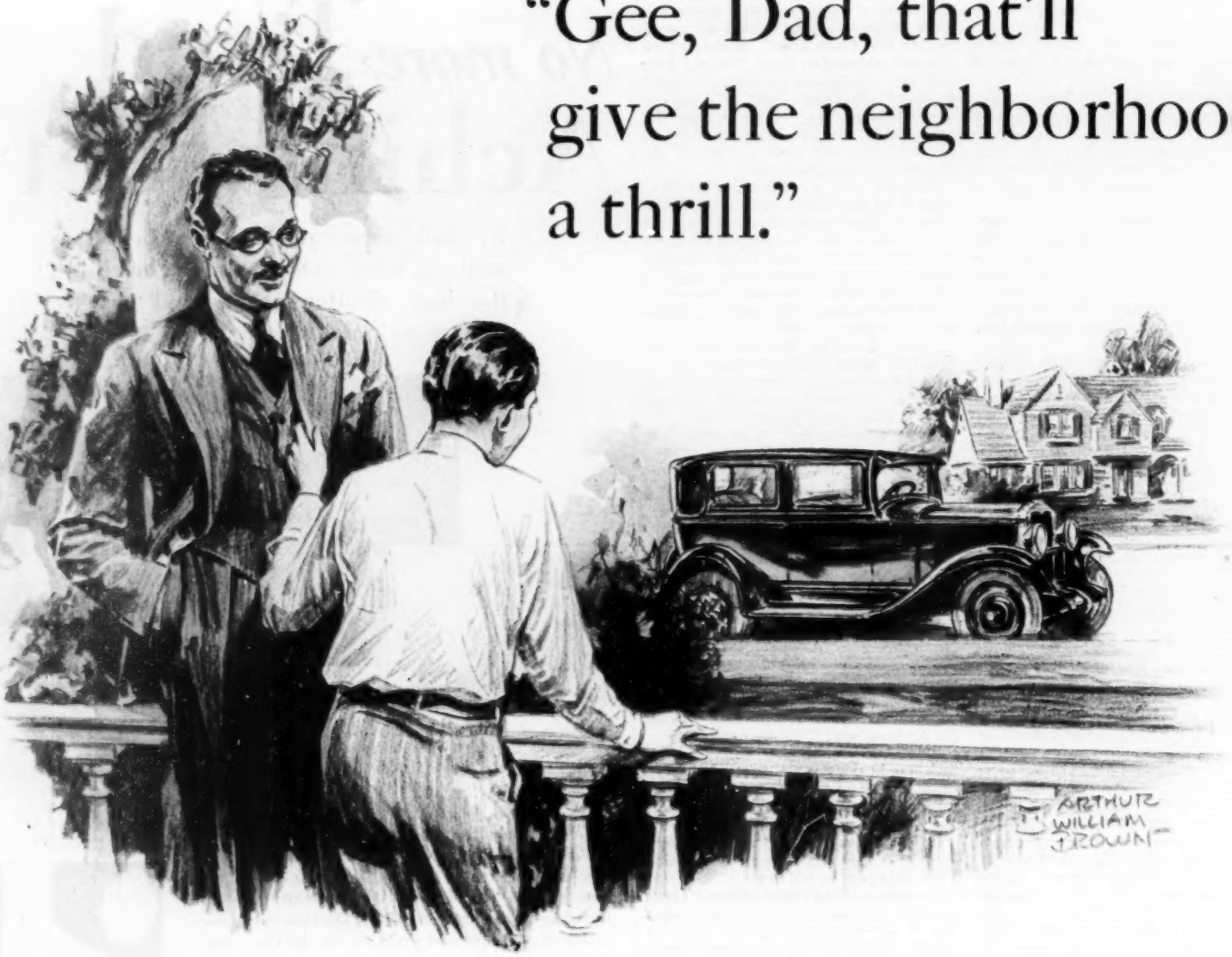
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

"Gee, Dad, that'll give the neighborhood a thrill."



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BABY MILLY AND THE PHARAOH

(Continued from Page 7)

half-closed, saucerish eyes of the child and listening nervously to see if it were breathing.

"Don't be afwaid of me," Mr. Gershky finally faltered, and this time was rewarded with so flashing, eager and excited a smile that he himself chuckled automatically and once more fell to clucking—this time in a loud and self-assured manner. At these salivous sounds, however, the little one lapsed almost magically into her previous Mongolian calm. And Mr. Gershky, renowned through the industry for his ability to read character—if nothing else—silenced himself at once and frowned slightly.

"Hello," the child spoke in a surprisingly full, flat voice for one so young.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Gershky gallantly. "Is that a pwetty book?"

The child again fell to studying him coldly.

"I said is that a pwetty book," repeated Mr. Gershky, with a slight tinge of anger to his words.

The child hesitated, and then, apparently satisfied that the gentleman was not attempting baby talk, but lacked the ability to pronounce his words correctly—which was indeed true; Mr. Gershky substituting a *w* for an *r* whenever it was vocably possible—she nodded her head slowly.

"Yes," she said, "but I'm finished with it."

To prove this, the child closed the large book with a bang and bounced to her feet and continued to bounce up and down. And approaching Mr. Gershky in this manner, as if she were a rubber ball, she suddenly seized him around the knees. Mr. Gershky, tackled unawares, would have toppled over but for the fact that the little one continued to hold him erect in her arms, which seemed remarkably strong. For a moment Mr. Gershky hesitated as to whether or not he should wrestle, which seemed to be the child's unexpected whim. The decision was taken out of his hands, however. His new friend released her hold, and picking up the hem of her tiny dress in one hand, planted her left toe behind her right foot and made him a pretty curtsy.

Then, apparently forgetting all about the gentleman, she placed her left hand on her hip and walked with a most amazing swagger across the room, her head tilting from side to side, her large black eyes flashing about the room and her mouth spread in a giddy smile.

Mr. Gershky retreated into a large leather chair and sat watching her with a doting chuckle. He felt deeply pleased with this adventure, wondered whose delightful child this could be, and for the first time in years found himself thoroughly occupied and entertained by a fellow human being. So young, so innocent; Mr. Gershky sighed, as if these were phenomena whose presence he had not suspected in the world. Just beginning life, just a little tot; and his heart grew warm, his spirit felt the reviving touch of childhood.

The little one had maneuvered into a position in front of Mr. Gershky and was standing with her feet spread apart in a half split and looking soulfully up at the gentleman.

"I like you," she spoke, after a pause in which Mr. Gershky had the good sense not to cluck.

"Come here," said Mr. Gershky, and waved his fingers invitingly.

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than his impetuous friend had leaped on his lap and, twisting and climbing, all in one snakelike movement, had flattened herself against Mr. Gershky, her knees buried in his stomach, her arms encircling his head, her lips bestowing hearty, wet smacks on his cheek.

"I love you," she explained excitedly. "Do you love me?"

Mr. Gershky was for the moment out of breath. This sudden embrace, this quick surrender of a child's heart, confused him. But it was a pleasing confusion, and under it was that flattered sense which only children can stir, when, liking us, they give us the delicious notion that they have beheld us in some subtle and dramatic light—quite as if we were a figure in a fairy tale. Mr. Gershky, under this little one's plaster of kisses, grew a bit light-headed, as if he were making his debut in a Christmas school pantomime. This was what was missing in his life—something intimate and spontaneous, something real like a child's love!

Mr. Gershky floundered through several such clichés and answered finally: "Yes, deawie, I love you. You're a vewy pwetty little girlie."

Mr. Gershky's curious pronunciation again plunged the little one into its Mongolian calm, but only for an instant. Observing anew that this gentleman's peculiar diction was not a wanton insult to her intelligence but some sort of educational defect which he couldn't help, her arms tightened rather savagely about the Pharaoh's neck. With her head snuggled on his shoulder, she lay dormant for a moment, thinking up her next move, when, raising her eyes, she observed three hateful figures standing in the doorway. Unaware of this audience, Mr. Gershky continued to assure her, in the tenderest of tones, that if she were a good girlie he would reward her not only with his love but with a great deal of candy.

"Hullo, H. J.," said Mr. Frieda. "I see you've met Baby Milly."

Mr. Gershky tried unsuccessfully to wiggle his head out of the Baby's embrace.

"Go on away," growled the little one, her eyes angrily on Mr. Frieda. "Go on, you!"

Mr. Frieda arched his face in a critical smile and approached his desk, remarking curtly over his shoulder to the two figures poised on the threshold: "I'll send for you in a few minutes."

A hireling immediately closed the door on the two figures.

"Her dear parents," Mr. Frieda continued to the Pharaoh, who was coming out of the headlock with dignified but unscientific maneuvers. "There's a pair of Tartars for you. You know what they want for that brat?"

A well-dressed youth appeared through another door. This was Mr. Frieda's secretary.

"Yes?" said Mr. Frieda, widening his mouth so that he suddenly looked very nervous and ominous, albeit still the soul of courtesy.

"I beg your pardon," the secretary answered crisply, cool and articulate in these front-line trenches. "Mrs. Stackleback says she wants her baby."

"Her what?" inquired Mr. Frieda with nasty innuendo.

"Baby Milly," said the secretary firmly. "She says she doesn't want you and—and Mr. Gershky conferring with her behind her back."

"O. K.," said Mr. Frieda, turning on the little one, loosely entwined with the Pharaoh and endeavoring futilely to glare her down. "Go on outside! Your ma wants you."

"Chollie," Mr. Gershky's voice was reproving.

Mr. Frieda so far forgot his fifteen years of diplomacy as to snort.

"Go to your mamma," Mr. Gershky relayed his petulant noble's order in the persuasive, *entre-nous* tones of the superior child psychologist.

Baby Milly, continuing to glare at Mr. Frieda, and forcing him to arch his eyebrows—a sure indication, to those who knew him, that he was exercising self-control as well as cunning—tobogganed down Mr. Gershky to the floor. She picked herself up quickly and confronted Mr. Frieda with tilted head, lips pursed, nose wrinkled and eyes blinking rapidly.

"Yo-o-ou!" she drawled in liquid contempt. "Yo-o-ou! H'm! Oh, yo-o-ou!"

"Go on outside," said Mr. Frieda, his jaws working at both ends of his smile.

"Oh, yes!" replied Baby Milly, adding with withering mimicry: "Go on outside! Go on yourself! Yo-o-ou!"

With this speech she tilted her head clear around to her other shoulder, and fluttering her eyelids, sneered at the waiting secretary. Then, with the three gentlemen regarding her, she emitted a little snort and marched triumphantly back to Mr. Gershky's lap, climbing thereon with straightforward, businesslike gestures. Mr. Gershky, despite his better judgment, was touched by this evidence of preference and trust.

"Now, weally," he began, "your mamma ——"

"Oh, now, shush," said Baby Milly, cuddling. "He don't know anything"—and she pointed a tense, curved finger at Mr. Frieda.

"Tell La Stackleback—what a name!" said Mr. Frieda to the imperturbable courier—"that we will send her her child—as soon as we can scrape it off."

"O. K.," said the secretary, retiring in good order.

"Well," said Mr. Frieda, "you seem to have made a hit, H. J."

Mr. Gershky grew bland and Pharaoh-like, and his chief noble accepted the rebuke contained in his manner with a patient smile—a smile, however, which gave him the look of a shy but very contemplative cobra.

"Madam Stackleback," continued Mr. Frieda, "wants twenty-five grand for her baby's services. Can you imagine that? She also wants her starred. Personally I'm sorry we ever went into the thing at all. Although I still think it's a natural. But twenty-five grand is out of the question. And she won't take a nickel less."

Mr. Gershky, without thinking, had placed his arm around his little admirer, thrilled by the sense of peace and relaxation this contact seemed to inspire in her.

"So you are Baby Milly?" he said, ignoring Mr. Frieda's plaints. "I've heard of you. You're vewy famous indeed."

"He don't want me," said Baby Milly, again pointing the tense and curved finger at her enemy. "Him!"

"Wouldn't you like to work for me?" cooed Mr. Gershky.

"You, but not him," said Baby Milly, and turning her face to Mr. Frieda, added, "Puh!" Then, caressing Mr. Gershky's tie, she inquired coyly, "What's your name?"

"That's Mr. Gershky," Mr. Frieda answered for the Pharaoh, to save him that mystic embarrassment which greatness feels when called upon for its identity. Mr. Gershky smiled modestly at the sound of his name, as if to disparage some of it.

"I didn't ask you. You!" Baby Milly waggled her finger. Tobogganing down Mr. Gershky once more, she went through her curtsy, smiling up at him with her lips parted and her eyes rolled coquettishly, like black marbles, into their corners. Mr. Gershky nodded with approval.

"Vewy nice." He smiled. "Thank you."

Mr. Frieda looked away.

The door of the office flung open, and a substantial and defiant-looking Mrs. Stackleback presented herself.

"I sent for my child," she announced, and, holding out her arms, added in a cornet tremolo, "Baby!"

Baby Milly remained motionless, staring at her mother with a disdain which almost equaled that she had accorded Mr. Frieda—a disdain, however, whose spontaneity and naturalness made the child seem human for the moment. Ignoring the mother's woeful bleat, she scurried back into Mr. Gershky's lap.

"You have a wewy interesting child," said Mr. Gershky.

"I told you I'd send for you, madam, when I wanted you." Mr. Frieda lowered

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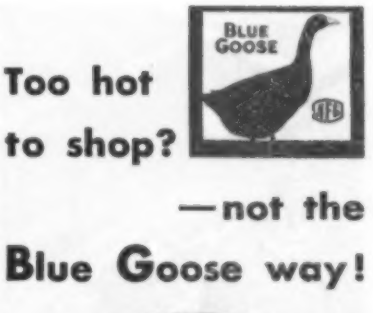

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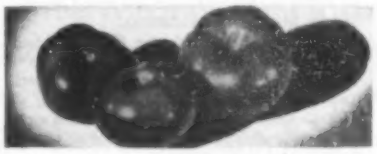

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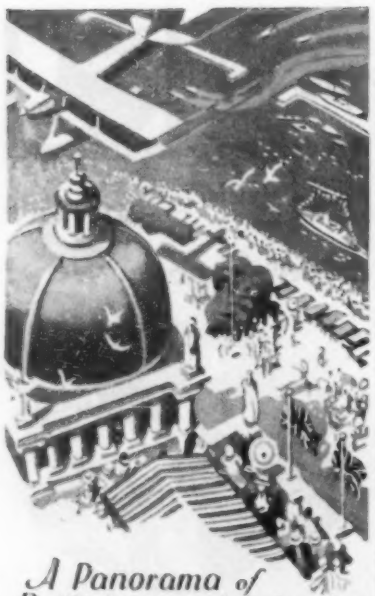

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his head as if to hide this discourteous remark.

"Chollie!" Mr. Gershky was once more reproving. Turning to Mrs. Stackleback, he was somewhat surprised to see a completely changed woman. Her long, horse-like face was thrown back happily, as if she were going to whinny.

"Mr. Gershky," she tossed the name giddily before her as she advanced, "I'm Mrs. Stackleback, Baby Milly's mothah. And Mr. Frieda sent for us. And we came over ready to do business, ready to listen and discuss. As I told Mr. Stackleback—of course—well, Baby Milly is a genius. A tremendous drawing card. That's very obvious! But we must remember, Mr. Gershky, that she will not be a little baby very long. Her little innocent years are numbahed. And what she has is, therefore, all the more precious, all the more dear and sweet and wonderful."

"I understand," said Mr. Gershky, while Mr. Frieda, his head lowered as if he were having a shampoo, remained shy, but very contemplative.

"Of course you do! I knew you would!" cried Mrs. Stackleback in a manner which combined languor and a college yell.

Mrs. Stackleback's child, who had been snorting unnoticed through her mother's oration, suddenly raised its voice in an unexpected and commanding English accent.

"Mothah!" it exclaimed. "Mothah deah!" And spacing its words, cried out: "I—don't—care! No-o-o-o!"

"Of course you don't, sweetheart," said its understanding parent.

"I said I don't care," repeated the child roundly. "So-o-oh!"

"Isn't she a darling?" Mrs. Stackleback yodeled. "And she's quite right. Absolutely right."

This corroboration of her child's mysterious utterance confused Mr. Gershky, who felt a growing discomfort over this trifling financial discussion. It seemed rather out of place to discuss money with a little baby and her mother.

"And if you want Baby Milly, Mr. Gershky," Mrs. Stackleback declaimed, looking up as if under the spell of a great, sacrificial mood, "you may have her."

"For fifteen thousand dollars for the first picture," Mr. Frieda interpolated firmly, "and an option for twenty thousand for the next."

"Exactly." Mrs. Stackleback thrust her head forward, but toward Mr. Gershky, with a winsome shake. "My main concern is that my child be happy, be pleased, be in the proper hands. And I can see that you, dear Mr. Gershky, have captured her little heart. And she is so indifferent to people, she is so much the little hermit, that I am amazed!"

Each of her parent's words seemed to stir in Baby Milly a new and deeper contempt, but she remained silent, shutting her eyes tightly and blowing as if she were gasping for air.

"That's fine," said Mr. Frieda, and pressed a button. "I'll send for your husband and we'll all sign the proper papers."

Mrs. Stackleback, with many pert little feminine gestures, began removing the glove from her right hand, and Mr. Gershky, smiling down on the little one, who had opened her eyes now and was nestling with perfect confidence against his vest and actually purring, inquired blandly:

"What is the name of the pickchew?"

"The Brat," said Mr. Frieda. "It's that play I told you about."

"H'm," Mr. Gershky shook his head. "Call it The Little Lady."

"Oh, that's much nicer! That's a wonderful, marvelous title," Mrs. Stackleback exploded. "How did you ever think of it?"

And Mr. Frieda stared smilingly into space as his ears turned red.

III

WITH the contracts and codicils signed which made Baby Milly a Gershky Amusements star for fifteen thousand dollars instead of twenty-five thousand dollars Mr. Gershky was not a little pleased with himself. This sort of dickering was as incongruous to his Pharaoh-hood as a game of tiddlywinks. But it pleased him to have Mr. Frieda note that, nevertheless, this sort of thing was apple pie for him. And he smiled paternally at his chief noble, aware that the latter must be eating his heart out.

Comment was unnecessary. By a magic inherent in him, by a subtle exercise of personality, baffling to the lesser reaches of Mr. Frieda's vision, Mr. Gershky had won the heart of a little child, softened the covetous spirit of its Amazon mother, saved the company thousands of dollars and, what was most pleasing, left in Mr. Frieda the memory of a transaction that for weeks would remain a diet of gall and wormwood.

With that clairvoyance which enables Pharaohs to see into the souls of their satellites, Mr. Gershky penetrated the aplomb and amiability of Mr. Frieda and perceived the writhings of envy and vengeance. It was this delight in his chief noble's wretchedness that inspired Mr. Gershky, as much as anything else, to his subsequent actions.

Mr. Stackleback had appeared for the signing—a short, negligible man with round, questioning eyes. It was seldom that Mr. Gershky encountered anybody shier and more socially inept than himself. But in Mr. Stackleback he at once recognized so diffident, furtive, tremulous and tongue-tied a washout that Mr. Gershky felt himself expanding into a distinguished and fascinating gentleman in contrast.

All these factors operated peculiarly on Mr. Gershky's spirit—filled him, as it were, with an air of carnival. To add to this, Baby Milly had now embraced his knees in a proprietary manner, while herself sitting on the floor, and was moaning over and over, "Oh, shucks! Oh, my, shucks!"

Mr. Gershky inquired what troubled her.

"I don't want you to go," said Baby Milly with a groan. "No! No!"

She stood up and, tightening her hold, lifted her feet from the ground and remained hanging like an aggrieved simian from Mr. Gershky's thighs.

"Darling," cried Mrs. Stackleback, as if her heart were breaking over the impending bereavement, "you must let Mr. Gershky go. He has no time for you now!"

"No! No-oh!" the little one protested.

"Darling, come to mothah," Mrs. Stackleback pleaded, but in such a manner as seemed to add fuel to her baby's woes.

"Would you like to come with me?" Mr. Gershky, feeling himself slowly borne to the floor, managed to inquire. Baby Milly dropped her feet and began jumping up and down and pounding gratefully on Mr. Gershky's thighs with her little fists.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "Oh, my!"

Whereupon Baby Milly gavotted up to her knight and, spreading her legs in a split, sank to the floor, with her head wavering from side to side and her eyelids fluttering artistically. She lay thus in a profound obeisance at Mr. Gershky's feet while he repeated, the air of carnival still on him, "That's vewy pwetty. Thank you."

Thus, an hour later, Mr. Gershky was sitting in the rear of his shining automobile, and beside him, with her moist little hand clutching his thumb, sat Baby Milly. They were driving into the country to the half-fabulous conglomeration of forests, bowling alleys, golf links, zoölogical gardens, swimming pools and shining turrets that Mr. Gershky called his home.

It had been agreed that the child was to spend the week-end as a guest of the Pharaoh; to be returned to its mother's bosom on the Monday following. During this ride Baby Milly revealed a new and refreshing side of her nature. She huddled motionless in the leather seat, as contained as a little princess, and Mr. Gershky sat happily considering how the child's love for him had tamed her wild spirit and made a little lady out of her.

IV

BABY MILLY'S arrival in Mr. Gershky's home passed, for the time, almost unnoticed by the score of servitors who materialized around the Pharaoh. Mr. Gershky and his little companion were bowed from room to room. Still preserving the curious, doting silence she had given her host in the automobile, the little one allowed herself to be turned over to a pair of strange women. She suffered the separation from her knight without protest.

Introduced into a magnificent chamber hung in blue and gray taffetas, furnished with effulgent mirrors, brocaded chairs and a royally canopied bed, Baby Milly looked indifferently around her for a moment and walked, still silent, into the bathroom. Here, amid a profusion of onyx and silver, frescoes and glass ornaments, she addressed herself to the glittering lavatory fixtures and, while her two attendants, Mrs. Jones and Miss Guernay, looked on with some wonder, proceeded to wash her face and hands thoroughly, comb and brush her hair with a fastidious care remarkable in one so young—Miss Guernay estimated her as eight, but Mrs. Jones whispered it couldn't be more than five or six—and, her toilet done, remained regarding herself raptly in the largest of the mirrors.

"Is there anything you want?" Mrs. Jones inquired helpfully from the doorway.

"I'll ask for it," said the child, and continued to smile queerly into the mirror. There ensued a remarkable pantomime, which the two ladies in waiting watched with growing irritation. Baby Milly, her eyes never leaving the glass, indulged herself in a number of varying moods, chief among which were those of languor and hauteur. These she achieved, after some practice, by holding her head a trifle to one side, elevating her chin and staring down the sides of her twitching nose, her eyelids distended and drooping. After some minutes of intensive rehearsal, she turned a perfected pose upon Mrs. Jones and Miss Guernay and spoke.

"I am Baby Milly," she said mincingly.

The ladies in waiting nodded.

"Yes, I recognized you, my dear," Miss Guernay answered. "I've seen you lots of times in the movies."

Baby Milly flashed her a rare smile, and then, oblivious of both of them, walked from the bathroom, her chin high, her nose twitching. The attendants followed at a discreet distance.

For the next half hour Baby Milly paraded through the Pharaoh's palace. Up and down flights of stairs, her hauteur never wavering, her little legs apparently made of iron, the child marched, poking into ornate corners, opening mysterious doors, peering into cabinets, pulling on bell ropes, unfastening window bolts, now and then kicking casually at some panel or Florentine *credenza* that did not take her fancy—and all with an air of calm detachment which would have done justice to the most cynical of subleasers inspecting the premises.

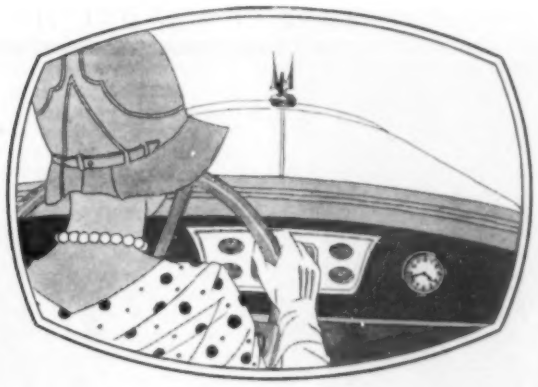
The tour concluded, Mrs. Jones and Miss Guernay wabbling on their wearied legs, Baby Milly spied Mr. Gershky through a window. As if answering a call to battle, the Herculean-muscled child charged down two flights of stairs bellowing, to the surprise of some fifteen servants past whom she catapulted, "Daddy, daddy! Here I am! Daddy! Look!"

Mr. Gershky was standing rather dreamily beside his favorite garden bed, his spirit, as always, rendered pleasantly vacuous by the glories of his domain. At the sight of his little guest, however, now charging in leaps across the lawn, now advancing like a eurythmic elf, Mr. Gershky quickly sat down. Baby Milly, changing her tactics in midair, landed at his feet at the end of the last of six standing jumps. The ladies in waiting approached, out of breath and red-faced.

"Go 'way, you!" Baby Milly turned on them and, touched by the glamour of early summer trees and flowers, broke into an imitation of a railroad train. "Chuck, chuck; chuck, chuck; chuck, chuck," she exploded, tugging on Mr. Gershky's hand the while. "Come on, daddy."

Mr. Gershky smiled at this new title—smiled and felt his heart grow rosy.

(Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 98)

"Would you like to see the animals?" he inquired.

"Oh, dear me, you're so slow," Baby Milly answered. "I don't know what to do about you. It's just dreadful. Come on, heaven's sake, will you?"

Mr. Gershky stood up and was pulled for several yards into his favorite garden bed.

"Look out for the flowehs," he cautioned.

Leaning over, Baby Milly quickly tore some half dozen budding peonies from their stems.

"For you," she said, shoving them into Mr. Gershky's pockets.

The ladies in waiting, feeling that their charge was in superior hands, retired to the servants' wing with the first tidings of their little visitor's unbelievable and ominous conduct.

Baby Milly's conduct at the dinner table an hour or so later, surrounded by eight of Mr. Gershky's more authenticated kin, was a curious and involved performance. It was full of deference and bad manners, willfulness, charm, gluttony and grace.

For instance, her aversion to certain types of food, loudly and sneeringly expressed; her intimidating appetite in the presence of the goose stuffing—one of the butlers stared at her, convinced that each additional mouthful would be her last—her immediate distaste for all the Gershkys at the family board, and her hoydenish snorts of derision into her napkin each time any of them essayed a bit of small talk; her meticulous use of the cutlery and her whispered admonitions to an obese aunt of the Pharaoh concerning the advisability of a fork rather than a spoon with which to attack the lemon pie; her sudden breathless conversational outburst, when, in a stream of almost unintelligible talk that made her sound even more Chinese than she looked, she seemed to be offering the full, if disconnected, story of her life—and here a child psychologist would have noticed her own adult impatience with the stumbling inefficiency of her vocabulary and been touched by the manner in which she tried to cover up the peculiar gibber into which her tale persisted in lapsing, with the lah-de-dah mannerisms and exclamations of some glib dowager—and through all these many moods and activities, her increasing infatuation for Mr. Gershky, whom she continued to ogle rapturously; and finally, her swanlike collapse into slumber with her head pillowed trustingly on her knight's elbow, as he was trying to drink his coffee.

These and various other manifestations kept the Gershky table in a high state of suspense. The eight relatives said nothing, however, until Mrs. Jones and Miss Guernay had carried their little dinner companion out of the room, her stomach bulging and a fine perspiration on her sleeping, ivoried features. And then they spoke only with caution. They were all agreed on the remarkable spirit and rare talent owned by the child; the obese aunt was even convinced that she had only been feigning sleep and that the little rascal would come twittering back into their midst at any moment—at which the Gershkys all coughed and stared morosely at the doorway. Nevertheless—that is, despite her talent and spirit and all—they took turns intimating to Mr. Gershky that she seemed a trifle out of place among human beings.

Mr. Gershky had a special manner for relatives—that of a deaf-and-dumb man. For fifteen years, surrounded by truly Gilbertian relays of uncles, cousins, aunts, sisters and in-laws, he had maintained a queer, ghostly nonexistence in their midst, and on this night, following Baby Milly's exit, he appeared more distrait and phantomlike than ever.

He walked through several of the rooms where bridge games were being waged, seemingly unable to find a chair or face that suited him, and finally vanished altogether.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gershky was tired and not a little bruised about the thighs and knees. He sought his bed, hesitating before the door adjoining his, behind which his little guest was slumbering. He opened it finally and peered into the moonlit chamber. He was rewarded by a charming sight. With her perfect if slightly Mongolian features clearly outlined on the pillow, one little arm flung over her black little head in what seemed a gentle, unconscious "Hello," lay Baby Milly, incredibly motionless and silent. Mr. Gershky smiled and tiptoed to his own adjoining chamber.

During the following Saturday and Sunday Baby Milly wore her knight into a frazzled figure. Yet Mr. Gershky, despite the bodily cricks and kinks, the touch of fever and the running nose which he developed during her entertainment of him, found the experience a happy one.

His relatives' growing horror of the child, their unconcealed rage in her presence—these alone were worth going miles to see. With an instinct he could not help but admire, and condone, the remarkable child had immediately recognized these relatives as interlopers and confronted them from hour to hour with such an air of "I know you," mimicked them so shamelessly, replied to their questions with such frank contempt that even the servants were embarrassed.

But if her manner toward the Gershky kin was offensive, the attitude she reserved for her host revealed quite a compensating side of her. As the week-end progressed and Mr. Gershky's powers of resistance seemed to ebb, she grew positively motherly toward him, helping him sit down on the stone benches, dancing for him on the edge of the swimming pools, offering to cover him with flowers when he stretched himself in a half collapse on the lawn, catching grasshoppers and holding them under his chin to turn it yellow, and exhibiting to the best of her ability a maternal solicitude for this squat, little, bald-headed old man that completely won his heart.

Mr. Gershky had never been babied in his life—at least not since he had turned Pharaoh.

Sunday night, after a sullen exodus of the Gershky kin, Mr. Gershky, however, lying in his bed with a hot-water bottle on his feet, grew petulant and ordered Mrs. Jones to remove Baby Milly from his sight, or at least off his head, where, in her rôle of nurse, she had stumbled for the moment.

"Sh-h-h," said the little one, holding an admonishing finger to her lips. "Muthent talk. You wewy, wewy thick. No, muthent. Now go to thleep. Go on. Go on, now. Go to thleep."

Mr. Gershky was a bit irritated at this language, recognizing in it an imitation of his own peculiar dialect. He scowled at Mrs. Jones and indicated his desires with a glare at his little friend. But force was unnecessary. Baby Milly clattered off the bed and, tiptoeing up to Mrs. Jones, pulled her ear down to where she could whisper moistly into it.

"Now, you. Now, don't forget. He's wewy sick. Now. Now you take care. Now, you. See? See?" she hissed and sputtered into Mrs. Jones' ear with a great air of secrecy. Then, tiptoeing back to Mr. Gershky, she patted his cheeks with warm little fingers and cooed, "I'll be wight neah, in case you want me. You go to thleep now. Sh-h-h. Sh-h-h," and then backed slowly out of the room, her face tilted in a tender, reassuring smile upon her patient.

Mr. Gershky wakened with a bad cold and submitted to the attentions of a doctor, who cautioned him against all excitement and activity. He smiled tolerantly at this advice and lay for a rosy hour thinking of his recent adventures. Uppermost in his memory was the little child's exit from his room. He would describe the scene to Mr. Frieda and have it put into the pickchew. So sweet, so tender an episode out of real life would delight everybody who saw it, and probably make them cry.

The secretary presented himself.

"Mrs. Stackleback insists on speaking to you, sir," he announced.

Mr. Gershky picked up the telephone. There ensued a twenty-minute conversation in which Mr. Gershky assured Mrs. Stackleback that her child had been no burden to

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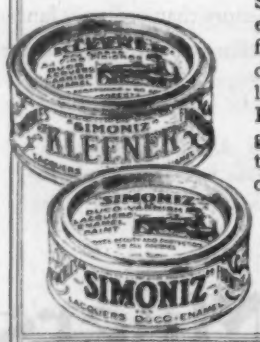

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him, that he had had a wonderful time with her; and in which Mrs. Stackleback assured Mr. Gershky that nobody could help but love him, that he was the type that appealed immediately to all innocent little hearts; and in which Mr. Gershky, stammering slightly, asked if he could have the privilege of entertaining his little guest for another day or so. Here Mrs. Stackleback paused and spoke with a deeply serious note in her voice. She wasn't sure whether it would be right to impose any longer on Mr. Gershky's good nature, but if he insisted—and Mr. Gershky did—of course she could understand. All of which talk, half of which was unintelligible to both parties, ended in Mr. Gershky retaining the custody of the little one for the immediate present, until Wednesday.

V

MR. GERSHKY, recovered from his running nose, intrusted Mr. Frieda with the business of further social negotiations with the Stacklebacks. He explained that Baby Milly seemed to be having such a fine time, it would be a shame to snatch her away, but that he didn't care to argue with her mother. Of course, if the mother was selfish enough to insist, then Mr. Frieda should let him know and the little one would be returned.

To all this Mr. Frieda listened and kept his eyes lowered. He reported back, in a cryptic manner which ordinarily would have roused the Pharaoh's suspicions, that he had arranged matters and that Baby Milly could remain as his guest. Mr. Gershky smiled happily and unsuspiciously at this information and called it "fine work."

A week later, at the Friday conference, Mr. Gershky brushed aside a number of presumably vital matters and, to the surprise of his assembled nobles, launched into a discussion of the Baby Milly pickchew. This was the first time in the memory of his court that the Pharaoh had ever interested himself in such an absurd literary matter as a movie plot. They listened and grew confused as Mr. Gershky, with unusual excitement, prattled on for two hours, outlining details and incidents which he was certain would make the Baby Milly pickchew a sensation.

He interrupted himself several times with the suggestion that Mr. Frieda take notes, and Mr. Frieda replied softly that everything Mr. Gershky was saying was, as always, being preserved for posterity by the conference secretary. Appeased, Mr. Gershky continued with further dramatic titbits—Baby Milly saving her doll from the burning house; Baby Milly saving her father from death by singing to him; Baby Milly saving a little playmate from being kidnaped by calling a policeman.

Mr. Frieda, glassy-eyed, finally interrupted suavely and inquired if Mr. Gershky had anybody particularly in mind to write the scenario. Mr. Gershky smiled tolerantly and answered that the scenario didn't need writing, but just putting together. The nobles all nodded assent to this, all agreed that the incidents so graphically outlined by Mr. Gershky needed hardly more than a good typist to turn into a perfect scenario. All except Mr. Frieda, who seemed unable to keep either his acquiescence or his temper in hand.

Mr. Frieda sat without a smile through Mr. Gershky's fourth reiteration of the plot and wrestled with his soul. His anger and righteousness grew complicated by the worry that he was listening, perhaps, not to Baby Milly's brain child but to the Pharaoh's. Thus, to attack the literary material being offered as the vaporings of an infantile mind, only to discover that it had actually emanated from the Light of the World himself, would be to sign his own death warrant.

Accordingly he sat still and said nothing and struggled to assure himself that the whole thing wasn't worth stewing about a minute, and that one more slice of cinema cheese would make no appreciable difference in the public's diet; and succeeded finally in restoring a nasty smile to his lips.

Mr. Gershky was, however, not finished with his havoc. Although the scenario was practically ready for production, Mr. Gershky felt that the company should take no chances and that his plot should be handed over to that English dramatist they had hired a month ago.

At this suggestion, Mr. Frieda's stomach turned cold. He had succeeded in luring the talented, temperamental and iconoclastic Noel Asbury into the organization only after a thousand assurances that that gentleman's brilliant mind would not be called on to demean itself with cinema hogwash, but would be free to create for the screen as it had so ably done for the stage.

"Asbury is busy on a picture right now," Mr. Frieda murmured, not trusting himself to raise his voice.

"That's all wight," said Mr. Gershky. "Tell him this is more important. It's a sensation, and will make him famous."

"I don't know if it's in his line," Mr. Frieda persisted gently.

Mr. Gershky looked at him blankly. "What are we paying him three thousand dollars a week for?" he inquired with an innocence that caused the entire court to tremble.

"O. K.," said Mr. Frieda, and stood up.

"O. K., gentlemen," said Mr. Gershky, regarding his chief noble through half-closed eyes. And the conference ended on a very peculiar and unamiable note.

VI

THREE weeks passed during which Mr. Gershky had a delightful time. For one thing, Baby Milly's presence under his roof had acted as a third rail to the Gershky kin. Mr. Gershky found himself, for the first time in his memory, disencumbered of aunts, uncles, nephews and nieces, and the curious ghostly restraint that had distinguished his manner—or rather, obliterated it—slowly disappeared.

He found Baby Milly a continual source of pleasure. He was not blind to the disfavor and aversion she seemed to inspire in others; her inability, as he explained it to Mr. Frieda, to get along with ordinary people. It was not only the violent devotion he appeared to stir in his little guest that so appealed to him but the manner with which she treated him socially—as if he were a dependent.

It thrilled him to be mothered, forced to sit still while she danced for him or made crayon sketches of him that looked like coal scuttles and mountain ranges; to listen to poetry written in his absence, albeit the poems were only one line long and made very little sense. For the first time in many years Mr. Gershky had found someone who, as he put it to Mr. Frieda, loved him for himself alone.

Thus the three weeks passed—three delightful and Arcadian weeks that seemed some sort of vacation from what Mr. Gershky called Life. They passed with no cloud in the sky, barring Mr. Frieda's strange and cryptic attitudes—a bit of insubordination Mr. Gershky promised himself to look into later—when Saturday midnight a telephone call from Mr. Harold Levine, head of the Gershky legal department, interrupted this amiable adventure in a shocking manner.

Mr. Gershky listened to Mr. Levine with, first, amazement and, secondly, horror. The skin on his bald head tightened and his heart began burning as if he had eaten too much strudel cake. He listened through these strong reactions, saying only, "Yes, yes. Go on. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, my! Is that so?"

It appeared that Mr. and Mrs. Stackleback had filed suit against Mr. Gershky, demanding a million dollars of him for the alienation of their child's affections, charging conspiracy to defraud them of their child's earnings, stating that Mr. Gershky had wooed and won the innocent heart of Baby Milly in order to obtain her invaluable cinema services for a mere nothing; citing the fact that Mr. Gershky's forcible detention of the talented child had resulted

(Continued on Page 105)

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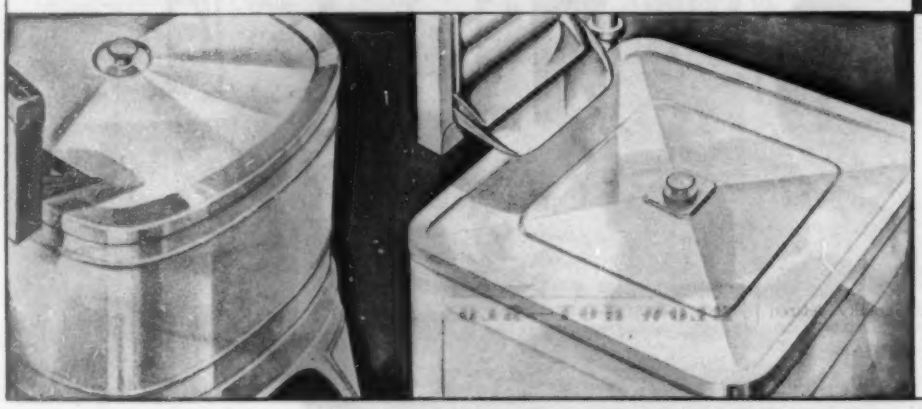

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(Continued from Page 102)

in a loss of fifty thousand dollars to its parents already, since they had had to cancel a vaudeville tour they had arranged for the little genius; and pointing out through a mass of verbiage that Mr. Gershky was a combination Fagin, Herod and Svengali, an underhanded cradle snatcher who had robbed Mr. and Mrs. Stackleback of their livelihood and their hearts' delight.

Mr. Gershky, veteran of a thousand legal battles, listened, nevertheless, to Mr. Levine's résumé of this latest litigation with breathless and naïve unbelief. He asked for the repetition of several of the points, his voice shaking. He closed his eyes and found himself unable to swallow. But by the time Mr. Levine had done with his revelations, Mr. Gershky found his voice and his sanity. He inquired if the newspaper fellas had been given word of the suit, learned that matters had not yet reached that stage and smiled wearily.

"I see," he said. "Then they want to talk settlement first."

"Exactly," said Mr. Levine.

"Well," said Mr. Gershky, "what have you got to suggest?"

"I think we better have a conference, just as a matter of record," said Mr. Levine. "The bill sounds very determined, but, after all, the Stacklebacks are only human."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Gershky, making the quickest reply of his career. "But bwing evwybody here tomowwow morning."

"O. K.," said Mr. Levine.

"O. K.," said Mr. Gershky, and rose from the telephone. For several minutes he remained staring at nothing and tapping his chin with his right forefinger.

Baby Milly, he recalled with a shiver, was still sleeping under his roof. His first impulse—one which he slowly controlled—was to have her wakened and carted off—the farther the better. Instead, he roused his secretary and ordered him to keep Baby Milly under lock and key in the morning until he sent for her.

"I don't want to see her"—Mr. Gershky raised his voice—"and I don't want her coming in my bedwoom in the morning. Understand?"

The secretary nodded with some surprise.

"Under no circumstances," Mr. Gershky continued shrilly; "no matter what she says! You keep her away fwom me!"

Again the secretary nodded.

"I don't want to ever see her again in my life," said Mr. Gershky, as if he were arguing with somebody. Then he added, seemingly calmed by these decisions, "Locate Mr. Fwieda and tell him he must be here in the morning."

"Do you wish to speak to Mr. Frieda when I get him?" inquired the secretary.

"No!" shouted Mr. Gershky, and shuffled off to his room.

He was unable to sleep. He lay with a strange sense of apprehension in his heart, as if he were going to be hanged in the morning. At intervals the thought of Baby Milly crossed his mind, but she had become a stranger. She might dance and posture and coo all she cared to, and Mr. Gershky was certain he wouldn't even turn around to look at her. Since his talk with Mr. Levine, Mr. Gershky had outgrown Baby Milly.

Staring up at the carved wooden ceiling of his chamber, Mr. Gershky—around three A.M.—realized that he must meet this absurd piece of blackmail with clear head and a thoroughly Pharaohlike calm, or, absurd as it was, something troublesome might happen. Nevertheless, despite decisions and reassurances, sleep continued to evade him. At four A.M. Mr. Gershky found himself grappling with the thought of Mr. Frieda, and needlessly, because he knew all there was to know without any such grappling. He knew just where and how Mr. Frieda stood in this nightmare. And he knew just the manner in which Mr. Frieda had worked the whole business; he knew without words all the Machiavellian antics of his chief noble during the past three weeks, understood the exact and technical nature of his innocence and the exact, human, underhanded species of his guilt. Mr. Frieda had stood by and allowed, and possibly even assisted in, the uncoiling of enough rope for the Pharaoh.

Mr. Gershky was roused at seven A.M. from a troublesome doze into which he had lapsed by a hullabaloo from the adjoining room. He lay wondering dizzily what could be going on, and then, fully awakened, sidled to the windows and closed out the piercing sounds of revolt and outrage with which Baby Milly was making the morning hideous.

VII

MR. LEVINE arrived while Mr. Gershky was breakfasting. Mr. Levine was a very cultured man, with an incorruptible air of formality, a compact, Semitic face, and scented like a reigning beauty. He was full of a precise sort of good cheer, such as makes trouble seem impossible, and Mr. Gershky always appeared in his presence the most vacuous and confused of men.

Mr. Levine had no more than agreed to have a cup of coffee when Mr. Frieda was ushered in, and now Mr. Gershky's worried manner left him and he smiled hospitably at his chief noble, noting with inner contempt the slightly kittenish airs which Mr. Frieda gave himself. Mr. Gershky knew these frisky little mannerisms of the antagonist about to administer some fancied *coup de grâce*, and was genuinely surprised that his chief noble was such a fool.

"Well," said Mr. Frieda, "I don't think there's anything to worry about. The Stacklebacks have no case."

"That all depends," said Mr. Gershky blandly, and watching him with a smile.

Mr. Frieda reddened, lowered his head a trifle and looked shy. But Mr. Gershky observed that his eyes were twinkling excitedly and that he had undergone some peculiar change of character in the past few weeks. The urbane and inscrutable manner behind which Mr. Frieda had for so many years hidden whatever there was to hide had disappeared. This morning, Mr. Frieda, despite his blushes and his air of shyness, seemed full of a curious, straightforward youthfulness. And Mr. Gershky retired behind the morning paper to think this over. All men who had sought to set themselves up against the Pharaoh had turned out to be quite foolish in their plans. Yet Mr. Gershky was still a simple enough soul not to underestimate an enemy; particularly one who felt so genuinely pleased with himself and life this morning.

"Chollie," said Mr. Gershky gently and experimentally, "you were wight about that Stackleback woman. I should not have interfered in the Baby Milly deal at all."

"Well, there's no use crying over spilled milk," said Mr. Frieda unctuously, and regarded the Light of the World with a surprisingly amused and unaverted eye.

Mr. Gershky nodded and made up his mind. He continued to smile quizzically at his chief noble during the rest of the breakfast talk and was rewarded, after several minutes, by a growing uneasiness in Mr. Frieda's manner. This was Mr. Gershky's most important smile, one which Mr. Frieda had seen on several rare occasions when the Pharaoh had played guillotine and boa constrictor. Mr. Frieda's contract as chief noble had still two years to run, but Mr. Frieda knew that he was in the tumbrel, knew that his head would be in the basket by another morning, knew that fifteen years of invaluable services would not gain him an hour's respite—knew all these things and, despite a certain nervousness inevitable to so major a thought, continued to frisk and smile and, as Mr. Gershky diagnosed it, whistle in the dark.

The Stacklebacks, escorted by three gentlemen named McCall, Guggenheim and Perriwinkle—a very notable law firm—arrived as Mr. Gershky was inspecting a copy of the bill of particulars. Mr. Gershky rose to greet his visitors, and it was Mr. Frieda's turn to note, not without a pang of admiration, how simple and easy was the Pharaoh's manner going into battle; how disarming and gentle, almost limp, this

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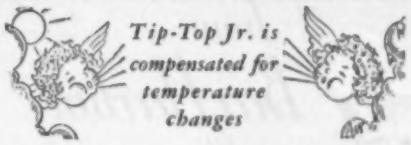

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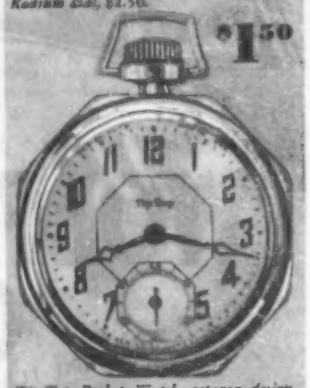

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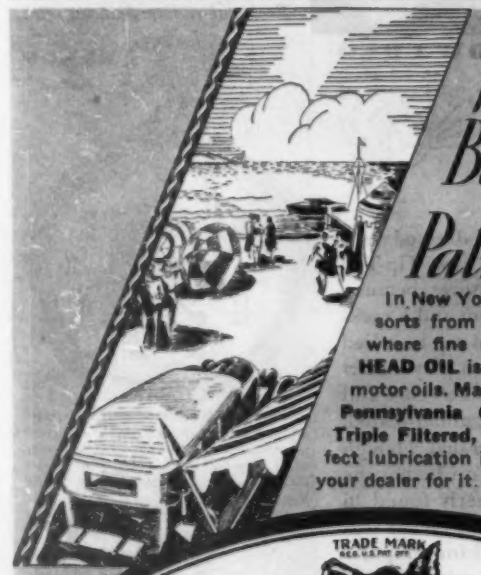

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squat, bald-headed, little man of sixty appeared in this dangerous hour.

Mrs. Stackleback easily dominated the gathering from the moment of her appearance. Her ruffles alone, cascading in spirals from her pulsing throat to her jiggling calves, were capable of holding any stage. Topped by a large blue picture hat—like some advertisement of her secret femininity—her bracelets clinking, her hot-looking, patent-leather shoes planted squarely on the floor as if they were nailed to it, Mrs. Stackleback sat, bulging and vibrant and silent, while McCall, Guggenheim and Perriwinkle exchanged greetings with the opposition and sparred politely for openings. Her silence, however, was of a totally different quality from Mr. Stackleback's—who had taken eager possession of a chair and seated himself with the end of his cane thrust into his mouth like a stopper. It was a silence which almost made talk impossible and seemed to take the life out of even Mr. Levine's crisp assumption that God was in his heaven and all was right with the world.

As if by mutual agreement, the parley, hardly under way, subsided and Mr. Gershky smiled a cue at Mrs. Stackleback. And yet her silence persisted.

"I would like," said Mr. Gershky kindly, "you and me to talk this thing oveh like two sane, sensible people."

Mrs. Stackleback inhaled audibly, the upper layers of her ruffles expanding like angry crests.

"Where is my child?" she demanded slowly. "My little girl?"

"Wouldn't it be better to discuss this matter first?" began Mr. Levine.

"Enough!" cried Mrs. Stackleback, rearing herself to her feet. "What, pray you, is there to discuss?"

"Oh, come now," cooed Mr. Frieda. "Let's not lose our tempers."

Mr. Gershky said gently, "Chollie, please. . . . Proceed, Mrs. Stackleback."

"You! You!" Mrs. Stackleback proceeded in a manner that struck Mr. Gershky as a horrible caricature of Baby Milly. "No! Let's not lose our tempers! Not at all! You only conspired with him! Him!" Mrs. Stackleback's tensely pointed forefinger veered slowly from Mr. Gershky to Mr. Frieda, and then veered back again. "Him!" she repeated. "I called you up every day, demanding my baby, pleading for my baby. And you—you refused to see me! I wrote you letters which were unanswered. Gentlemen"—now the finger veered on McCall, Guggenheim and Perriwinkle—"he called me selfish—this Mr. Frieda here. He laughed at me. He said —— Yes, then I tried to reach him—this Mr. Gershky—and my little darling. All to no purpose. The conspiracy held me off. While they—they stole my child's love!"

"Madam," said Mr. Levine, "you are very needlessly excited. Your child still loves you ——"

"I should say so," said Mr. Gershky.

"How could she help it?" cooed Mr. Frieda, lowering his head.

"—— and is ready to return to you," Mr. Levine went on with the good work of consolation. "Mr. Gershky had no knowledge of the fact that while entertaining your daughter he was in any shape, manner or form wounding your feelings."

"Lies! Lies!" cried Mrs. Stackleback, throwing her arms forward in a sudden breast stroke. "I do not care to listen to lies. I have not come here for that."

"As for the vaudeville tour you mention, madam ——" continued Mr. Levine with astonishing friendliness.

"Where is my child?" Mrs. Stackleback boomed mercilessly into his ear.

Mr. Gershky was growing quite angry. He would have liked to stamp his foot and make this whole absurd business disappear.

"Madam!" He turned on her and began shaking his finger.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Mrs. Stackleback laughed like a tormented soul. "I'm not afraid of you! You, with all your millions and all your foul myrmidons!"

Mr. Gershky had never been able to control himself when women raised their voices. It was his one claim to masculinity.

"Madam," he cried, "keep quiet! You know what you're doing?"

"Cradle snatcher!" Mrs. Stackleback roared. "Kidnaper!"

"Liar, swindler, blackmailer!" Mr. Gershky roared back, and did stamp his foot, but nothing disappeared. In fact, quite as if Mr. Gershky's magic was all working backwards, no sooner had he stamped his foot than a drawn-out, childish cry of grief filled the room, and he turned his head, as did the rest, to behold rushing toward him a red-faced Baby Milly, nude but for a pair of tiny bloomers, and looking remarkably bulging and shapeless.

"Daddy!" screamed the little one. "Oh, daddy! Daddy!" And, totally ignoring her authentic progenitor, who had straightened in surprise at this appeal, she hurled herself on Mr. Gershky, leaping and kicking her way into his lap like a panic-stricken frog.

"Daddy," her howling continued, "they kept me away from you! They did! They did! They did!"

The child flung her arms around Mr. Gershky's neck, and Mrs. Stackleback, throwing her own arms into the air as if going down for the third time, let out a dentist-chair wail.

"Her daddy!" Mrs. Stackleback roared. "Winston, did you hear that? Her daddy!"

Mr. Stackleback had not quite caught up with all that was being said—or rather, screamed—but he managed to pull the head of his cane out of his mouth, as if he were uncorking himself. He was, however, too late with his comment. Mr. McCall, the eldest of the counselors, had risen.

"Is that your child, madam?" Mr. McCall demanded in even, dominating court-room tones.

"It is, or was." Mrs. Stackleback sank dramatically to her knees and, thrusting her arms toward her little one, added brokenly, "Baby, baby! I'm your mothah."

Mr. Frieda averted his eyes from this crude spectacle, but Mr. Levine, who was tugging at one of the nude little legs, began to wink and make roguish adult faces.

"Come on," he explained in a pretty singsong. "Here's your mamma, little girl. Here's mumsy."

Mr. Gershky was pushing feebly at the clinging child. He might as well have tried to dislodge an anaconda.

"No! No!" Baby Milly protested, and, without releasing her hold on Mr. Gershky, began kicking at her suppliant parent. Mrs. Stackleback covered her face with her hands, and McCall, Guggenheim and Perriwinkle sprang to her assistance as she toppled back on the floor.

"Take this child away, Chollie," Mr. Gershky continued to order. But Mr. Frieda kept shrugging his shoulders and doing nothing.

"Just a minute, sir," Counselor McCall again took charge. And, leaning over the hysterical child, he boomed at her, "Don't you wish to go back to your dear mother?"

"I—I should say not!" Baby Milly gasped. "Her! Go 'way!"

"Don't you ever want to go back?" pursued the counselor evenly.

"Never!" cried Baby Milly. "Her! Puh!"

"Don't you love your mamma?" pursued Mr. McCall coldly.

"No! No!" bellowed the child.

"Then who do you love?" Mr. Guggenheim stepped suddenly forward.

"Gentlemen, this is absurd." Mr. Levine was on his feet. "Come."

Baby Milly struggled, but after a moment or two Mr. Levine's superior reach and strength began to tell. Plucked from Mr. Gershky and deposited screaming on the floor, she lay on her back and kicked her heels till the chandelier rattled. Mr. Gershky staggered from his chair, rubbing his neck, and shuffled out of range.

"Oh, my baby! My own! Stolen! Ruined!" Mrs. Stackleback cried. "Take

(Continued on Page 109)

(Continued from Page 106)

me out of this! I can't stand it! Winston, do something!"

Mr. Stackleback arose and heroically approached the thrashing child. Studying it carefully, he located an opening and seized its bulging little body firmly. Mrs. Jones and Miss Guernay, appearing at this moment, hurried to his aid.

"Take her away. Dwess her," said Mr. Gershky. "Get her out."

Baby Milly, her heels dragging and still kicking at the floor, was carted from the scene and the conference resumed. But civilities were no longer even remotely possible. Mrs. Stackleback, in a state of collapse, lay on a large divan and sobbed. Her three counselors, moved by this spectacle, interrupted Mr. Levine and Mr. Frieda and one another, and waxed more legal and more incoherent. And Mr. Gershky walked up and down the room with little, wavering steps, repeating, chiefly to himself, "A swindle. A swindle."

In the midst of this chorus of accusation, threat, counterthreat, sob and denial, Mr. Gershky, still walking, kept his eye, so to speak, on the ball. This million-dollar suit was no hoax. Tomorrow its juicy and fantastic details—including those of the recent horrible scene in which Baby Milly had proved his guilt—would be given to the newspaper fellas. The results were very obvious to Mr. Gershky. A drop in the Gershky Enterprises stock—the market had been none too steady for a month—a happy yowl of derision from a thousand personal enemies, a temporary demoralization of his companies, and more than all this, a sickening, almost unendurable assault from coast to coast on his dignity.

Mr. Gershky, still walking, realized that this was a decision he and not his legal head must make. He paused and listened aloofly to the babble in the room and noted the shameless friskiness of his chief noble, the mock grief of this Stackleback woman, and his spirit rebelled at the whole gibbering injustice of the business. An old instinct prompted him to fight, to summon his endless resources for the simultaneous crushing of the Stacklebacks—all three of them—and Mr. Frieda for good measure. This instinct had dominated Mr. Gershky's behavior in many a crisis vaster, it would seem, than the present. But somehow, though he again felt its urge, it was not strong enough to direct him on this hot Sabbath morning. Mr. Gershky continued walking up and down, considering and reconsidering, and finally, surprised by a lull in the din around him, nodded to Mr. Levine.

"All wight," said Mr. Gershky, "settle."

"O. K.," said Mr. Levine.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Gershky was alone. The Stackleback party, Baby Milly in their midst and carrying on like an armload of Sabine women, had departed from his domain. Mr. Levine and Mr. Frieda had followed. And Mr. Gershky, closing his eyes wearily, felt grateful for the summary silence. He did not miss Baby Milly.

VIII

TWO days later, Mr. Gershky, oppressed by the thought of the dickering between his legal staff and the Stacklebacks, boarded ship for France, accompanied by a small coterie of minor nobles. His farewell to Mr. Frieda was brief.

"I am planning some reorganization when I come back," he said.

Mr. Frieda nodded and smiled shyly. "Have a good trip," he answered.

Three weeks later, Mr. Gershky was informed by cable of the results of Mr. Levine's labors. Baby Milly's original contract for fifteen thousand dollars—so cleverly clinched by the Pharaoh—had been abrogated and a new agreement substituted. Its terms made Mr. Gershky shake his head and remark, "My! Pigs!"

Baby Milly was to receive fifty thousand dollars for her first picture, seventy-five thousand dollars for her second, and one hundred thousand dollars for her third, and an additional 25 per cent of all the moneys over five hundred thousand dollars grossed by each of her cinema triumphs. There were also various unprecedented items concerning Baby Milly's exploitation as leading luminary in the Gershky Enterprises' galaxy of stars, most aggravating among them being a proviso that one hundred thousand Baby Milly flags were to be distributed in the key cities with the release of each of her productions.

On reading these cables a second time, Mr. Gershky grew thoughtful. He had left instructions with Mr. Levine to settle, but an instinct suddenly warned him that Mr. Levine had done something strange, and that something even stranger underlay this contract. He had left Mr. Levine behind with Mr. Frieda. Was he getting old and stupid? This was an outrageous contract—one which struck at the dignity not of Mr. Gershky but of the Enterprises which bore his name. Mr. Gershky felt irritated about something—probably himself—and booked passage on the first boat back.

He had no sooner entered his office than he understood what had been going on. A letter lay on his desk announcing a special meeting of the board of directors for the next day. No one had warned him, no hint had come over the cables of the intrigue which must have precipitated such a call to arms. And from this silence alone he understood fully the extent and thoroughness of the revolt that had been brewed against him. The unhorsing, or de-Pharaohizing, of Mr. Gershky would have seemed, a month ago, completely impossible to the very people who brought it about. The bankers behind the Gershky Enterprises had, however, abruptly decided that Mr. Gershky was no longer the Light of the World. The unprecedented contract made between Mr. Gershky and Baby Milly, and revealed to them by Mr. Frieda, convinced this inner hierarchy—the priests, so to speak, of the realm—that the time had come to retire their Pharaoh.

Mr. Frieda, trained under Mr. Gershky in the deeper arts of intrigue, failed to reveal the reasons for the Baby Milly contract—left the priests, after several conferences, convinced that the Gershky hand had grown feeble and the Gershky brain become unfit to cope with the great doings of the company.

Accordingly, a tremendous lot of financial jockeying and skullduggery had ensued. The Gershky kin, routed by Baby Milly and functioning with a righteousness and anger possible only in aggrieved relatives and outraged parasites, had rallied to the opposition, thrown their not inconsiderable holdings to the bankers. Thus intrenched behind blocks of stock equaling those held by Mr. Gershky, these priests of finance had demanded a reorganization.

The demand in itself was enough for the Pharaoh. In it lay the unpardonable. Mr. Gershky listened calmly to the verbiage of his erstwhile tributaries, satellites and nobles. He knew that they would never have dared this knife brandishing without a firm belief in his acquiescence. For Mr. Gershky had only to stand up, wave his hand imperiously, murmur, "Vewy well, gentlemen. We will fight this in the courts," and all these high-speaking *insurrectos* would blanch and cringe. In short, Mr. Gershky could, had he so desired, bring the temple down, throw the Enterprises to the Scythian rabble. This threat would be enough if he made it. But he must be prepared to carry it through. And again the instinct to fight failed to rise above the pensive, absent-minded mood which had fastened itself to Mr. Gershky like a disease.

The *révoltés*, who had been gambling almost desperately on the conviction that Mr. Gershky was a washed-up Pharaoh and on one gentle shove would step quietly into limbo, regarded one another dizzily. Victory had been easier than their fondest hopes. Mr. Frieda had been right in his warnings. Mr. Gershky had been deposed just in time, or God knows whither his senility, revealed in the Baby Milly matter, would have guided the empire.

As in the overthrows of all dynasties, however, the opposition found itself amazed at the lack of resistance, at the unexpected powerlessness of its victim, at the hollowness of the Gershky legend. So amiably were the various decapitations conducted that the world outside remained unaware of this legend slaying and throne toppling. All that was revealed to the myriad little stockholders and admirers of the Gershky Enterprises was an undramatic little newspaper story announcing that the destinies of the vast Gershky empire would be guided henceforth not by Mr. Gershky alone but by a triumvirate consisting of himself, Mr. Harold Levine and Mr. Charles Frieda.

IX

FOR a month Mr. Gershky absented himself from the Friday conferences. He sulked on his domain and meditated of evenings on the problems of human ingratitude. Then, on the fifth Friday of his unhorsing, Mr. Gershky drove to his office. He felt nervous approaching the skyscraper that bore his name. There was a crowd around its entrance. A band was playing.

Mr. Gershky stepped out of his car and stood by the curbing, unable to make his way through the throng. Four policemen appeared out of the building, and in their midst Mr. Gershky spied a familiar and revolting figure—Mrs. Stackleback—a glittering and festooned Mrs. Stackleback, bestowing regal smiles on the crowd.

The police escort made its way to an automobile next to Mr. Gershky, and Mr. Gershky espied another old friend. Clinging to her mother's hand and waving a blue-and-white flag with her name on it was Baby Milly, the little one whom he had so innocently patted on the head three short months ago. Mr. Gershky felt dizzy as he stared at her, noting again the familiar little face, now full of a quaint Mandarinlike hauteur, its eyes fluttering, its nose twitching.

What a strange fate, thought Mr. Gershky, to be unhorsed by such an innocent-looking little thing! By such a child! All he had thought of was to smile like a human being on a little baby. All he had been guilty of was —— Mr. Gershky's thought stopped. The irony of life was too much for his mental processes. Dimly, somewhere in the back of his head where his highly celebrated instincts reposed, he realized that there was a strange unity in his fate—that the thing he had created, the monster of unreality called the movies, of which Baby Milly was some sort of mystifying product, had destroyed him. As in a dream, he now heard the band playing and, as in a dream, he stared at this little one who had crawled so winningly into his lap and tumbled him off his throne.

Baby Milly, opening her eyes, paused with one dainty foot on the running board of her car.

"Come on, my darling," cooed Mrs. Stackleback, already inside.

Baby Milly remained motionless, and, staring up at Mr. Gershky, narrowed her eyes, sniffed three times, and contorting her Mongolian features in a grimace of disgust, said slowly and witheringly:

"You! Oh, you! Puh!"

Mr. Gershky was unaware that somebody had thrust a flag into his hand.

"We're seeing Baby Milly off for Hollywood," murmured Mr. Frieda suddenly at Mr. Gershky's side.

Mr. Gershky regarded his erstwhile chief noble with a far-away smile.

"Ain't there a conference this afternoon?" he asked mildly.

"No," said Mr. Frieda. "We didn't think it necessary."

"O. K.," said Mr. Gershky and stood listening to the band.

And Mr. Frieda, not without a pang of admiration, watched him, a few moments later, making his way to the entrance of the Gershky Building. He moved, as always, with an apologetic step. But what thrilled Mr. Frieda and filled him with curious envy was the manner in which Mr. Gershky was smiling as he shuffled along waving a blue-and-white flag with the name BABY MILLY idiotically inscribed on it.

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DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape in consumer size packages is the very same quality that has been approved and used by electrical, industrial and public utility corporations for years. This "extra service" product is tough, tight sticking, non-raveling and good to the last inch—and costs so little!

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O-CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

For sale by electrical, radio, hardware, motor accessory and general stores in 5c, 10c, 20c and 35c rolls

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VAN CLEEF BROS., Est. 1910
Mfrs. Rubber & Chemical Products
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10c is enclosed. Send roll of tape and piece of native Plantation Rubber used in making DUTCH BRAND Tape.
Name
Street
City State

GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 31)

"I wish I had," Antonio bemoaned.

"Yes," Castagara amplified. "If there was anything we could recommend we would have done it long ago."

Wilton rose from his seat and the others followed his example. "It's a most damnable piece of business," the leader of the citizens' committee muttered. "I'm frank to say that we don't know which way to turn. However, now that we have the facts, we may be able to work out a plan of action. I'm glad the newspaper editor got in touch with me when he received this note. He didn't know whether or not he ought to print it."

A look of righteous indignation spread over Castagara's face. He squared his shoulders. "I'm just as proud of my ancestry," he said fervently, "as anybody else. But if an element of my countrymen is terrorizing honest people, then I say they should be exposed. I think it is the solemn duty of this editor to print the letter. The world should know of the Camorra and what it has done to Scarvak. That is the only fair thing to do toward the local police, Scarvak, and millions of honorable gentlemen who are my countrymen."

"We rather thought," Wilton said dubiously, "that it might be just as well if this Camorra was kept in ignorance of what we know."

"They know perfectly well we're after them," Castagara snapped. "The more publicity given this thing, the less apt they'll be to repeat the outrage on someone else. I say, print the letter. Let's drag this out into the open where the whole world can see and understand it."

"I say that, too," Scarvak cut in throatily. "We ought to hound these guys right into the ocean."

"I don't know but what you're right," Wilton agreed. "In any event, I'll communicate your thought to the editor."

"Why cover things up?" Crabb sputtered. "These gentlemen are quite right. The very widest publicity should be given our discoveries. We have shouldered a public responsibility and are duty bound to keep the public advised of our progress. The minute I saw that letter, I knew it was the Camorra, or some such worldwide organization of desperadoes. It was no single gang, because most of the attackers were killed outright. That proves we don't deal with a small group, but a hidden army that is just as powerful and just as well directed at this very minute as it was before Red Karfola and those others met death. I say ——"

He was at fever heat again, and Wilton thoughtfully interrupted him. "We mustn't impose upon Mr. Scarvak's condition," he grunted. "I thank you, Mr. Scarvak, for the interview and express to you every sincere wish for your prompt recovery. If I personally, or our committee, can serve you, you have but to command us."

He bowed somewhat pompously with the remark, but Antonio answered it with a thankful smile and pulled Castagara gently toward him. He whispered to the lawyer in a husky voice and Castagara received the words with a proud and expanding smile.

"Mr. Scarvak has just authorized me," he said to Wilton, "to contribute another twenty-five thousand dollars to your campaign for law and order. I'll be glad to arrange the details with you either at your office or mine, tomorrow."

With this magnificent gesture the leaders of the citizens' committee were ushered from the suite. In the upper hall they were met by Lefty Pino, still in butler's attire. He conducted them quietly to the front door.

From a second-floor window, Angelo Castagara watched the motor car as it moved into the boulevard. Then he turned back into the sleeping quarters. As he passed through, Gyp slid together the steel shutters behind him.

"They're gone," the lawyer grinned at Antonio.

Instantly the gang leader leaped to his feet in the center of the bed. He seized a pillow and hurled it at Angelo's head. "It's the Camorra, I tell you!" he shouted. "I knew it the second I lamped that letter."

Angelo dodged the pillow, but Mouse recovered it and hurled it back at his chief. "Go ahead, chief," he laughed. "I'll fight it out with you, now that you're confined to your bed through injuries an' weakness."

Gyp entered the bedroom with bottle and glasses. "Say, listen," he avowed. "When I see how little business men know, I figure I ought to own a soap works, or maybe a clamshell factory. Did you ever see such mugs in your life? Why, we're the smartest guys on earth! With our brains we could run their business 200 per cent better than they do, and with their brains, they wouldn't last ten minutes in our racket." He began pouring the liquor and passing it out.

"You sure done a job on that investigator, Angelo," Antonio said delightedly. "Now, if they'll only print that letter."

"They will," Angelo answered complacently. "Do you remember the editorial in the paper? It said they would print, without qualification, the result of their investigation. Now it's up to them to do it. They can't duck the issue. It looks to me like things are breaking good for us."

Antonio, still standing in the center of the bed, suddenly burst into song:

"My wife's gone to the country,
Hooray, Hooray!"

He improvised the verse to suit his own mood:

"She took a trip with a great big grip,
And I hope she stays away."

The three others in the room joined his laughter. Mouse handed the gang leader a drink. He stood there in the bed and with his bandaged hand held the glass aloft. "Here we go, pals," he grinned. "A toast: To the citizens' committee."

Laughingly they tossed off the liquor. Antonio stepped to the floor and began to remove his pajamas. "Hey," he said to Angelo suddenly, "a guy can't be sick without havin' nurses, can he? With Rosy gone, why don't we get on the private telephone an' call up three or four dames? We'll call 'em two night nurses an' two day nurses. Then we can throw a little shindig here in the bedroom quarters with the steel shutters keepin' in the noise."

"That's okay by me," Mouse piped up. "Call Milly an' Terese."

"I don't like that dame Terese," Antonio objected. "Two drinks an' she wants to cut her initials on oil paintin's, or scratch up all the mirrors with diamonds. Let's get Mabel."

"I'll tell you what you do," Castagara interrupted. "Call up Genevieve and tell her to bring along that little blond pal of hers. Then get Milly. With Mabel, that'll be four."

"You think of everythin', Angie," Antonio laughed. As he spoke, he reached for the private telephone and lifted the receiver.

x

WHILE there was hilarity in the bedroom suite of the Scarvak mansion, a conference quite different in nature took place in the office of the managing editor of a certain newspaper.

Wilton, much impressed by his visit to the Scarvak home, managed this conference in his own manner.

"We'll drop you at your office, Crabb," he told the sputtering one as they drove along Betzer Boulevard. "Then I can drop Currier at his place without going much out of my way. All of us can then give some thought to what we have learned and perhaps get together tomorrow to compare notes."

"Right," Crabb agreed. "I tell you the world's gone crazy completely. The mere thought that such a thing as this can happen in the very heart of our most modern civilization is staggering. We must do something to rouse the better elements. The thinking people of the country must meet this situation. In fact," he added heatedly, "they must bear arms in whatever manner may be necessary. If they don't, the whole shebang will go to pot. Look at our young people. Look at the way they're cutting up. It's getting so a man's afraid to let his children go to school. Why, I heard of a case the other day ——"

"After we've thought things over at greater length," Wilton interrupted patiently, "we'll be in better position to express our views. I think we did absolutely right in calling on Mr. Scarvak. It seems pretty clearly indicated that this is a Black Hand plot. With that definitely to go on, we can work more intelligently."

"Scarvak seems a very public-spirited fellow," Currier said slowly. "He didn't hesitate to give ten thousand at the start of this fight, and an additional twenty-five brings him right up among our biggest contributors."

"Oh," Wilton muttered, "Scarvak's all right. The pitiable thing is that the poor devil has so little to tell. They just swooped down on him, struck in the dark and vanished. All he's got are those Black Hand letters."

He paused thoughtfully for a moment, then, "I wish we could find out just what it was that drove off that investigator," he muttered.

"Speaking of that," Crabb sputtered, "what are we going to do about publication of his note? I'm convinced that letter should be published. The minute I saw it, I knew we were up against something more than a local gang. I said to myself right away: 'Here, Crabb, watch your step. This is a lot bigger than it looks. This is some great band of brigands preying upon an innocent public.' That's what I said. And I was right, too," he added vengefully.

"We've got to broadcast that letter; got to show the average honest man of the street just what we're up against, and make him realize that he may be next in line for one of these outrageous attacks. I tell you straight, gentlemen, if we don't do something, and do it quick, the whole shebang will blow up. . . . What do our young people think when they read of crimes like this? Why ——"

"You think it over at greater length," Currier interrupted him. "We'll have another conference right soon, Crabb."

So they dropped the sputtering one at his office, and when they rode on alone, Wilton sighed audibly. "Crabb's a fine chap," he said guardedly. "A fine public-spirited fellow. Very successful, too, in his line."

"He creaks like a windmill," Currier grunted. The two glanced at each other and smiled.

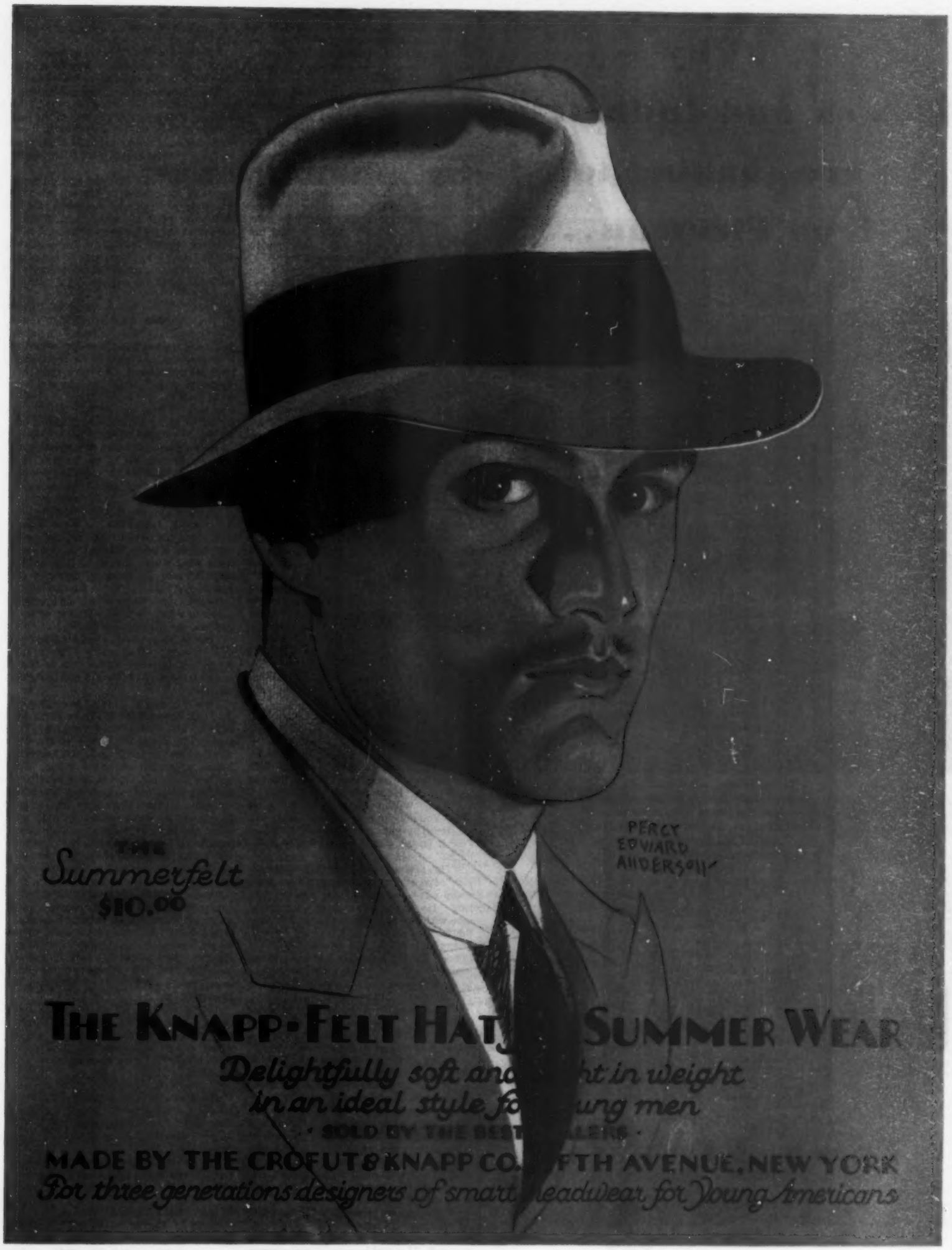
"That's well put," Wilton agreed. "The truth of the matter is, Currier, I plan on seeing that managing editor this evening. I thought you and I could run over and have a talk with him. We'd do a little better, for the moment, without the help of Crabb."

Currier laughed abruptly. "He is a little too fussy," he agreed. "I'll be glad to do anything you want, Wilton. I went into this thing with you, and I'll see it through."

"We'd better drop into my office," the other suggested. "Then we can make up our minds just what we want to do, and perhaps arrange an appointment with the editor."

So it worked out. At nine o'clock that evening, while Antonio Scarvak and his henchmen were indulging tastes peculiar unto themselves, three determined men forgathered in the office of the managing editor.

(Continued on Page 112)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Big fuel bills with hand firing. Expensive fuel and lots of it.

Hand firing is like burning a candle upside down. Poor combustion. Smoke-waste.

Needless labor costs. Hand firing requires constant man power.

An actual record of a typical case of hand firing. Note the uneven heat.

Hand firing usually creates a smoke nuisance.

HOMES, buildings and factories are turning to Iron Fireman because *Iron Fireman actually delivers a far superior type of firing service at greatly reduced cost.*

The principle of firing employed by Iron Fireman is known as *non-agitated forced underfiring.* It is the one way of feeding coal to a fire at the speed at which the fire burns it. Iron Fireman creates a coal fire that burns as steadily as a blow-torch flame.

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(5) Fuel costs reduced on an average of more than 30 per cent.
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Ask for an Iron Fireman engineer to survey your boiler room or home heating plant and give you his report, showing what an Iron Fireman will do for you, and what it will cost. Literature mailed on request. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Branches in Cleveland - St. Louis - Chicago - New York. Dealers in principal cities of United States and Canada.

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Iron Fireman burns cheaper coal and less of it. Cuts fuel bills.

Iron Fireman feeds fuel from below—like a candle burning right side up. No smoke. No waste.

Iron Fireman operates automatically and requires much less labor.

An actual record of the same boiler fired by an Iron Fireman. Steady, even heat!

Iron Fireman prevents smoke—no more smoke nuisance.

IRON FIREMAN
AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

. . . the machine that made coal an automatic fuel

(Continued from Page 110)

"We visited Scarvak," Wilton said by way of opening the conference. "From him we ascertained the exact manner of the attack. This was it." He repeated in detail the story Castagara had told.

"All the evidence," Currier augmented, "seems to indicate that this Camorra crowd is at the bottom of the affair."

"It looks that way," the editor admitted doubtfully. "But even so, what's the difference whether we call them Camorra or gangsters? It adds up to the same thing. This was a well-planned assault upon all law and order. It's the most flagrant violation of both that this country has ever seen. But it's even more than that," he went on. "It's an outright challenge from the sources of violence. If they get away with this, there's no telling what will follow."

"Right," Wilton nodded. "That's the terrifying part of it." Then, impatiently: "What the devil are the police for? Surely, men who are daring enough to go through with a thing like this must be known to the police. This Karfola had a long criminal record. So had Fonsty. So had Zupre. Can't the police check back through their associates, cross-examine their intimates, and so get somewhere?"

"What you run into there," the editor snarled, "is a foreign police department. These gangsters pay healthy tribute for the protection they get. It's one thing for our police department to investigate local crime by local criminals. It's quite another for them to go to a foreign city and try to investigate a local crime."

"I suppose that's true," Wilton said somewhat wistfully. "But what we're after is something we can do, not a hundred things we can't. You'd think there'd be a thousand places to take hold of a problem like this. But when you get into it, you find it as smooth as an eel's back. You just can't get your teeth into anything. The police look wise and dodge the issue. Private investigators stay on the job two or three hours and quit cold. . . . By the way," he interrupted himself suddenly. "Were you able to get in touch with that investigator?"

The editor sneered. "Yes," he grunted. "He was in this office less than an hour ago."

"What did he say?" Currier asked. "What was his explanation of leaving the job so flat?"

"The Lord knows, he was frank enough about it," the newspaperman scowled. "He told me quite openly that the case was too big for him. He swears it's the Camorra."

"Well," Wilton wanted to know, "what of it? You said yourself it doesn't make any difference by what name you call it. Whatever it is, it's got to be put where it belongs."

"This investigator is a pretty smart fellow," the editor said thoughtfully. "In many ways you can't blame him for quitting. He points out that he's a married man with two children and all the responsibilities that go with it. Up to the present, he explains, he's made a satisfactory sort of living. Bought himself a home and saved some money. His feeling is that he owes it to his wife and family to avoid suicide."

"Suicide?" Currier asked.

"That's about the size of it," the editor admitted. "This fellow told me quite frankly that his life wouldn't be worth a nickel if he stayed with the case."

A long silence fell between the men as they pondered this statement.

"What did he discover," Currier asked finally, "that so frightened him?"

The editor shrugged. "You try and find out," he laughed shortly. "I questioned the fellow for almost an hour. I tried everything from scorn to bribery, but he just wouldn't open his mouth beyond saying that no one man could fight the Camorra. And he went so far as to tell me that I could print that if I wanted to."

"Speaking of printing," Wilton said, "what about his letter?"

"I'm going to print it," the editor snapped. "I stated in our editorial columns that we'd print the whole result of our investigation. Therefore, I'm going to print it."

"I'm glad of that," Wilton answered. "I don't know of any better way to apprise the public of the exact situation we face."

The editor snorted. "The public won't pay any attention to us anyway!" he snapped. "Ninety-five per cent of the people will sit back and get a morbid thrill out of the daring of these crooks. The only man you're ever able to rouse is the fellow whose ox has been gored."

"Well, we can't sit tight and do nothing," Currier insisted. "Why not print the whole story? Tell why you hired this investigator, print his letter of resignation, then print the interview you had with him. I believe that the average American citizen will find whatever means may be necessary to clean out such a gang. The problem is to rouse the average American to the need for cleaning."

"Why," Wilton cut in fervently, "what do you think the American Legion would do to a bunch of rats like these? What do you think the average union man would do if he realized that some of his representatives are racketeers? You know what they would do as well as I. The problem is to wake them up, and I don't know any better way to do it than fearless publicity."

"I'll print the letter," the managing editor agreed. "And I'll write personally the story of my interview with this investigator. I'll not disclose his name, because that might jeopardize his life. But I'll give the facts of the matter straight from the shoulder."

"I think you are to be commended for it," Currier applauded. "What Wilton says about the labor unions and the American Legion is undoubtedly true. I hate to think what would happen to these men if they fell into the hands of a few of our doughboys. On the other hand, violence breeds violence. There are certain processes of law to which we must adhere in order to give law the dignity of order."

"But we've got to do something, haven't we?" Wilton cried earnestly. "We've simply got to, Currier. Either that or throw out all semblance of law and buy ourselves tomahawks."

"It's easy enough to say," the editor cut in, "that something's got to be done, Mr. Wilton. But what is the something? Personally I'm inclined to agree with Mr. Currier that we can't call upon the American Legion, or the marines, or the militia. Martial law places a heavy tax upon all citizens and invariably leads to more and continued violence. Further, there is no sense in getting ready to shoot somebody until you know who you ought to shoot. As a newspaperman, I have, perhaps, been more in touch with the politics of this city than you gentlemen. We have in our files, in fact, indisputable evidence of corruption in our police department, our local liquor enforcement crew and some of our courts. What we've got to have is an entirely new angle of approach. And the people upon whom we place reliance must be absolutely incorruptible. Such people may seem impossible to find, but my long experience in the newspaper business convinces me that such an agency exists."

At this remark, Wilton suddenly stood erect. "You mean it?" he cried. "You believe that there's an enforcement agency which cannot be corrupted? One which could handle this thing the way it should be handled?"

"I really mean it," the editor nodded. Then he leaned across the desk and lowered his voice. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have a little idea. I'm going to trust you with it on your solemn oath never to make mention of it."

The two men gulped, but leaned forward and listened avidly. "I have your solemn promise?" the editor demanded.

"You've got mine," Wilton exclaimed. "I won't tell a living soul."

"Nor I," Currier joined in. "You can depend on it."

(Continued on Page 115)

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more than beautiful *in winter*
-this famous whole-house heater

Four weeks from today... *on August 9th —you will find in this publication a Heatrola announcement that means a great deal to you— a special offer that will make it worth your while to order your Heatrola at once. Watch for it.*

THINK back to that day last Spring, when you took down the sooty old stove, and carried it out of sight.

Now think ahead a few months. When the first frosty days come, will you take the old stove out of hiding, and let it disfigure your home once more? Or are you already planning your budget to install a modern Estate Heatrola—bringing year-'round beauty to your living-room, and Summer-time warmth to *all the rooms* on the bleakest, coldest day?

Really, there is no investment you could make that offers bigger returns than Heatrola. Think of your family—and the new pride they will take in their home, with the graceful, cabinet-like Heatrola standing there instead of that ornate, old-fashioned stove. Think of the saving in work—Heatrola is so clean and so easy to keep clean. Think of the saving in fuel, too. For Heatrola has built into it the marvelous Intensi-Fire Air Duct—the unique device that practically doubles the heat-circulating capacity, providing furnace comfort at the fuel cost of a single old-fashioned stove.

Be sure you are getting the genuine

Today, Heatrola is the most popular heating plant in America. And the most widely imitated, too. That is why you will want to be sure you are getting the genuine Estate Heatrola—the original cabinet heater, with its many improvements and refinements. The sure way is to look for the name on the outside, and for the Intensi-Fire Air Duct on the inside.

For Coal, Wood, Coke, Gas

There is a genuine Estate Heatrola—for coal, wood, coke or gas—in a size to meet any heating requirement, and it is sold by the leading dealer or by the gas company in almost every community. Right now would be a good time to learn all about it. So visit your dealer, or, if you prefer, mail the coupon to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 21-A, Hamilton, Ohio.

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marks great advance in antiseptic care of mouth and throat . . . read the results of testing 27 mouth washes now on the market

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HEXYLRESORCINOL
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● A *clean-feeling* mouth is not by any means an *antiseptically clean* mouth. Recently, in a great university laboratory, 27 mouth washes now on the market were tested for antiseptic strength. They . . . "were examined full strength or in the strongest dilution recommended on the label for use in the mouth . . .

"None of the twenty-seven mouth washes examined were found to be capable of destroying the test organisms under these conditions even on five minutes' exposure, whereas all the three dilutions of Solution S. T. 37 were found to be completely germicidal in fifteen seconds, one-twentieth part of this time." Quoted from Dental Cosmos, Sept., 1927. (*Every mouth contains organic matter. These tests were carried out in the presence of organic matter to simulate conditions in the mouth.*)

Hexylresorcinol, the active ingredient of Solution S. T. 37, is seventy times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet this powerful solution can be poured into open wounds without causing the slightest irritation. A child could swallow it without harm.

Infection through mouth and nose probably commonest source of disease

Medical records indicate that more diseases can be traced to infection through the mouth and nose than to any other source. Yet millions of people are using mouth washes every day, imagining that a clean feeling means oral antisepsis.

Unlike many mouth washes, Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 has sufficient power to kill the major types of harmful bacteria in the mouth on contact and to keep the bacterial count reduced for hours. Solution S. T. 37 should be used twice a day as a mouth rinse and gargle. It has a sweet, pleasant taste. Make it a practice to use it after exposure or the minute you feel any irritation in nose or throat.

It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces. It does not sting or burn the wound tissue—is actually soothing. Odorless and leaves no stain.

Ask your doctor and dentist about it. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme, who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle of Solution S. T. 37 today from your druggist. 50¢ and $1.25.

●

This product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

452

(Continued from Page 112)

"Very well," the editor continued. "Now let me toss a little bombshell of my own: First, I don't believe the Camorra had a thing to do with this outrage. I think it's plain gangsters and bootleggers. Scarvak I consider a wop gangster, and possibly the biggest bootleg rum runner in this part of the country. If my theory is correct, then it's reasonable to presume that Scarvak contributed ten thousand dollars to your committee just so that he could have someone in your offices to keep him posted."

He paused again briefly; then: "Check up on this egg business. Wholesalers are knowingly paying Scarvak two dollars a case above the normal price just so that they can keep their trucks running and their stores from being bombed. I could go on for an hour, gentlemen, but I think I've said enough to convince you that there is some ground for my suspicions. Also, if you just view things from my angle for a second, it becomes possible to explain a lot that hitherto has remained a mystery.

"Now, you may say, why don't we arrest Scarvak and prosecute him? In the first place, nobody dares testify against him. To appear in court against that man would be suicidal. There would be no chance of a conviction. And there is a certain gentleman named Angelo Castagara that's the slickest crook lawyer in forty-eight states. He would defend Scarvak. Briefly, that's why I say we've got to have an entirely new angle of approach. First, last and all the time, we've got to have incorruptibility. We've got to have brains, courage and high devotion to duty. There's only one place I know where you're assured of all these."

"And that?" Wilton asked tensely.

"And that, my friend," the editor returned, "is the United States Secret Service."

"But," Currier interposed, "they have no jurisdiction here. This is not their problem. City, county and state law comes first, except for the Prohibition Act. You might convict Scarvak of being a big bootlegger, but what would that amount to? There'd be a thousand others to take his place, and as a first offender his punishment would be negligible."

"That"—the editor smiled softly—"is why I'm letting these birds build up this Camorra thing. You see," he went on slyly, "any foreign society that threatens any portion of these United States very decidedly comes within the jurisdiction of the secret service!"

Once again silence fell between them. A light of eager hope filled Wilton's eyes and Currier drummed nervously on the desk top with his finger tips.

"Don't misunderstand me," the editor said at some length. "This is no panacea that I wave. It's just an angle. There are many weaknesses."

"Of course," Currier interrupted. "Obviously, if you bring secret-service men in here to investigate the Camorra and there is no Camorra, you'll get exactly nowhere."

The editor smiled again and inhaled deeply of his cigarette. "Quite right," he admitted. "But you gentlemen a few moments ago were suggesting open warfare. I ask you to bear in mind that we are dealing with crooks—crooks who haven't hesitated to twist the letter of the law to their convenience. If they can double-cross us to steal and murder, my conscience won't trouble me much if I double-cross them a little in the interests of just punishment."

"I should say not," Wilton gasped. "Tell us what you have in mind."

"There's a little fellow down in Washington," the editor said, "who might do some good here. We'd have to have considerable influence to get him. This, however, could be arranged if you gentlemen will lend your prestige to the request. That is why I let you in on my scheme. I need your influence and promise of coöperation. I don't mind telling you that your citizens' committee is the bunk. It won't accomplish a thing. Your local police department, though probably honest in the majority, is, nevertheless, corrupt at some points. The same thing is true of your Federal enforcement organization. You'll get nowhere the way you are working."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," Currier admitted frankly.

"I, too," Wilton snapped. "What do you suggest? I'll go to Washington tomorrow, if that'll help."

"I, too," Currier offered instantly. "I'll do anything to help."

"My idea," the editor said, "is that the three of us go to Washington. We'll keep our trip and our destination a complete secret. We'll travel by different trains and we'll meet at the Willard Hotel at a definite time. We won't even confide in our United States senator or our congressman. We won't, in fact, trust anybody who values a vote at election time. Through this newspaper I think we can arrange an audience with the gentleman we need. I'll explain our purpose and leave it to the secret-service operator I have in mind. In the meantime, we'll build up the Camorra ballyhoo and continue just as we're going."

"I'm for it," Wilton said, rising to his feet and slapping the desk top with his palm. "Believe me, I'm for it. If that Scarvak has fooled me as completely as you think he has, I'll horsewhip the hellion myself!"

It was arranged before they left the office that the three would meet in the editor's room at the Willard Hotel in Washington at a specified time. "Keep it an absolute secret," the editor warned. "Perhaps it would be better if we started out in opposite directions and managed to transfer around. You may think I am being overcautious, but when I tell you that two of our banks are largely controlled by bootleggers and gangsters, you'll understand the strength of the organization we've got to beat.

"In the meantime, I'll print this letter along with my interview with the frightened investigator. In it I'll make it appear that the Camorra is responsible for the Scarvak attack. Then we'll work in our own way." He laughed shortly. "At least," he concluded, "we'll have the satisfaction of doing something. It's a cinch we'll never do anything with the instruments we have here."

When the conference broke up with this decision, the affair at the Scarvak home was reaching its mellow heights. Wine was flowing freely. A radio furnished music for riotous dancing. Lefty Pino, still in butler's attire, staggered somewhat as he passed from room to room. Angelo Castagara drank repeated toasts to the Camorra. Mouse and Gyp had passed through the tunnel and disappeared into the night.

The party, in fact, was still going strong when copies of the next morning paper were brought into the house. Antonio Scarvak stood upon a brocaded chair and with raucous laughter and expressive gestures read an editorial which admitted the retirement of the newspaper's private investigator and quite freely pointed out that Antonio Scarvak, prominent egg merchant, undeniably was the victim of an attack by the infamous Camorra.

While yet the riotous party was in progress, Currier, Wilton and the editor had taken separate trains. And that evening Wilton, in a city far from his home, purchased a late-edition paper. On the fourth page at the lower right-hand corner he came across a statement which read as follows:

—— Another gang killing took place in broad daylight today. One Gabby Mola, reputed lieutenant of the infamous Red Karfola, who had met death a few hours before during the amazing Scarvak attack, was shot down in the streets of his home city today. He was murdered in what was virtually an ambush.

Coming from a café, he stepped onto the sidewalk to find himself between two strange men. Without a word of warning, both these gangsters drew revolvers and emptied them into Mola's crumpled body.

Police are investigating on the theory that Mola died because of an internal gang war brought on by the attempted selection of a new leader to replace Red Karfola.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Money" you can lose *and* still have

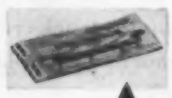
No chance for the all-too-short vacation to be spoiled by a lost or stolen purse if you carry your funds in American Express Travelers Cheques. Here is "money" you can actually lose and still have.

When you buy these blue color Cheques, you sign each one of them and they are yours and yours only; and when you wish to spend them you sign them again. Without this second signature they cannot be spent by anyone but you. Should they be lost or stolen, you not having countersigned them or exchanged them for value, they will be refunded in full.

Besides, American Express Travelers Cheques are accepted everywhere—in the mountains, in the woods, at seaside resorts throughout the United States and Canada. Hotels, garages, stores, and ticket offices, as well as banks and express offices, have come to expect the tender of these safe travel funds.

Issued in convenient denominations of $10, $20, $50, and $100—cost 75c for each $100.

For sale at 22,000 Banks, American Express and Railway Express Agency offices. There is no need to take any risks when this worry-proof "money" is so easy to secure.

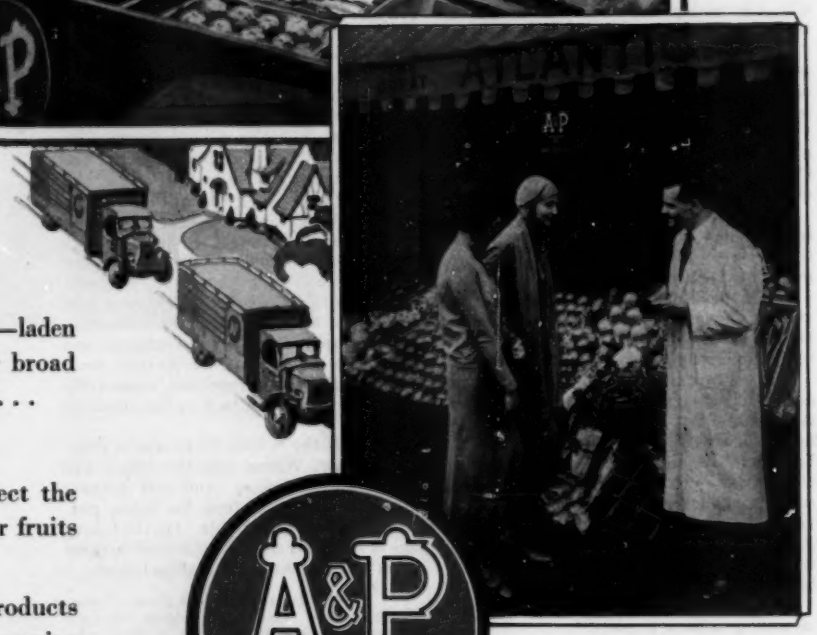


the new, dollar size
AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers cheques

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department.

Sun-Ripened Treasures from ORCHARD *and* GARDEN

Trucks being loaded for rush delivery to your nearest A&P Food Store.



Rushed to your nearest A&P Food Store fresh!

GREAT ORCHARDS lying snugly in sheltered valleys—laden with ripe fruits . . . garden farms that stretch their broad acres on and on in a profusion of fresh green vegetables . . .

Here A&P's produce experts do your shopping for you.

Hundreds of these buyers—men who know how to select the choicest at just the right stage of perfection—order your fruits and vegetables for you.

And then, fast trains and swift motor trucks rush these products to the A&P Food Stores in the shortest possible time . . . to arrive there fresh and appetizing.

Come to your nearest A&P Food Store today. Look at this tempting assortment of fresh fruits and vegetables. And if the low prices surprise you—simply remember that A&P's cost-saving, low-profit distribution methods *do* reduce your food bills.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
WHERE ECONOMY RULES

The Symbol of the World's Foremost Food Service

WHY DROWN?

(Continued from Page 13)

thinking as by aquatic skill. Recently a police officer at his post on the upper East River was notified that a man had fallen overboard. He ran to the dock, stripped off his shoes, his gun belt, his coat and cap, seized a bushel basket and a wooden egg crate, and with these improvised life-savers struck off for his victim. It was lucky he had them. It takes a pretty good man to swim in his clothes and carry another man with him. Moreover, the current was so strong they were carried down five blocks before a landing could be made. But the basket and empty box turned the trick.

In May of this year two police aviators had an opportunity to put their life-saving training to good use, and they did a wonderful job. While flying over the East River on one of their regular patrols, they noticed a man fall out of a boat. It was evident he was drowning, for the boat was drifting away from him. The police plane, which was an amphibian, was at that time 200 feet in the air, but it swooped down, the observer climbed out on the wing and, as the plane passed, he seized the victim and dragged him aboard.

In contrast to clever headwork of this kind is the mad gesture of heroism in which someone who cannot swim a stroke leaps overboard to rescue a friend—making two to be rescued instead of one. Then the casualties begin to pile up. In a water accident the nonswimmer can do many things more useful than jumping overboard. He can get a boat or a life preserver, go for competent help, turn in a quick alarm or secure medical aid for resuscitation on shore. But generally he loses his head, plunges into the water and drowns himself.

One accident, in which I myself came nearer to being a dead hero than I hope to be for some years to come, was caused by just such a case of panic. I had dived in to save a girl caught in eighteen feet of water in front of a sharply sloping beach. It looked like an easy rescue, but I had reckoned without her friend, another girl who plunged in to lend assistance. Even so, I might have managed the two of them had it not been for the third. When all three grabbed me around the neck, it soon got so it didn't matter.

Spaghetti for the Life-Saver

The person fighting for his life uses superhuman strength for a while, but when that ebbs and he finds himself still in trouble, there comes a very different sensation. This is the sensation of drowning, which I have experienced more than once and which, strangely, I have found not entirely unpleasant. It is always more or less the same, so this instance is typical. I found myself slipping quietly away, as though I had taken ether or gas. One half of my mind was telling me to go to sleep and rest. The other half was telling me to fight; I mustn't give in, I was going to die. I suppose one experiences the same sensation in fighting a blizzard and freezing to death. As the impulse to fight slowly faded, there passed before my mind's eye a panorama of everything I had done and hadn't done in my life, each picture clear as crystal. For instance, I was sorry I had been mean to my sister and hadn't done some things my father had asked of me; and I remembered being thankful I had recently written my mother. I seemed to know I was drowning, but I couldn't feel bad about it. I was floating through space at peace with the world; I even forgot the presence of the girls, who were all this time wrapped round my neck. The last thing I heard was Sousa's band playing all the time, and very loudly.

The next thing I knew I was choking and sputtering, trying desperately to breathe. Someone was pounding the life out of me; it was my buddies resuscitating me. As I went down they had come up in the lifeboat and brought the four of us off the bottom after we had been there three minutes.

Once, at Manhattan Beach, I was notified that an Italian boy had drowned down the bay. We grabbed a boat, rushed down there, and after many surface dives recovered his body in seventeen feet of water, twenty-four minutes after he had disappeared from the surface. After forty-five minutes of vigorous resuscitation work he showed the first body twitchings that indicate life, and in five minutes more was breathing of his own accord. When he could talk he thanked me for all I had done for him and assured me I would never have to save him again; henceforth he would confine his swimming to the bathtub. In gratitude he tried to force on me the only money he had—a twenty-five-cent piece—and thus began one of the strangest incidents of my life. Next morning, which was Sunday, there drove to the life-saving station an ice wagon on which sat the boy Tony himself, his mother, father, uncle and aunt, and innumerable brothers and sisters—about eighteen people in all. The father was so grateful he couldn't express himself in English; he just blubbered on in Italian, which Tony translated for us. The mother—a woman of vast gross displacement—climbed down from the wagon laboriously, kissed us each man around, and then, with great ceremony, presented us with an enormous dish of spaghetti, for the life-saver who had saved her boy.

Woman Overboard!

Now, one of the few things in this world I cannot eat is spaghetti, but I was grateful for the gesture, nevertheless, and the other boys at the station took care of it. Each Sunday for the rest of the season this ceremony was repeated. Each time the ice wagon was loaded with a fresh quota of neighbors and friends who had come to meet "the life-saver who saved our boy." Before the summer was over I felt I had shaken hands with every inhabitant of Little Italy, and each Sunday night we had spaghetti for supper.

I say this was strange, for, curiously enough, the rescued person is seldom grateful to his rescuer. Frequently, all I've got for my pains is a good sound scolding. Usually, the rescued person is sheepish, frankly ashamed of himself, and sneaks off as inconspicuously as possible. Would-be suicides are apt to be much more grateful than other people who had no intention of drowning, but were careless enough to try doing it. With the first shock of cold water, the despondent one usually decides that life is not so bad after all and is happy to be breathing again. Once my friend and coworker, Captain Mills, stood idly by while a woman leaped overboard.

"Why don't you go after her?" shrieked the crowd.

"She's all right," said Captain Mills quietly. "She'll be very much relieved to find it's difficult to drown in three feet of water."

I may be dropped from the union for taking all the romance out of life-saving, but the only romance I've found in it is born of my own imagination. I stick to my job not in the hope of glory but because I happen to like the excitement and get lots of pleasure from it. I've read in story books of the heiress snatched from the hungry waves, who bestows on her rescuer a fortune and her heart and hand in the bargain; of the grateful mother who thrusts a handsome check on the savior of her child, and how everyone lives happily ever after. Perhaps such things do happen in real life, but not to me. In my twenty years of life-saving I've never had a proposal and, in addition to the spaghetti, the only gifts thrust upon me have been a water-soaked watch that had turned green and $2.70 in isolated dimes, quarters and half dollars.

One day I was smoking quietly on the beach when I saw a hand sticking out of the

(Continued on Page 119)

Quickest Relief from sunburn pain!

because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn

SPREAD Unguentine on your burning skin. Suave and soothing, it cools the fiery pain—quicker than anything else you could use. And it *heals*—gently, *safely!*

Lotions and toilet creams only reach the *outer* surface of the skin. But Unguentine penetrates right down to the inflamed tissue in the dermis, or *inner* layer of the skin.

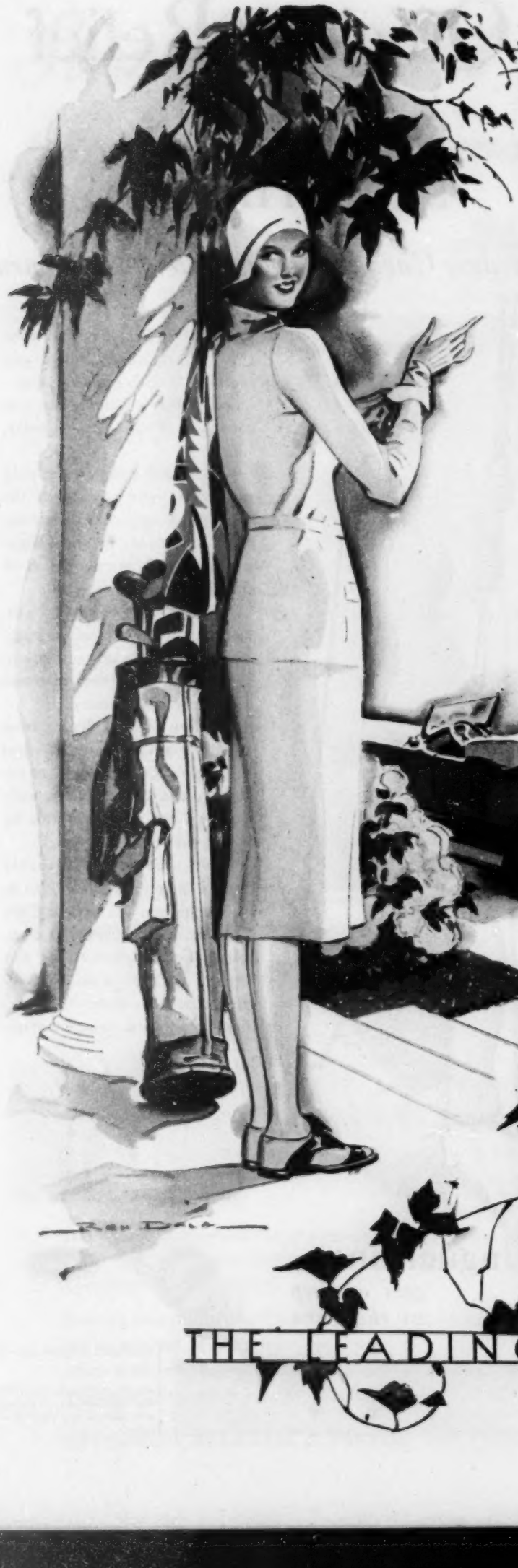
Here Unguentine eases the inflammation—takes out the sting. And being *antiseptic*—it guards against the dangerous infection which any burn invites.

Sunburn is no different from any other kind of burn. It's just as dangerous. So be sure to use Unguentine, the famous remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds.

Unguentine will quickly change smarting red sunburn to a glorious tan. 50 cents for the long-lasting tube. At your druggist's. Use Unguentine for any kind of burn or scald, and for cuts, scratches, insect-bites, etc. Take it on your vacation trips.

Unguentine
goes as deep as the burn

Norwich
epidermis, or upper layer of skin
dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine penetrates.



DRUDGERY

DITCHES are dug today by great steam shovels; electric cranes at the touch of a finger lift blocks of stone that a hundred men could hardly budge; scrubwomen have been replaced by machines in office-building corridors; in factories machine power takes the place of muscle. But many a woman in her home still scrubs the kitchen floor on her hands and knees, and shovels coal into a furnace, and washes greasy pots and dishes three times every day. Drudgery! » » » » » » » »

But let invention and discovery in homemaking go ahead for just a few years more and dictionaries will print a new definition—something like this:

DRUDGERY, noun, obsolete—Unnecessary hard work, formerly applied generally to household tasks.

One of the greatest lines that any manufacturer can use in his advertising copy is this: "Our product eliminates drudgery." Interestingly enough, nearly one-fourth of all the advertisements in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL make just that claim today—and a considerable proportion of the space in the editorial departments is devoted to new methods of saving time, or energy, or money. » » »

All to the end that the homemaker may have opportunity to give better physical and psychological care to her children, that she may be better equipped to promote comfort and happiness for her family, that she may be able to take part in community and national affairs, that she may have more leisure for recreation and self-improvement. » » »

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

But now, in 1930, 8,500,000 miles of wire in the city cables are concealed beneath the pavements, within railroad and rapid-transit tunnels, beneath the surrounding waters and in the walls of buildings. Where wires once spun in and out of office buildings like a great spider's web, now they are as invisible as the nerves of the human body. If all the telephone cables in New York City were unwrapped and single wires put end to end, they would reach to the moon and back eighteen times.

But it is not the maze and mileage of cables with which my experience was concerned. My work was not outside with the engineers, but in the central office with the operators. Central-office management was working just as intensively with problems of operating as the engineers were working with problems of equipment. Continuous expansion and new conditions kept demanding physical changes in this department that were just as startling as the growth of the wires.

The first change took place with a mighty flourish. In 1888 the Cortlandt exchange was opened, consolidating five small exchanges. The old Nassau office was among those absorbed; it lost its identity. Without regret we moved from our noisy seventh-floor walk-up to an impressive building that held its own among the sky-scrapers of that era. It was the company's first large building in New York, and it meant we were getting on. Within a few years Cortlandt was handling all the traffic of the downtown section.

Cortlandt at that time was reported to be the largest exchange in the world. Whereas Nassau had served 500 subscribers' lines, Cortlandt served 5000, and with far less expenditure of energy. The switchboard was not just a step but a gigantic stride toward efficiency. It ran around three sides of the room, comprising forty-three sections, with three operators at each section. It was called a multiple switchboard because every subscriber's line was multiplied forty-three times; each section was a complete unit in which every local line terminated. In other words, every line in the office was within reach of every operator.

The trunk lines also were multiplied from section to section. The old trunk table where I had toiled was now a thing of the past. The switchmen who had lorded it over us for so many years had been promoted to operators. The dignity of this new title had repressed their savagery to the point where it broke out only occasionally, and that under provocation of orders from half a dozen operators at once. These orders were no longer shouted into space, but given over a call circuit.

The young man's only retort to this barrage was, "Aw, get off the circuit!" His spirit was not dead; it only smoldered.

Information for Information

One operator alone could now complete a local connection, where formerly it had required three. Only two were needed to complete a call with another exchange, where formerly it had required five. Methods were greatly simplified. No longer did the welkin ring with the shouts of the operators struggling with primitive equipment. The completion of a call was now a matter of seconds instead of minutes. Gradually the central office was becoming a place of order instead of pandemonium.

My own work at Cortlandt the first few years varied as the need arose. For a time I acted as Information, but that rôle, as I had to play it, was not the efficient, well-systematized Information we know today. The questions subscribers used to ask me made my job a combination of personal-service bureau and general guide to the city of New York. In the course of a day they might run like this: "Information, where is the fire?" "Did anyone call me while I was out?" "How do I get to Central Park? And is that where the animals are?"

Frequently I was given brain twisters which I could not answer, try as I might. On one such occasion the subscriber replied scornfully, "So you're Information! Well, you don't know much." I quite agreed with him; that job did not serve to increase my egotism. But no course at any university, no almanac or guidebook could have supplied me with all the knowledge required; I would have had to be omniscient. Once a subscriber requested a number I could not locate. A few minutes later he called me back, saying, "Well, Information, for your information that number is so-and-so." I thanked him and made a note of it for future reference.

The eternal question of "Time, please?" grew to such an extent that it interfered with legitimate business. It was so useful a little privilege and subscribers availed themselves of it so freely I often wondered if it didn't interfere with watchmakers' profits. Business men found it simpler to ask the operator the time than to glance at the office clock. Commuters who dared not

PHOTO. BY U. S. PORTRAIT COMPANY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

An Early Photograph of the Author

trust their own timepieces depended on the telephone to make their trains. Meals were ordered and served by telephone time; husbands were chided for their deviations from it; all enterprise, public and private, in the city of New York seemed to regulate its schedule by the infallible telephone clock. One day in a tailor shop, while waiting for a fitting, I watched a child play with the telephone. In the half hour I was there he asked the operator, "Time, please?" six times. No one stopped him, for it cost nothing and was a harmless way of keeping him amused. At length, when calls for "time" reached an average of 80,000 per day, the company was obliged to abolish the practice of giving it. Time is still given by the New York company, but it is considered a legitimate call, for which special operators are provided.

But to go back a few years —— In telephone history, as I know it, the opening of the Cortlandt exchange stands out as a definite turning point from the dark ages to more enlightened days. Formerly the telephone had been talking only around the corner, as it were; now it was sending its voice farther and clearer—and progress had only begun. A pay-as-you-use system of charges instead of the flat yearly rate made service much less expensive; subscribers sprang up like mushrooms. As growth continued and equipment improved, service had to keep step. The operator's manners had to be groomed; she was made more gentle and refined, quicker and more accurate; it was necessary to have some supervision of her ever-increasing forces. In 1896 a superintendent arranged for a central-office organization that provided a chief operator; I was asked to fill that position at Cortlandt. The responsibility of the chief operator is the training of her operating forces. To help her, three assistant chief operators were appointed, one for the day, one for the evening and one for the night shift, as well as a quota of supervisors, each of whom was in charge of a certain number of sections of the switchboard, directly responsible for the operators. It is interesting that the system inaugurated at this time holds today, with but few changes.

The first years that followed saw the final exodus of the male operators. They were not discharged, but absorbed in other departments of the business as opportunity arose. No one shed a tear at seeing them pass forever from the central office.

Further improvement came at the switchboard with the installation of common battery to replace the magneto system—and all subscribers who have suffered under the crude old magneto will agree with me that this was a vast improvement. The subscriber rang in by turning a crank like a little coffee grinder, and a small brass shutter fell in the central office to signal the operator—at least, it was supposed to fall, but often it stuck on the armature and didn't, causing trouble for everyone. Under the newer system, instead of individual batteries at each telephone, one large common battery is installed in the exchange itself. The subscriber merely lifts the receiver and a small light signals the operator.

This introduced the manual telephone familiar to everyone. Installation of the common battery was begun in Manhattan in 1898, but was not completed until late in 1901. Strangely enough, Cortlandt was the last exchange in the city to receive it. Now, at last, uniformity of operating practices was achieved. This was very important, because it made possible uniform training of operators.

The Perfect Operator

Heretofore the operator had learned her trade by the trial-and-error method. She sat at her board doing the best she could in a groping, hit-or-miss fashion. When she made a mistake, the supervisor told her why it had happened and, when she had a minute to spare, coached her on how it should be done. Or perhaps her more experienced neighbor operator lent her a helping hand; all were well-meaning, but blundering. But now the time had come when subscribers must be saved annoyances which were unavoidable while the young lady at the switchboard was acquiring a telephone ear and familiarizing herself with her equipment.

For, however equipment may be perfected, telephone service, in its last analysis, depends on the operator. Much is expected of her. The subscriber is at his telephone because he is in a hurry. He does not see the operator at work; he only knows he wants an immediate connection; each second he waits is a minute long, each delay a personal affront. But the telephone has always aimed to please, to speak when spoken to—not bluntly but politely, and with pleasing brevity. The operator must now be made as nearly as possible a paragon of perfection, a kind of human machine, the exponent of speed and courtesy; a creature spirited enough to move like chain lightning, and with perfect accuracy; docile enough to deny herself the sweet privilege of the last word. She must assume that the subscriber is always right, and even when she knows he is not her only comeback must be: "Excuse it, please," in the same smiling voice.

Achievement of this ideal was the next problem that confronted the central office. Its solution was a school for the training of telephone operators, opened in 1902 in the old Gramercy Building at Eighteenth Street and Irving Place, and I was made its manager, responsible for the selection and initial training of every operator in New York City. Instructors were selected from central-office supervising forces, chosen for their teaching ability and knowledge of the work. This school, which, with a few changes, still exists today at a different location, is provided with a switchboard that is a replica of the central-office board and with additional equipment at which any type of call can be originated. The student operator is taught how to make every possible connection, from the simplest to the

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★ INDIA TEA ★

LOOK FOR THIS MAP OF INDIA ON THE PACKAGE OF TEA YOU BUY

most complicated, and is given actual experience as the call proceeds. All equipment with which she works duplicates that of the central office, to the extent that her move from the place of training to the big switchboard is like going from a small room to a large one equally familiar.

She is also taught all the niceties of telephone etiquette, from the proper tone of voice to use to the proper attitude toward her work. It is impressed upon her that she is the personal representative of the telephone company, the one member of that vast family who comes in personal contact with the subscriber. From the moment she dons her operating set she is taught to get his viewpoint and never to lose sight of it. It is not difficult to teach her courtesy, for she likes the subscriber, finds him friendly and, in her anxiety to please, courtesy comes easily and naturally. And, because courtesy is contagious, the subscriber involuntarily responds to her cheerful phrases in the same pleasant tone of voice.

The Li•on's Busy

The selection of the students is as important as their training. A telephone operator must have sound health and be mentally and physically alert. Any physical deformity or handicap disqualifies her, for she must move quickly and unhampered at the switchboard; and in order to move quickly, she must think quickly. One of the most difficult things to teach her is the coördination of eye, ear and hand. Many intelligent girls do not make good operators, for lack of this power. It is remarkable how keenly attuned the telephone ear becomes. The operator can distinguish muffled numbers which to the untrained listener have no more significance than a word in Greek. Equally important is a clear voice. That fascinating huskiness often recognized as a charm would never do in a telephone operator. She is taught to pronounce each syllable clearly and accurately, and with the rising inflection that gives a pleasant tone. The little phrase, "Number, please?" may be made either very abrupt or very gracious, depending entirely on the tone. Sometimes she learns her lesson too well and adds syllables where none should be. Once a zealous operator sang out, "The li-on is busy"; to which the quick-witted subscriber replied, "What's he doing, operator—eating his dinner?"

A great deal of attention is paid to the method of repeating numbers. The vigorous rolling of r's is discouraged, though the operator likes to do it; it works off her surplus energy. But to roll the "thr-r-r-ee" until it is exhausted is an unnecessary waste of time. The stereotyped phrases to which her conversation is limited today have been devised as time savers. In completing a connection, every tenth part of a second counts; she gives her report to the subscriber in the fewest possible words. To say "thank you" instead of repeating the number saves one more brief second of time. This was made possible by the introduction of a new method of passing calls to other trunk lines, whereby the subscriber hears the number as it is passed. For example: The subscriber gives his number; the operator says, "Thank you," and he hears her repeat the number to the operator in the called office. This gives him an opportunity to correct the error, if there is one. Before this slight change was adopted the central-office organization worked on it for two years to see if it caused more wrong numbers—and we found that it did not.

In my long years of experience with these many student operators whom I helped train, my most outstanding impression is the readiness with which each one adapts herself to the work. The moment she takes her place at the big switchboard and her real work begins, she feels how dependent upon her is every subscriber she serves. The completion of a call becomes to her, not a mere mechanical gesture but a personal service.

I often smile when I hear modern business men speak of the "personal touch" as though it were something new. Why, I believe it was the telephone that invented the personal touch. What else save personal interest kept us pioneer operators at work shouting ourselves hoarse ten hours a day without hope of overtime pay? What else keeps the present-day operator at her switchboard in a crisis? And she shares every crisis that occurs in the region where she works. The giant exchange is the pulse of the city; the first throb of disaster or joy is recorded here. Storm, fire, war, death, every emergency from the birth of a child to a stock panic announces itself by telephone, through the operator. I have seen the panics of 1893, 1907, 1921 and 1929 flash over the board in twinkling lights like harbingers of tragedy. Every telephone in the Wall Street district was being rung by some desperate speculator. And I have seen young girls in their teens and early twenties, who had no interest in the market per se, stick by their boards like soldiers until traffic cleared or relief was possible.

Alert at the Switchboard

The operator's loyalty has always been outstanding. I could tell many tales of her heroism. I have seen fires in central offices where flames licked the windows where the girls sat, yet not one stirred from her place. When, on that frightening wartime day, a bomb in front of the Morgan bank shattered every window in the neighborhood, and all downtown New York, thrown into a panic, was frantically calling "Police!" the operator calmly spread word of the danger. When a few years ago a TNT explosion occurred in New Jersey and tons of high explosive sent buildings collapsing one by one, each like a house of cards, a telephone operator in the danger zone refused to leave her board until emergency rescuers carried her away by force. I was told that during the Johnstown flood groups of telephone operators sat at their places until water threatened to submerge the switchboard. During the Mississippi flood operators in the afflicted regions sent out warnings to near-by villages until the very buildings where they worked were threatened to be swept away by the rising torrents.

This thing that holds the operator to her board is not something new; it has always existed. I felt it myself forty years ago. When the great blizzard of 1888 crippled the nation's traffic and tied up New York as tight as a box, every girl in our office voluntarily remained there overnight. We knew if we left we could not get back, and who would handle the calls?

The Trouble With the Dial

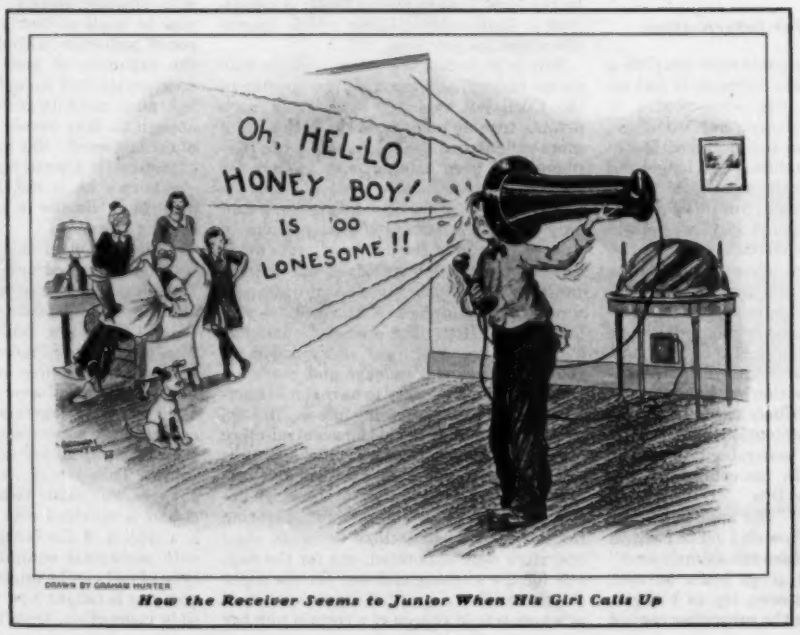
The operator, whose rôle was never spectacular, has grown more and more inconspicuous as service has been perfected and her voice has grown more gently modulated. Where once she was a free, untrammeled soul whose greatest asset was lung power and ability to make the switchmen behave, gradually her own identity has been lost in her very efficiency and the stereotyped but unfailingly cheerful phrases by which she is known. Today she is the one human touch in a service almost automatic. Now, with the installation of the dial system, she threatens to fade from the picture altogether.

The dial, it is interesting to know, is an emergency measure devised by engineers who, looking ahead to 1940, foresaw that, if the telephone kept on growing at its present rate, not enough operators could be found to fill the quota of the future. The vast numbers needed in New York, Chicago and other of our large cities simply would not be available in the United States. The dial was perfected as a mechanical substitute for the operator. Already it is establishing its supremacy over the manual telephone.

Even old Cortlandt has joined the fast-moving procession and has been cut over to dial. It was with a feeling of sadness that, in April of this year, I stood in that old office and watched the last calls come in that would ever be made over that familiar board. Suddenly, at a given moment, the lights ceased to come in. From that time on, Cortlandt subscribers would no longer signal their operator, but dial their own numbers.

As I recalled the excitement, the lights, the rush associated with that place, I felt as though I had officiated at the last rites of a dear old friend. Yet it was not death, but a rebirth. Cortlandt exchange still exists, but under a new system and in a new building. The dial does not mean the complete extinction of the operator. She is still there, behind the scenes as always, though not in such numbers as formerly. She still is necessary to assist the subscriber when trouble arises, when information is wanted and to make toll calls. Many a subscriber in an emergency frantically dials the 0.

Recently a busy physician said to me: "I hate to see the dial system come. I shall miss the operator. I shall have no one to blame for my own mistakes."



DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

How the Receiver Seems to Junior When His Girl Calls Up

HARNESSED RESOURCES

High up in the mountains the snow melts under the warming sun. In the forest thousands of springs bubble from the depths. Rains, falling on the uplands, feed myriad little rills. Runnels and rivulets converging into creeks and brooks babble and cascade into the valley below. And then, the river, flowing between its hills, meets the mighty dam and stops. Here all the water from the range—that otherwise might be dissipated—piles up in a great reservoir of wealth. Millions of horse-power harnessed for industry. Millions of gallons of fertility controlled to turn the desert into a garden.

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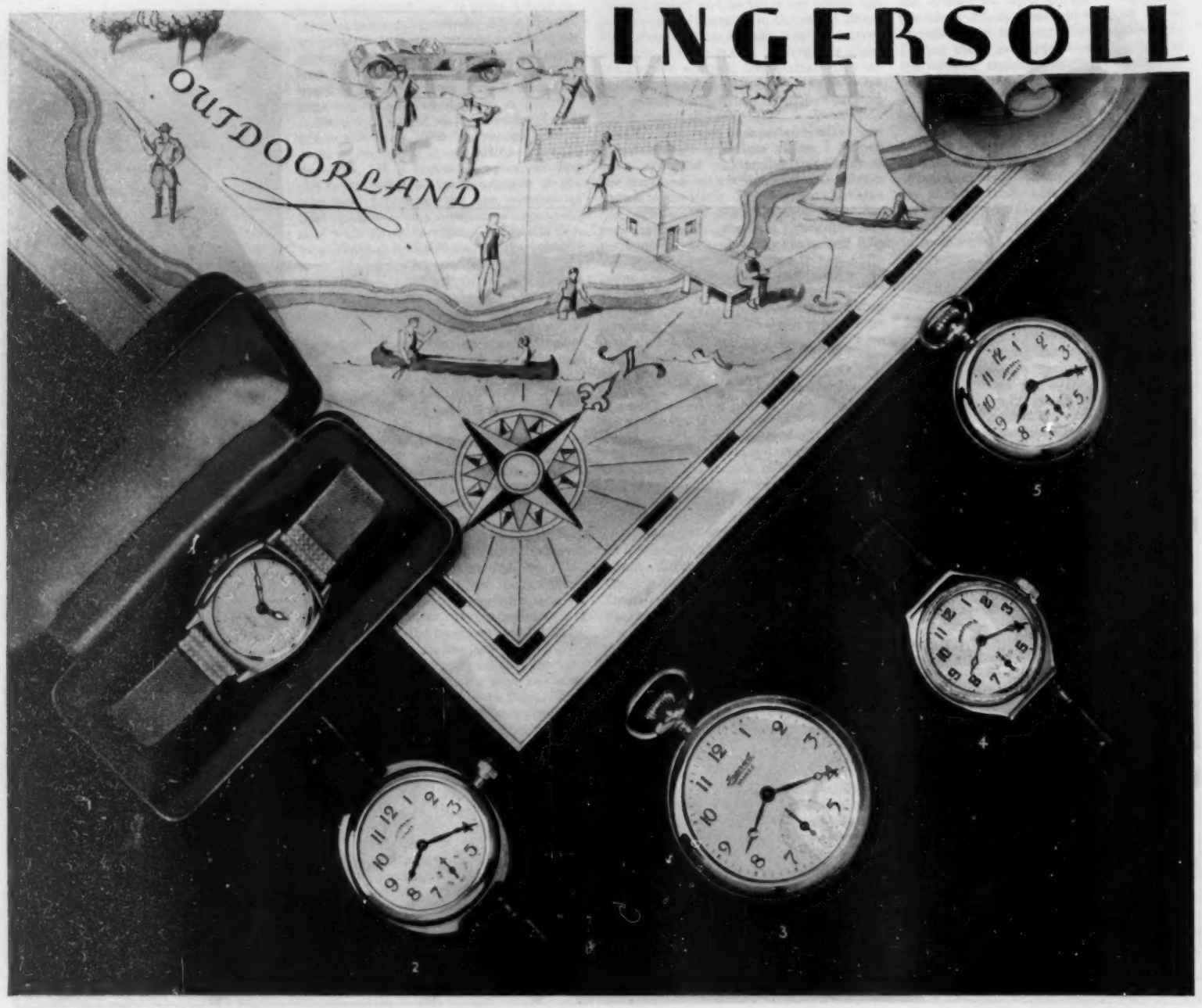

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THE LONG RIFLE

(Continued from Page 17)

sufficed to bring them full into the eagerness of anticipation. The monotonous year filed before these pioneer people in a slow procession of gray days. Spangle days were rare, and they savored them with an expectancy and thrill known nowadays only to children, not to be dimmed by smaller things. By the time the morning light was full, all men were again afoot, save a few whose potations of the night before had been somewhat too deep.

VIII

ONE dwelling house in the village was, however, exempt from this premature arousement. Protected by the soft, rushing silence of running water, no noise could reach it to trouble its repose. The mill race took all the world of sound for its own and translated it into a lulling and grateful peace. Those within its insulation slept tranquilly, undisturbed.

Nevertheless, robin-song found its inmates afoot; the young man at the call of long habit, the elder prowling about in foretaste of what he believed was to be his long-awaited triumph. They met in the oaken room below stairs, where they ate together at the board table, served by a grumpy and elderly woman who the day before had not been in evidence.

"Now, Don lad," advised the old gunmaker when they had finished, "I advise ye to take ye down to the Big Bend, where, I doubt not, you will find much to see and to amuse yourself withal. The big shooting is not until afternoon, but there will be the smaller matches and many other doings worth your while to see."

"I will do that, suh. Come ye not also?"

"Nay, lad," replied the old man cunningly. "I have seen many such, and it is not my purpose to disclose for the common questioning my new production. I will be there when the hour strikes, but not before. And besides, I await John Gladden, who comes to make trial of the new rifle and to fit his holding to its sighting."

"In that case, suh, I will follow your advice," said the young man, taking his felt hat. "When the young un awakens, give her my greeting."

"But, Don!" Farrell halted him at the door. "Are you not taking your own piece with you?"

"For why?" The visitor smiled quaintly. "Do you expect an attack of the savages?"

"But will ye not enter in the shooting?" expostulated the gunmaker—"not the great match, but there will be many others—block shoots and peg shoots and turkey shoots—wherein many will take part."

Don shook his head.

"Perchance, if your piece is not quite true, another could be found for you in my shop," suggested Farrell. "Gladly may you have the loan of such."

"My piece is as true as any," the young man assured him. He hesitated, then went on steadily: "I had not thought to mention it, suh, but the truth is I am travelin' through on a visit, and must return, and my pockets are not so lined with shillings that I may spend them on aught else but the journey."

"Let me ——"

"No, suh," Don interrupted firmly, "but I am obleeged to you, suh."

He turned toward the door. At the stairway's foot stood the little girl, barefooted, in her night shift, her ringleted hair tousled about her head.

"If you see that old Tiger, you kill him!" cried she.

For the first time the grave young stranger laughed aloud.

"If I see that old Tigah, honey," he replied, "I'll be shore to info'm him just what you told me."

IX

BY THE time he had reached the Big Bend, the day's activities were well under way. Don sauntered here and there, surveying them gravely. Mostly he passed unnoticed, though here and there he was proffered a greeting from some spectator of yesterday's fight, and twice he was invited boisterously to come up to the tables and take a drink as a stout lad. But he responded so gravely to the salutations and refused the invitations so firmly that they turned away from him without further thought.

The river grove and the meadow immediately adjacent were thronged. Many jostled about the tables in the bowers, breaking their morning's fast or fortifying themselves with ale or spirits. Smaller and shifting groups hovered about certain peddlers who had laid out their wares. Others clustered talking politics or crops or religion, as was to be expected. Only a comparatively few partisans or acquaintances had as yet gravitated to where the rifles were already whanging away, and where hung the thin, acrid fog of powder. It was to this point, however, that Don at once betook himself. He arrived just as one match had come to an end and the preparations for another were about to begin.

On a stool behind a table sat the man Don had yesterday heard called the squire. The day was yet young and cool, and he wore still his green greatcoat with the many capes. Below the table stood a large basket filled with pine blocks split to about six inches square and the surfaces blackened by charring. These the squire was engaged in passing out to would-be contestants in the next event, selling them at the rate of sixpence apiece. As but one shot could be fired at each block, some were buying three, four or as many as five. Others, either because of the slenderness of their purses or confidence in their luck or ability, contented themselves with but one. Each, on receiving his targets, drew apart to mark them. This was done either by inscribing deep cross lines with a knife, or by tacking on a bit of paper or tin.

The marks or the cross lines rarely centered the block of wood, for though the prize money would go to the man whose ball struck nearest the exact middle, each placed his point of aim at the spot where experience had taught him the sight should be held to compensate for the error of his gun.

The range for this match was one hundred yards and each assumed what position and took what time he pleased. If a man missed clean, he cursed vividly or withdrew in sullen silence, leaving the untouched target to be retrieved by an attendant Negro, for sale and use again. If, under the bullet's impact, the block spun from its position, he whooped and ran forward to reclaim it himself; and was on his return immediately surrounded, all eager to examine how near to center the ball had struck. When the last block had taken its chance, the best were submitted to the squire's measurement, which determined the winner. The latter was immediately presented with the cash prize, which was a goodly percentage of the sum resulting from the entrance fees; the remainder constituting a kitty that went to the promotion fund of the enterprise. In this match nearly half the targets were hit, and the winning bullet was officially declared to have entered within two inches of center.

"What think ye of that?" exulted a spectator at Don's elbow. "Is not that a good shooting?"

"Why, I think it very good," agreed the young man, "and these men can stand with the best in any company."

He turned away to where, from the right, came the sounds of occasional desultory firing. Here he found men engaged in shooting at a turkey loosely tethered at full two hundred yards. The entrance fee was also but a sixpence, and he who hit the turkey would take it away for his dinner; but the fact that the bird would continually move about within a short radius, combined with the additional fact that the range was beyond what approximate exactness the rifles of the day possessed, made of the investment no undue risk to the management.

That both contestants and bystanders realized fully the large part played by chance was fully evidenced by the atmosphere of hilarity. Men shouted facetious comments and advice, dissolved in yells of laughter as a sudden movement on the part of the distracted turkey avoided a lucky bullet. The rivals muttered curses or voiced humorous chagrin, according to their various temperaments. One elderly man held his rifle at aim for a full two minutes, following with his sights, in vain, the erratic motions of the bird; at last lowering his arm, tired with its long exertion.

"Consarn the pesky critter!" he shouted in exasperation. "Hold still if you want to be killed!"

At last, in desperation, he loosed off anyhow, and a puff of dust far to the right elicited only a startled squawk.

The mark was attained, after a deal of banging, by a smooth-faced boy who raced excitedly to retrieve his prey only to be greeted by a great shout of laughter as he returned with it.

"Hope you like dark meat!"

"Never mind, bub; turkey hash is fine!"

The heavy bullet had smashed its way squarely through the middle of the breast.

Don shook his head.

"That's a waste of good eatin'," he remarked to one near him. "Whar I come from we just let the head stick out, and shoot at it at a hundred ya'ds," he added.

Another small and amused group attracted him farther. Here he found two men with rifles, seated on the ground. One, his piece held in a knee-and-elbow rest, was painfully and patiently squinting at a cockerel tethered a scant fifty yards distant. The other, his rifle laid alongside him on the ground, smoked a pipe and watched. The rooster was a noble and iridescent specimen of his kind, a beautiful creature except for one blemish.

What should have been an abundant and sweeping tail consisted of four scattered feathers only. For some time the young visitor watched. Still the rifleman held his fire. Don was puzzled.

"Why delay he, suh?" he asked a bystander at last. "Shorely it is no great feat to kill the fowl at that range."

His neighbor—a middle-aged man evidently of the better class—chuckled.

"That is the last thing he wants to do," he replied in a low and guarded voice.

"I do not understand, suh," submitted Don.

"Why," explained the other, "I see you are a stranger here. Know, then, that this is a private match between two very noted marksmen who are such rivals that I think they would very gladly use one another as targets in a duel. E'en last night at the tavern, and they in their cups, I think it might have come to blows, but the squire, who is a rare wag at times, and hath ideas one would never suspect in so thick a noodle, bethought him of this. The terms are these: That each man in turn plucks with his bullet from the tail of that cockerel its feathers. The one who shoots away the last feather wins the contest and the wager they have made. But he who by mischance slays the chicken not only loses the match but must double the bet."

The young man chuckled in his throat.

"Already," continued the gentleman, "they have sat there three hours. Each has fired twice, and the cockerel still unscathed. They are like to be there all day. What think you of that?"

"Why," rejoined the stranger, "I think it right good shootin', and right good luck, suh, also."

The colloquy was interrupted by the resounding boom of the heavy rifle. The chicken squawked and leaped convulsively to the end of its tether. A tail feather whirled aloft and floated gently to the earth. The marksman laid aside his piece

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with the deep sigh of relief from long tension.

"Yore turn," he informed his rival.

Beneath an arbor, and in charge of a young chap of about Don's age, was located the official sales place for ammunition. Here were canisters of the best French powder, both of the very fine grain for priming the pan, and of the coarser grain for the charge in the barrel; and clear, beautifully shaped English flints, each guaranteed to be good for fifty shots; and frizzen pricks, plain or ornamental; and bars of lead; and twists of unspun flax for swabbing the bore. Besides these essentials were exhibits of other things, brought either for sale or as samples by which to order. Of the former were hand-forged traps, moccasins and shot pouches sewn and decorated by the women, tomahawks fashioned by blacksmiths, knives of various shapes and hardness of blade, powder horns scraped so thin that the grains of powder could be seen through their sides.

This bazaar was a sort of company affair, and the young man in charge was paid by fees from whoever had matters to advertise or things to sell. Thus he was prepared to take orders for the products of any one of the half dozen or so gunmakers of the neighborhood, or to accept for reboring worn down or rusted barrels, and either to ream out the old bullet mold to fit the new size or to supply a new mold. Between other activities he demonstrated over and over a new invention for the kindling of fire. This was in appearance a sort of pistol, with a very small stock, a full-sized flintlock and a barrel not more than an inch long, but with a huge bore fully as wide. The young man stuffed into this barrel a tight wad of unspun flax, poured a little gunpowder into the pan and pulled the trigger. From the muzzle he pulled the smoldering flax and blew it to a glow.

He extolled this simple contraption highly as an immense improvement over the ordinary flint and steel, but he sold few. The thing was expensive, and citizens settled in houses rarely required to make new fire, for they took good care to bank their coals. As for the backwoods farmers, they plugged the touchhole of their rifles, placed the flax in the pans, and got the same result. If the plug did not fit tightly enough, the maneuver might result not only in the desired fire but also in a badly frightened family and a bullet among the pewter; but it worked.

Since it was by now approaching noon, Don next took his way to the refreshment bower, where, after careful inquiry of prices, he purchased half a loaf of bread, a slice of cold venison and a chunk of cheese. With these he retired to sit with his back against a post, unsheathed his knife, and set to with a hearty appetite. For several minutes, so busy was he with his meal, he did not overhear the conversation near him. Then he could not but become aware that the four very solid men who sat at the table above him were members of the same craft as his host. He could not see their faces, but the wide, broadclothed backs presented to him were the very sign of pompous dignity.

Their talk was technical, and therefore interesting to the young man, and he did not scruple to listen, though rather idly, and off the surface of his attention. It had to do with the softness and the toughness of various charcoal irons as materials for barrels; and the relative merits of sugar and red maple wood for stocks; and the pros and cons as to whether it paid better to import Belgian-made locks entire—which they acknowledged to be excellent—or to make them at home, in which case a man knew what he had; and a rather sneering unanimity of opinion as to some visionary who had ideas as to the value of gain twist, which evidently had been suggested to him by specimens of early arquebuses.

"There is always a fool or so thinks he can improve upon the ripe wisdom of the craft," remarked the broadest back contemptuously. "I have seen in my time a score such who would overturn the world."

"And speaking of such, I see not Master Farrell's sour face today," observed another.

"I deem his absence no loss to the company," pronounced Broad Back. "I doubt not he mourns in private his champion's fall."

"How is that? What mean ye?" queried a third.

"Have ye not heard? Nay, but that is the choicest morsel of all."

"I arrived but an hour since," explained the other.

"Why," began Broad Back in the unctuous tones of one about to retail a cozy bit of gossip, "Master Farrell, I would have you know, had retained John Gladden to shoot for him in the great match."

"Nay," rejoined the other with asperity, "that I know but too well, for I had thought to engage him for myself."

"Good fortune, then, attended you," said Broad Back; and paused relishingly for the question.

"Good fortune? How now?" it came from his companion.

"Why, that this John Gladden will not hold a piece today, nor yet for many days to come; and the reason is simple—that he cannot, on account that his arm is broken in two places."

Don jerked back his head, his whole attention caught.

Broad Back chuckled. "See ye not our good man Farrell ——" he was going on, when he felt his shoulder seized, and turning in outraged dignity at the unmannerly assault, met two blazing blue eyes within a foot of his own.

"Broken, you say? How happed that?" cried their owner.

"How now, sirrah ——" But Broad Back broke off his indignation with a stare of recognition. "Meseems you should know that," he chuckled, "for, if my eyes deceive me not, you are he who ——"

But the young man was gone.

x

WITH swift strides he threaded his way through the crowd, shook himself free from the throng, and breaking into a long and easy lope, hastened toward the village street. But before he had gained to the first of the houses, he recognized to his left a small figure hurrying in the opposite direction, and so changed his course to encounter it.

"Have ye seen or heard aught of John Gladden," called his host agitatedly as he neared, "for he hath not ——"

"Master Farrell"—the young man cut him short—"I think I have unwittingly done to you the greatest disservice man has ever done another."

So manifest was his distress that the gunmaker's own anxiety was set aside.

"Why, how can that be, lad?" he asked.

Almost breathlessly Don told of the incident of the two dogs and the little girl, and of how he had been forced against his will to take up the foolish quarrel, and of the fight in the stable yard on account of it, and of how it fared. The old man listened attentively.

"But that was well done," he commented, "and I am much beholden to you."

"But that is not all, suh," insisted the young man. "So we fought, and I do not know how it would have gone with me, for he was very strong. At last he caught me in his grip, and then—then, suh, he sought to gouge my eyes! I had not thought men in fair fight would strive to maim, but he whom they called the squire would have it so, and those standing about called it fair play. It is not thus with us on the border, suh; for when men settle disputes they wrestle fairly and fight as white men fight, not as savages do. So then I knew this was war."

"Yes, lad, and then?"

"Then, suh, I fit as a man fights in war, when his piece is empty and he cannot come at his tomahawk or his knife. I used a trick long known to the Injins, and which I learned from them. By it I broke his arm, and so the fight ended."

"But, lad, that was well done," the old man repeated, "and you can take no blame to yourself for that."

"Nay, suh, I knew it not. I have but just now learned ——" he hesitated, in obvious distress.

"What, lad?" The gunmaker had not yet guessed.

"The man was John Gladden."

A long silence fell while Farrell digested this information.

"Meseems I would gladly have lost an eye had not this happed," the young man faltered, but Farrell stopped him with a peremptory gesture.

"Nay," he commanded, "you could do no different. I do not blame you. Nay, it was well done."

He drooped visibly, nevertheless; remained for some moments in thought; bowed his head, then straightened with an assumed cheerfulness.

"We must accept what fortune brings," said he.

"Is it too late, suh, to seek out another ——" began the young man anxiously.

The gunmaker cut him short with a decisive shake of the head.

"The match is even now about to be called," said he, "and every marksman worth the name is long since bespoke. Nor would I place the piece in the hands of any less."

They stood there facing each other; the younger man almost wringing his hands in distress, the older contemplating the ground in a brown study. Suddenly he straightened.

"I have it!" he cried. "You shall take his place!"

"I, suh!" stammered the stranger, taken aback.

"Even you," stated the old man with decision. "You can do no less."

"But, suh," expostulated Don, "I am not fitten to stand with these men. I would not do ye a further disservice. I am not practiced in these affairs. I care not for myself, but the new piece, suh ——"

"Enough," the old man cut him short with authority. "If I am willing, how should you draw back?"

"But you know not that my aim is true."

"I watched you last even as you handled the piece to your cheek. I marked you well, and I will stake my chances on your skill. Come. I ask it. You can do no less."

"If you are set upon it, I can but make the trial," agreed the young man, hesitating and troubled.

"I am set upon it."

"I can but do my best," then said he.

The volatile old man, his spirits popping up like a balloon, leaped into the air and cracked his heels together twice.

"That's my lad!" he cried heartily. "And now we must haste, for an' we be not there to answer when the match is called, we shall lose our place."

He trotted back in the direction of his house, his very gait bouncing into a confidence evidently not shared by the troubled youth following at his heels. At the house Farrell carefully wrapped the new rifle in a blanket.

"They shall see no sight of it afore the time," he babbled, thrusting the muffled piece into the lad's hands. "And now let us see. Here is the great powder horn, and the smaller with priming, and here is the stock of balls—and not one flawed one among them—and spare flints—yes, and a stout frizzen prick, and patches and grease in the butt. All is here. Let us hasten back."

"But, suh," expostulated Don, "have I no chance to fire the piece first that I may test my holding?"

"No time now—no time," returned the old man testily. "Come, hasten, or even yet we may be too late!"

"That is a hard task you place me, suh," observed the stranger, but more in comment than complaint.

"Hold a fine sight," panted the gunmaker as he trotted along—"hold fine, and dead center. Allow for no error. Merely hold true."

(Continued on Page 129)

"Certainly I'm a Crank on Oil", SAYS PHOEBE OMLIE, "that's why I use KENDALL"

Phoebe Fairgrave Omlie, winner of Light Plane Class Pacific-Coast-to-Cleveland National Air Derby and first woman to fly in the Ford Reliability Tours, admits she's a "crank" when it comes to oil—and she is shown below getting a "fill" of Kendall.

THE charming young aviatrix knows her oil! Her best records in the air have been records of Kendall performance—her daily use of Kendall in her motor car is further proof of what she really thinks of this extraordinarily fine oil.

And it is extraordinary oil—every drop of Kendall is refined from Bradford crude (costliest of all the fine Pennsylvania oils). Hunt the country over, and you cannot find better *crude* than Bradford grade—nor can you find better equipment and processes than Kendall has devised to bring out its superlative qualities.

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WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark *CLEANS THE WORLD*

(Continued from Page 126)

The young man sighed resignedly.

"And the trigger pull, suh?" he suggested. "I have not even the feel of that."

"You will find it smooth as a hound's tooth," rejoined the other, "so that a baby's touch would suffice to trip the hammer. There is but one thing to watch. In your loading, see that you center the ball on the patch, for if it be to one side or the other by any great span, the ball will not fly quite so true."

XI

AT THE Bend all firing had ceased. Even the two men still patiently engaged in plucking with their bullets the cockerel's tail had been ordered to desist, and that demoralized fowl was enjoying a respite and the continued possession of two widely separated feathers. The concourse, which now numbered almost every available human being, was held back of a designated line by men whose official position was advertised by a white handkerchief bound about the left arm. The open space in front was occupied only by the table at which still sat the squire, flanked by two assistants. But even as Farrell and his guest—the former somewhat out of breath—reached the outskirts, one of the assistants arose and cried out a name in a great bull voice that could have been heard in the village street. A man, whom Don recognized as Broad Back, pushed forward; at his elbow a small, unobtrusive fellow chewing tobacco nonchalantly and carrying a rifle which, even from a distance, could plainly be distinguished as brand-new and of fine workmanship. The two took their places to the left of the table.

"We are but just in time," observed Farrell, removing his hat and mopping his brow. "They call the contestants. That is Master Detrick, the gunmaker from Lancaster, and the small man with him is Mark Dall, who will fire for him."

But now the announcer was calling other names, and other men were coming forward in response. Unlike the more impromptu and lesser matches of the earlier part of the day, the entries for this great match had been all made and paid for and closed the day previous, and there remained now but the formality of reading the entrants from the list.

So it went until fourteen men had taken their places, of whom five were gunmakers standing only in the rôle of sponsors, five their hired champions, and the other four free lances competing on their own for their chance at the great, fat ox and the snaphaunce gun and the glory. Then the announcer sat down.

"How now! How now!" cried Farrell, breaking through the cordon. "Find ye not my name on your list?"

The squire slowly turned his great bulk to survey the speaker.

"And is it you, Master Farrell?" he exclaimed in surprise. He turned his eyes toward Detrick. "But of a certain it is here, and you are welcome."

"Then why was I not called?" indignantly demanded the gunmaker.

"We were informed," said the squire slowly, "that you had withdrawn." He continued to stare at Detrick, until the latter stirred uneasily and muttered:

"It is known to all that John Gladden lies abed and ——"

"You take much upon yourself, sir!" interrupted Farrell hotly.

"Peace, gentlemen," commanded the squire with authority. "Your name is here, Master Farrell. You will yourself shoot your match?"

"Nay, I have a man for that."

"His name?"

"Don—nay, I know not the rest. Where is the pesky lad?" Farrell searched vainly with his eyes in the shifting crowd.

"Put him down as Master Don," the squire told the recorder. "Time passes. Your man fires last," he instructed Farrell. "See that he is here."

The first test was at one hundred yards. The targets were the six-inch wooden blocks already described. The number of shots, five. Each man was to fire once in rotation until the tally was complete.

Detrick's champion was called upon. The little man, still chewing his tobacco, stepped calmly forward. His piece was already charged, so all he had to do by way of preparation was to shake the priming powder into the pan. Any position was allowed, so Dall disposed himself deliberately with muzzle and elbow rest, aimed carefully for what seemed a very long time, and fired. His block spun backward as the heavy bullet smashed into it. Dall arose deliberately and withdrew to the background, where he at once set about an elaborate cleaning of his piece. One by one the other contestants took their turn. The majority followed his example in selecting the muzzle and elbow rest as the most certain, though one man lay prone, and one other sat, his elbows clamped between his knees. Of the nine, seven registered hits; and a murmur of admiration swept the spectators, for this was a marvelous percentage. The location of the hits would not be determined until later; which delay enhanced the dramatic suspense.

"Master Don, firing for Master Farrell," called the announcer.

Farrell slapped the young man on the back and pushed him forward.

"God be with ye, lad," he muttered.

He was shifting from one foot to the other nervously, and he was breathing sharply, but Don seemed unconcerned. He walked forward to the mark, carrying the long rifle at trail, woodsman fashion. A wave of excited comment rose. Men's interest was caught by the strange appearance of the new weapon.

"Look at the length of that bar'l," one murmured to another. "What think you is in the hinged boxes in the butt?"

"Flints," suggested another.

Farrell suppressed a cry of anguish, for Don, instead of disposing himself in any one of the several positions that afforded a steadying rest, had squared to his shot standing upright on his two feet. And barely, it seemed, had the muzzle reached the level when, without perceptible pause for aim, as it seemed, the piece was discharged.

The excited babel was now full-voiced, for there was much to say.

"Don't you suppose the fool knows he don't have to shoot offhand?"

"He didn't hardly take no aim at all!"

"Must have a ha'r trigger and she went off on him accidental," surmised one sagely.

And everybody commented on the salient phenomenon of the whole performance—the sharp whiplike crack of the discharge, in arresting contrast to the full roar of the other rifles.

The fact that the block of wood had been struck was unremarked, unimportant, dismissed as a lucky accident that could not recur in the same conditions.

"Lad! Lad!" agonized Farrell, as the young man returned to his side. "Be not so hasty and so rash! Get ye a steady rest, and assure your aim better!"

Don dropped the butt of the long rifle to the ground and prepared to reload.

"Nay, suh," he returned tranquilly, "I have never l'arned these fancy tricks. I must e'en do as I may, and my schooling has been in the forests. An I dwell upon my aim or seek a spot whereon to rest my piece I am like to lose either my dinner or my scalp."

"Think you you can hit the mark again?" asked Farrell anxiously.

"That we shall see in good time," replied Don. "But this I will say." His grave face lighted for an instant with a rare enthusiasm. "Never have I held a piece so sweet to the hand; never have I pulled trigger so smooth to the touch; never have I looked across sights so clear to the eye. And if the ball speeds as true as the rifle holds, why, then, suh, without wishin' to boast, I may say that I will knock over those bits of wood as long as men will cut 'em fo' me!" Suddenly he lapsed into an embarrassed silence. "I babble overmuch," he muttered, and went on loading.

The second round proceeded with no more than the usual cries of encouragement and comment. But when the young stranger again methodically took his place, and with the same absence of delay proceeded to spin his second block of wood from its resting place, the noise rose to a pandemonium and the guards found difficulty in holding back the surge of the crowd.

Farrell was hopping about with joy and the young man himself showed symptoms of excitement. But it was the excitement of a growing interest and enthusiasm, not of nervousness, against which, now, his patron was frantically urging him to beware. At last Don stopped him with a good-humored laugh.

"I will do my possible, suh," he reassured the old man. "And I think you need not be afeared, for yore billets carry neither arrows nor fusees, nor are they like to run away."

The five rounds finished at last, and in an excitement that constantly grew, for never had the like been seen before. Men told one another that they were present at the greatest shooting match ever known. All records had gone by the board. For of the fifty shots delivered, thirty-seven had found the mark, which in itself was enough to make history. And of the thirty-seven hits, five must be accredited to the young stranger! He had not once missed!

This alone was sufficient to set men's tongues clacking with amazement. But still remained the decision—for the award must go to him whose ball had struck closest to dead center—and all awaited the announcement from the table on which the attendant Negro had piled the basketful of billets he had gathered up. Each had been marked with the name of its owner, of course, and the squire and his assistants sorted them out and laid them aside for examination, and the contestants and their sponsors gathered close about, awaiting his verdict. At last the squire looked up, and his broad face was amazed.

"Gentlemen," said he, holding up one of the blocks, and it could be seen that the ball had cut almost into the cross itself, "here is the winning shot, and a good one it is. But, gentlemen, here are the others that come nearest." He exhibited one after the other four other targets, and of them all the farthest ball had centered not more than three inches from perfection. "That is good shooting; each one of these is worthy of a prize, for never in the long years of my life have I seen the like!" He slowly arose to his full height, and his rubicund face was overspread with an emotion that was close to awe. "And this I must tell you: That these balls, one and all, were delivered by the same hand!" His face broke into a broad grin as he turned to Farrell. "Methinks," said he, "fate did you a shrewd good turn that this young man stood for you in the stead of Gladden. As for you, my lad, you shoot as well as you fight; or you fight as well as you shoot—I know not how to say it."

"It is the rifle," stated Don modestly. "Never was piece made that shot so true."

"A man cannot win at cards without an ace," agreed the squire; "and of the rifle, more anon; for I confess myself curious to examine it. Na'theless the holding was better than I have seen. But to your places, gentlemen. It waxeth toward evening, and we must finish. . . . Announcer, call the list for the peg shot."

XII

FORTUNATELY for our belief in this chronicle, records, both ancient and modern, are here to sustain us. Otherwise we could not be blamed for dismissing the whole story with a shrug. So convinced—and justly so—have we become of the superiority of our modern high-velocity rifles, that we have ended by unduly depreciating the old-fashioned arms, but especially the flintlocks dealt with in this our tale. Our impression of them is that they were slow to load, clumsy to handle, dilatory in fire, and of only approximate accuracy. Or if we admit accuracy at all, it is only within the limits of a very short squirrel range. As a matter of fact, we are in general very skeptical of even that much; suffering, I suppose, from a reaction against Fenimore Cooper's impossible absurdities.

But in sober earnest these impressions are libels upon an excellent weapon; and many of them, as accusations against its efficiency, must fall to the ground. That the old long rifles were not clumsy, a moment's handling will convince any experienced rifleman, if he can get hold of a good specimen. That the flintlock, when properly constructed, in good condition, and with the best flint suitably edged and sharpened, is, so far as the marksman can tell, as fast as a percussion lock, is surprising but true. "With regard to the interval between the flash pan and the explosion," writes Captain Dillin, "actual tests under the most exacting conditions have proved that it is so trifling as to be negligible; that there is no time to flinch and, therefore, no bad deliveries." He describes, then, the proper loading and priming, and goes on: "Hangfires and misfires are unknown under these conditions, and having had a wide experience with both flintlock and percussion, the author hesitates to give the claim of superiority to the latter system." And fortunately for our curiosity as respects the remaining point—accuracy—we need here depend on no mere legends. In ancient bullet pouches have been found many targets, tucked away there by their owners, probably after a successful shooting match. And in our own times a few perfect specimens of these old rifles have been tested by our modern experts. I have seen a few of the former, and the results of a number of the latter tests are before me as I write. At one hundred yards from the muzzle, and of course from a dead rest, three successive shots were so closely grouped that a five-cent piece was large enough to touch all three; three more from the same rifle—named "Old Killdeer," by the way—repeated this; and two other groups of three each could be covered by a silver half dollar and a dollar respectively. Another arm of similar type made five straight bull's-eyes at the same range; placed six bullets in succession inside a dollar at fifty yards; and of five bullets at twenty-five yards, four cut into the same hole and the fifth was but three-sixteenths of an inch outside. Captain Dillin quotes from an assistant to one of the old rifle makers, who said: "No gun ever suited him unless it was capable of driving a tack three times out of five at fifty yards."

Though one hundred yards might be adopted arbitrarily as about the limit of this delicate accuracy, that by no means marked the effective limit of the arm, especially in war. Old Killdeer, at two hundred yards, placed five balls which could be included in a rectangle five by seven and a half inches, which is good grouping for any modern arm, except such precisionists as the high-velocity type. Careful tests at the standard silhouette man target gave ten straight hits at two hundred, and five out of ten at three hundred. "And," reports the man who made the tests, "the penetration from any of these rifles at three hundred yards, and even beyond that distance, was sufficient to kill, or put out of action, anyone hit."

So we see that the commanding advantage of such weapons as the modern Springfield, as practical arms within the limits desired by the old-timers, lies largely in their speed; and that we cannot dismiss as apocryphal the tales of accuracy that have come down to us from old times.

XIII

THE squire's command to proceed with the next stage of the great match was delayed in obedience by a storm of vigorous protest on the part of Detrick, backed by his fellow craftsmen, who demanded that this new-fangled contraption be excluded from competition. The basis of the protest seemed to be a vague unfairness. But the squire, grinning in relish over the situation, brushed this aside.

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"Nay, my masters," he observed, with fundamental common sense, "I see naught of unfairness here. This is a contest of rifles; and though this new piece of Master Farrell's is of unusual appearance, and most certainly of unusual performance—and I confess myself curious to examine it further—it is most indubitably a rifle. Continue."

In the course of the subsequent proceedings, the crowd fell from its vociferous excitement to a low buzz of attention that, strangely enough, seemed to have in its elements a strong compound of something curiously like awe. Or perhaps not so strangely. Possibly they felt across the occasion the shadow of greatness; realizing dimly in the instinctive parts of themselves that they assisted at one of those significant events that turn the currents of history. As why not? For in the chronicles of their country the patched ball and the grooved barrel were to play a great part, and the sharp crack of the American rifle was destined to call them into far places.

The matches that succeeded were in no true sense contests and need not here be described in what would prove wearisome detail. In the peg match, each man fired five shots at seventy-five yards. Pegs were inserted in the bullet holes, and around the outside a string was stretched. He who had the shortest string was pronounced the winner. Of the others, the man Dall turned in one of nine and five-eighths inches, which was commented upon as close to a record, but Don's measured but a scant five, and one shot a trifle out.* And even in the loading contest, which was a matter of speed and personal dexterity, the patched ball so advantaged Farrell's arm that Don reported ready in the astounding time of twenty seconds,* which far outdid his nearest competitor.

It was a clean sweep, and nobody awaited the squire's formal announcement of the winner. The instant the match had closed, the crowd swarmed about Farrell, eager to examine the new weapon, to hear the principles of its miraculous precision. The marksman, Dall, was the first to get his hands upon it, turning it over and over, his shrewd expert's eye noting its features, his ear cocked to Farrell's explanations.

"You must e'en make me one of these, Master Farrell," said he at the last. "I bespeak one now."

"And I!" "And I!" interposed several others.

It was the little gunmaker's great moment. He was the center of all attention, speaking his piece over and over again to changing audiences, which listened to him with the keen and intelligent attention that men would now bestow on the impossible him who might suddenly bring forth a club that could never fail of a three-hundred-yard drive. Detrick and his fellow artisans stood apart in a disgruntlement that tried unsuccessfully for an air of disdain. Don, also apart, received likewise his share, though lesser, of the attention. Men's most eager interest centered for the moment—and practically so—more on the possibilities of the new weapon for themselves than on the feats they had witnessed. A few praised his marksmanship, but most pressed him for his impressions of the rifle—its trigger pull, its sights, its powder charge and the weight of the ball, and the secrets of its loading. The young man replied as best he could, but always in modest repudiation of his own part.

"Nay, suhs," he insisted. "Ye must award the day to Master Farrell, not to me. For these others be noted marksmen, as you well know; and with this same rifle any one of them, or indeed any other man who is skilled to hold a piece, could have done as well or better."

But at last the concourse began to thin. The sun was low and the air was cooling. Long flights of crows crossed the redness of the skies. Negroes and other servants were collecting together the various gear that had been used for the various purposes and were piling it in a wagon. Lines of men streamed across the fields toward the tavern's cheer. Here and there in the village shone lights in windows.

Farrell, freed at last, joined his guest, and the two turned toward home. The little gunmaker was still so excited that he fairly babbled. The young man strode silently at his side, listening.

"Did ye note their glum faces, lad?" cried Farrell. "And did ye see how their own very champions left them apart to come to me? And did you remark how each of them jumped to possess one of my rifles—nay, and gave order for it on the spot? I must hasten to write down their names, so that I shall not disappoint them! And"—the old man chuckled triumphantly—"the matter that warms my heart the most is that now—will they, nill they—these stiff-necked, obstinate fools must themselves make arms of my pattern, unless they would sell only to farmers and the like! That will grind their haughty souls. For, lad, you shall see, all the world shall now use the long, grooved barrel and the patched ball; for the old style is past and gone, and ye shall soon see them only on the walls to be viewed by the curious, as one looks upon the arquebuses of ancient days!"

Which was in the main an excellent bit of soothsaying; though Master Farrell overlooked the asinine conservatism of government officialdom, or his prophetic eye would have seen the troops of otherwise progressive nations banging away with smooth-bore slugs a hundred years after.

But soon he turned his pæan of exultation.

"And you, lad," he cried, "you were magnificent! Never have I seen any man who held so, and I have seen many of the best. You beat all records; as well I know, for I know them all."

"Nay, suh," replied Don. "Any man who could hold a bar'l could have done the like. If so happed I beat records, as you say, it was because never on range before was fired a bar'l that shot so true."

"That is so. Na'theless I do maintain, and always shall, that none could have done as well. Some might have done its equal from a rest, but none in my knowledge could have done so offhand."

The youth flushed with a pleasure he could not conceal.

"I am obleeged to you fo' your good opinion, suh," said he steadily, "and I am rejoiced if you deem I have been of service to you."

"Richly do you deserve the prize!" cried Farrell.

"Anon?" queried Don.

"The prize, lad," repeated the gunmaker. "Did you not realize it is yours?"

"Nay, suh. I but stood in your stead."

"Mine is the gold medal of the craft. Nay, do not protest. It goes to you according to established rule."

The young man stopped in his tracks.

"And what, suh," he inquired with quiet humor, "should I do with a great, fat ox? Drive it afore me on my journey?"

Farrell laughed appreciatively.

"I doubt not the matter may be compounded for a sum," said he; "I will charge myself with that. And I shall insist you take the further sum I would have paid John Gladden. That is but just."

"Why, suh," said Don, "I will not gainsay you but this is a welcome surprise, for the thought had not occurred to me, and I admit my purse is but slender."

"It is naught—naught!" cried Farrell. "And were it thrice as much I should still be in your debt; for were it not for this happy chance I would even yet be suffering scorn, and now I shall prosper greatly, for all men will desire a rifle of Farrell's make, and ——"

He, in his turn, stopped short in the illumination of a sudden idea. He thrust the rifle, which he had been carrying, into the young man's hands.

"This is yours!" said he.

"Mine?" repeated Don incredulously.

"Whose the better right? Nay, protest not; I shall not listen."

A slow flush overspread the youth's face; then drained away, leaving it almost pale.

"Gainsay me not!" commanded the gunmaker peremptorily. "I shall make scores, nay, hundreds more; and all because of you."

"I cannot refuse you, suh," replied the young man in a low voice, "for I will confess that ever since I first pulled trigger at the shooting, my heart has been eaten with the desire for one such. But I know not how to tell you ——"

"No, need, lad—no need!" Farrell interrupted, his face glowing with pleasure. "And with it shall go molds for balls, and a horn thin as paper and ——"

"Nay, suh, you overwhelm me!" expostulated Don. His head was up, and his eyes were far away. "I shall try to do it honor, suh," said he slowly, "and I can see it is to stand me in good stead, for I shall take it with me over the mountains to the West, where even now I am preparing to go."

"Over the mountains?"

"Into the land known as Kentucky, suh, where, save for John Finley, no man has trod."

"And the work of my hands shall be carried into new and strange lands!" exulted the gunmaker. "And what could better befall, for itself is new and strange! And so shall I share in a great undertaking! And," he cried, inspired, "so shall we name it, so that men forever shall speak of the Kentucky Rifle!" He reached his hand and took the weapon from the young man's grasp. "See, right here I shall set it down in fair, engraved letters—your name and mine together. That I shall do before you depart. But I know you only as Don. What is your surname?"

The young man looked a little embarrassed.

"No, suh, my name is not Don," he confessed. "You misheard me and I did not trouble to set you right."

"Not Don? What is it then?" rejoined the other.

"Dan, suh," said the young man—"Dan'l Boone."

(THE END)

*These figures are actual, measured records.

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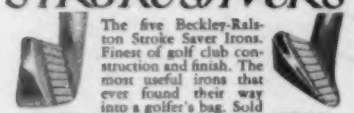

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THE FEAR OF OVERPRODUCTION

(Continued from Page 5)

for the sake of making them, but we never fail to make a change, once it is demonstrated that the new way is better than the old way. We hold it our duty to permit nothing to stand in the way of progress—in the way of giving better service, with all that follows in wages and prices."

This policy keeps one continually balancing the merits of improvements both in methods of making and in design. This, of course, includes materials, for in no direction has there been greater progress than in the working out of new and stronger steels and composite metals. Some changes are forced by the shortage of materials and some by the unreasonably high prices imposed by the material suppliers, but the majority are the results of experience. The first question to answer concerning any suggested change is: Will it result in better service? Service runs in many directions. Among them may be listed:

1. Lower costs. This is a service to wages, profits and prices, and thus to more business.

2. Strength and durability. These serve everyone.

3. Appearance. This is a factor of rising importance.

After examining a suggestion from the end of service, one has then to go into the cost of making the change as compared with the economy to be effected. One has to take the long view and estimate in the light of experience whether the change will increase volume.

It has been our policy since 1908 to have a single base model with a few variations based on accommodation to various needs, and to make improvements on that model from time to time, but without abandoning the fundamental conception of the model. That was our contribution toward checking obsolescence in the hands of the owner.

The trouble with mass production—and the phrase "mass production" is quite misleading—is that it tends to become rigid and keeps on producing regardless of the market. It has been supposed that our company was an exponent of mass production. That has never been true, and I have often explained why. We have merely made a great many automobiles, using the methods which we found most economical. The product has always ruled the methods of making. This is another way of saying that the needs of the public have ruled.

The Easy Road to Oblivion

Rigid machine production of the kind known as mass production quickly comes to an end, for it violates the first principle of large-scale production—which is that the makers must constantly improve the design and quality of the goods turned out. That is the inexorable law of production, and it has been proved time and again. Only a few of the standard articles of twenty years ago are the standard articles of today. Why? Those earlier articles became standard only because they always met the needs of the people. They were bought because they could always be depended upon to be first-class, but they were first-class only because they were constantly improved, although possibly the improvements were seldom mentioned. But if, after the reputation of the articles had become assured, and those who had built the reputation rested, or were followed by men who were content to take the product as they found it and depend on the fine reputation, then dry rot set in and the product steadily slipped back and another product took its place. No product ever remains standard. It has to be kept standard.

It is true that mass production frequently piles up great stacks of goods which cannot be sold, and this leads to the belief that mass production results in overproduction. Inflexible mass production does start to pile up goods the moment the goods cease to suit the buyer or are too high in price, but this is not the fault of the production methods. It is the fault of the managers, in thinking that one design or one method can for long continue. Indeed, if mass production were what it is supposed to be, there would be some cause for alarm—but only among the mass producers. For they would lose by it. It is the large producers who constantly change methods and designs; it is the small producers who cannot change. Among the peasants of Europe or the coolies of the Far East life is standardized. For endless generations they have been doing the same things the same way. Machine production in this country has diversified our life, has given a wider choice of articles than was ever before thought possible—and also it has provided the means wherewith the people may buy them. We standardize only on essential conveniences. Standardization, instead of making for sameness, has introduced unheard-of variety into our life. It is surprising that this has not been generally perceived.

The Necessary Reserve

All this involves quite a fundamental change in corporate finance. A company must do more than keep its plant and equipment in repair. It must continually be changing them to meet changes in design, materials and methods of making; not a single item of equipment can be regarded as permanent. Not even the site can be taken as fixed. We abandoned our Highland Park plant—which was in its day the largest automobile plant in the world—and moved to the River Rouge plant, because in the new plant there could be less handling of materials and, consequently, a saving. We frequently scrap whole divisions of our business, and as a routine affair. And then one has to be prepared against the day when a complete change may be necessary and an entirely new plant constructed to make a new product. We have gone through all of this.

In these days a plant, no matter how much it costs, is worth only its value as scrap metal, for a complete change in methods may require, almost any day, that it be reduced to scrap. Hence a business is not really solvent unless it has a reserve in money which will permit it to make any needed changes at once and out of its own money. A business is financially unsafe if it has to borrow money to meet the needs of progress. For it cannot pay off the loan out of profits and at the same time provide a new reserve against more changes in the future without charging more for its product than it should charge. It cannot, if necessary, go for a time on the no-profit basis just to step up trade. A reserve in money is just as necessary as are the tools of production, but at the same time a business is under the obligation of paying out as much as possible of the money that it receives or else it will not distribute a sufficient purchasing power to make possible the buying of its product. That is an important part of the process of keeping up a constantly increasing flow of goods.

The maintaining of too large a reserve tends to withdraw too much purchasing power from the public, while maintaining too small a reserve endangers the continuance of the business. In our case, we for years maintained a large reserve because we knew that some day we should have to make sweeping changes.

Now that we have made one complete change and know about what it cost, we have decided to keep a sufficient cash balance on hand and then endeavor so to fix our prices and our wages that our income and outgo will balance. This does not mean that our business will be managed as a kind of charity—it would not last long as a charity. No one will be paid for other than work. But what is the point of taking profits if one does not want them? The wages of

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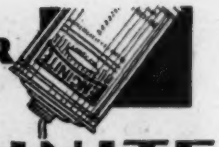

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the workmen are more important to the country than the dividends to stockholders. There is nothing at all to do with profits except to put them back into industry, and this is true whether the profits stay in the company as surplus or are distributed as wages or dividends. The business of maintaining life is the only proper use of money.

What has to do with overproduction? Every For that which is called overproduction comes about in part from unreasoned production, and in part from not paying attention to the building of buying power. And no attention can be given either to reasoning production in terms of needs or to building buying power, unless the finances of the corporation are handled in a broad industrial way instead of in a narrow financial way.

If a machine be regarded only as a way of saving labor—as a method by which an employer can do with fewer men—then it may be a hardship to everyone. The workers who broke up the first power loom were logical according to their lights; in fact, the whole opposition to the introduction of power and machinery has had a reasonable foundation. The rebellion—although few know it—is against the use of machinery as a mere substitute for hand labor. The phrase "labor-saving" is current as evidence of how little the function of machinery is understood. For unless machinery is labor-serving it has no excuse for being.

The proper and profitable use of machinery for production demands a very different conception of the industrial organization from that which was held in the old hand days, or in the days when machines were only aids to man power. That was, properly, the machine age. But now, as a matter of fact, the machine age has passed. We are now in the process of finding out how best to make machines serve us. They are now just a part in a new order.

This does not seem wholly to be grasped. Much of today's thinking is still in the stage of fitting labor-serving machines into a hand-labor kind of society. They cannot be so fitted, and much that is blamed on machines should be blamed on a lack of comprehension of the new life that we are in. We fail to realize that if we are to have things continuously in more abundance we cannot also preserve all the traditions of the old isolated, self-contained society. Neither can we preserve the old dependent relation between the employe and the employer. The world does not owe any of us a living, but we all owe livings to one another.

Releasing Men for Better Work

It seems that the time when people begin to get excited over an industrial movement is also just about the time when the movement is either waning or has considerably changed its form. When the prophets get together and decide when and how disaster is coming, the conditions from which they predict disaster have already changed. It has always been so with machinery. Every little while someone without a complete knowledge of the subject gets a general notion of what is going on, and then starts in to predict and to forecast. The net of their prophecies is that the world will soon be so full of machines as to leave no place for men.

Some machinery does displace men, but that is only a stage in its development. A ditch may be more effectively dug by a power shovel than by a gang of men, but that is a displacement in the interests of humanity, for merely moving earth around with a shovel is not a human sort of job. Cheapening the digging of ditches allows more ditches to be dug, and among the many consequences of cheap ditches are better drainage and health, a demand for pipe, the removal of ugly and dangerous wires, and so on and on. It soon works out that the ditching machine, though a blessing to everyone, is a most particular blessing to the man who once dug ditches, for it opens up new and better work for him.

Machinery driven by power is only a tool, and if we consider even the highest developments of machinery only as tools, the situation becomes somewhat easier to comprehend. A foot rule is a tool, but it does not save labor in the sense of destroying jobs. Without the element of measurement, we could not have industry. A chisel does not save labor; it enables a man to do what he could not otherwise do. One first-class carpenter can put up more and better buildings than a thousand cave men. He does not displace a thousand men; he just does what they, without tools, could not do. If the carpenter must cut down the trees to make boards with his set of tools, he can do far less than if the boards are delivered to him. If the lumbering and millwork have been done by machinery, then the boards will come to him finished, and on them he need use only his skill instead of both his skill and his muscle. The machinery has served him. No one in this country regrets the passing of the chimney sweep. Yet chimney sweeping was once the livelihood of many persons.

Fallacies of the Theorists

No one can deny that a workman needs tools of some sort with which to work. But is there a point at which the fineness of the tools causes less work instead of more work? It is not necessary to discuss the point as to whether industry exists to provide work for men or to provide goods for men. There happens to be no conflict between providing goods and providing work, just as there is no conflict between low costs and high wages. If machinery, no matter how simple or no matter how complex, be used for any purpose other than providing a free flow of goods at the lowest possible prices, then the balance between production and consumption is hurt and there will be few jobs for men. But also there will be few buyers for the products of the machines, and the machines will be only liabilities to their owners. If a machine be regarded as labor-saving instead of as labor-serving, it may become a menace. The fault is not, however, in the machine but in the managers of it.

There is no point at which the development of the machine is a menace. An iron chisel is better than a flint one, and a steel chisel is better than an iron one. Could there be a point where the cutting quality of the chisel could be made so fine that it would be a menace? Obviously not.

There is a great deal of wrong in the labor-saving theory. It is founded not on fact but on very superficial reasoning. A good deal of the reasoning starts with the error of assuming that machinery is merely labor-saving because someone in the past called it labor-saving. Most of our more important machines today do not save labor except in a larger sense. They do things which either could not be done by hand or would not be done at all, had not the machines come in to make the product cheap enough to touch a universal demand.

The automobile is only one of hundreds of commodities that have been made possible by the machine. One may look at the automobile as only an extension of the power of man, but it is really a thing of itself. A man can go faster on roller skates than he can on foot, and on a bicycle he can make his strength still more efficient. But in an automobile he contributes only guidance and control. His personal strength is not of moment. The automobile is really, therefore, not a labor-saving device at all. It enables the doing of things that would not otherwise be done. A drop-forging machine is, in a way, doing what men might do with heavy hammers, but an upsetting machine—which presses a bit of metal into shape—is doing something requiring a strength and power not attainable by human beings. Up until 1925 our factories had never used as much as 30,000,000 kilowatt hours of electrical power in a month. It was not until last year that we ever touched 40,000,000 a month, but now we are around 60,000,000. To think of such amounts of power in terms of slaves, or of substituting for the strength of men, or in

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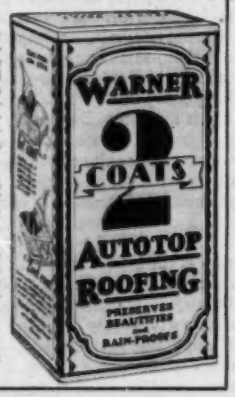

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any human terms is only distorting the picture, for human strength could not possibly be mobilized to exert any such amount of power in one place.

The power is nothing of itself. It has to be used through machines. It cannot be used through men. These machines are therefore more than mere extensions of the human hands. They are labor-serving, not labor-saving. Describing them in terms of labor saved brings in the thought that there is only so much work to be done in the world, and that there is a choice between doing it with men and doing it with machines. There is no such choice. The work simply could not be done by men.

It is quite generally believed that the introduction of machinery to do work formerly done by men creates unemployment. That, however, is not usually the case, for if the machines are properly used they will create more employment than before, and the period of change will be neither long nor difficult. The larger unemployment arises from the wiping out of whole industries through technical progress, or in those industries or sections of industries that refuse to keep up with the advances in science or in practice. We can never have any prolonged unemployment if the leaders in industry stay fully awake. Only such industries as oversleep awaken to find themselves not needed. And we are always better off for the ending of sleepy industries, for they invariably are low-wage industries.

It used to be taken for granted that quantity production had to be rough and ready. It was thought that the machine was not so accurate as the skilled worker. When I first went into the large-scale production of automobiles, a tolerance of one-hundredth of an inch was in the region of extreme accuracy. But the public—especially in automobiles—has become educated to demand better workmanship, so that now a tolerance of one-thousandth of an inch is common and a tolerance of one ten-thousandth is not uncommon. Such accuracy would be out of the question in other than the most expensive, skilled handwork. The older machinery and methods of production would not give this accuracy.

An Important Thousandth

It cannot be too often repeated that production and design must go together. The tools have not yet been devised that will make any part exactly to a measurement. The nearest approach to absolute exactness is in our Johansson-gauge department, which controls the gauges throughout all our industries. On the blue print the exact measurement of a part is put down. This exact size is not always attained, and so, in addition to the measurement, there is noted a "permitted tolerance"—which means that the part may be a certain fraction of an inch above or below the designated size.

When we began quantity manufacturing, years ago, the tolerances were rather large, although smaller than on any piece of machinery that had previously been made in quantity. This had to be because there were no machines in existence which could produce more precise work. As the years passed and we developed better machinery the tolerances grew much closer, until, when we retooled our industries, we were able to take a big jump in precision. We made a limit of three ten-thousandths of an inch rather common, while on a few parts we put the limit at one ten-thousandth. This precision is not demanded simply as a test of skill. The better fitted the parts of a machine, the better work it will do and the longer it will last. The fact here to be noted is that increased precision has fundamentally changed the function of the machines and the character of the men who work with them. A thousandth of an inch has proved to have large consequences in the employment of men.

These consequences run exactly counter to the ordinary ideas on the subject. With crude machinery the man must be a part of the machine and function with it, and under these circumstances he is at his best when restricted to a single operation. We carried that principle further than ever it had been carried; so far, indeed, as to show us it was only a step on the way. Workmen have very generally suspected or resisted scientific management, and in this they have been more instinctively right than most managers are willing to acknowledge. It is right for a man to resist being made into a machine. We regulated the speed of the men by the speed of the conveyor and found it possible to get a large and economical production at a moderate, steady pace and to reflect it in our wage rates and in our selling prices. No manufacturing economy is worth while unless it be translated into both wages and sales prices. It does not do to put all the savings into the sales prices, for then the wage earners are not added to the list of possible customers. And putting all the savings into profits is very shortsighted, for the profits go to comparatively few people and have little effect upon consumption.

Increasing Earnings by Machine

We began first to eliminate hard work, and then we discovered that machines could be devised to take the place of many hand operations or operations where the machine had wholly to be controlled by hand. This quickly led us to machines that did more than one operation, as, for instance, boring a number of holes at once, or performing several operations on a part at the same time, or even, with automatic or quasi-automatic machines, completing a whole part. A full automatic machine is one that requires no human attention; a quasi-automatic requires an attendant—if only to put in the unfinished part and take out the finished one. And thus we began to learn that the minute subdivision of labor was based on man power and neglected the possibilities of machine power. Then we started to find machines that would do many operations at the same time, and we began to group operations instead of separating them, as before. This is the road to automatic machinery.

The present problem is to discover the principles and work out the designs for automatic machinery that will completely turn out articles of whatever accuracy of measurement may be required. We have one job right now that needs great accuracy and which employs 900 men. That whole job could be far better done by the right kind of machine with very few attendants. Such a machine will have to be devised. Accurate, large-scale production must now have automatic or nearly automatic machines in order to reduce the cost and the errors of human labor.

Machinery is thus developing rapidly to take the position of the old craftsman in production. This is an advantage, for it both raises the quantity of production and increases the possible earnings of men. If a man works with a machine which will produce 100 units as against one by hand, then more people can have goods and at the same time the man is demonstrating a higher earning power. The man who helps make the machine which, in turn, makes the machine which actually produces goods is in a position to be paid more highly than the most skilled man in the production of goods, for he furnishes the means for high production. And though the machine itself may have only a single purpose, the mechanics who make the machines or who manage them must be in the nature of all-round men. This is one of the machine developments which have not been foreseen.

The actual development runs exactly counter to tradition and it is going to take some years to train men to view themselves as general mechanics and artisans capable of quickly learning to manage almost any kind of machine. There will always be places for expert hand craftsmen, as they are artists, and are to be regarded as such. But they will not be used in production, for there is no use in wasting the time of an artist doing tasks which a machine can do quite as well, and usually better.

(Continued on Page 138)

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a few minutes there eases you over the rough spots further on

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The Purolator Oil Filter removes from lubricating oil all of the road dust, the dirt, the scraps of metal and the hard carbon which work their way into the crankcase. It prevents these harmful substances from turning the oil . . . pure and effective when you filled up . . . into a harsh abrasive that cuts and grinds cylinder walls, pistons, bearings and gears . . . puts your car in the garage for repairs.

The Purolator gives faithful service for 8000 miles of driving. But when this distance is reached, the Purolator cartridge is usually full of dirt and sludge. You can no longer rely upon it to keep your car running smoothly.

That is why, when your speedometer registers 8000 miles, you should head for a garage or service station and have this protection renewed.

Re-cartridging is a simple operation. Just say to the service man, "Please re-cartridge my Purolator," and in a few minutes you're back on the road.

Then drive off, happy in the knowledge that clean oil is keeping your motor purring for another 8000 miles. Motor Improvements, Inc., 363 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Index of Advertisers

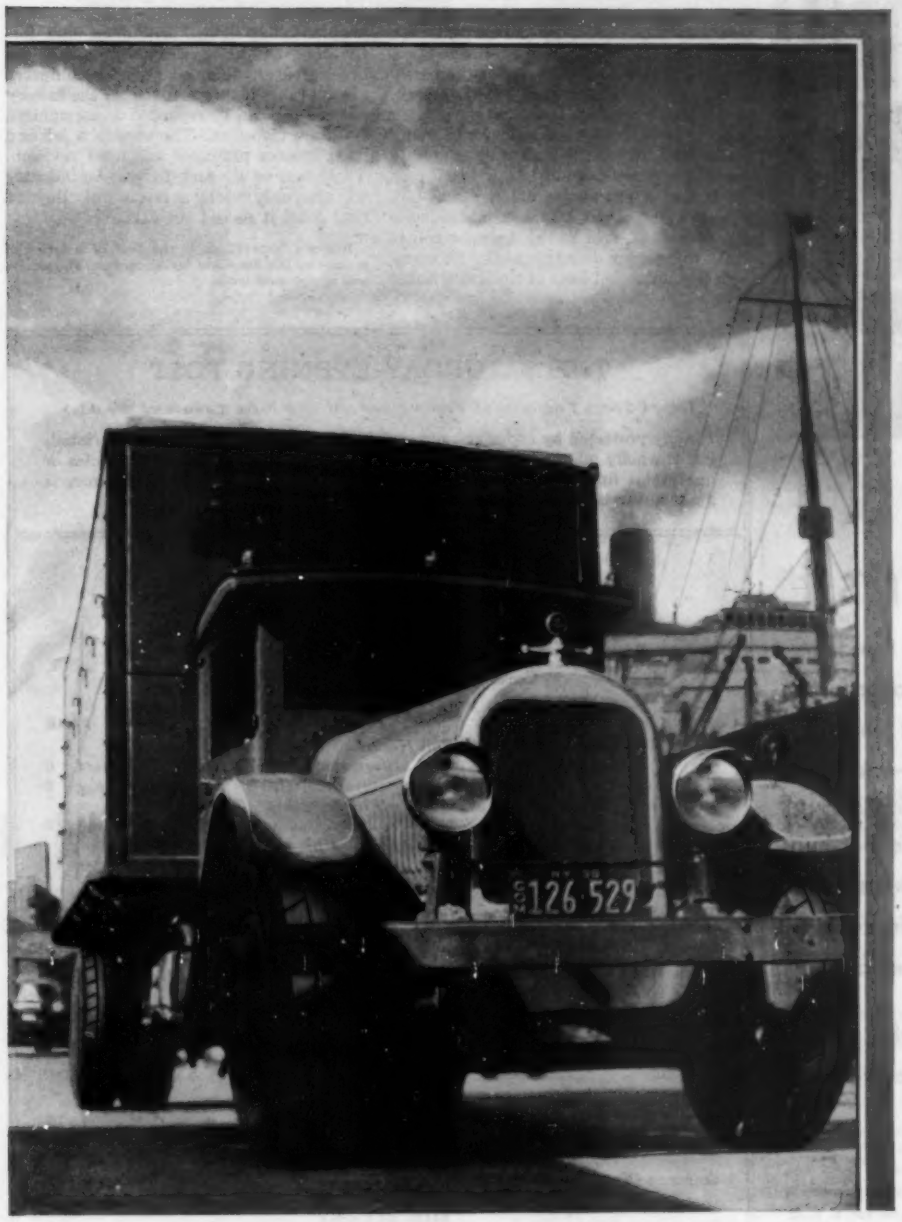
July 12, 1930

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies	123
Air-Maze Corp.	126
Alexander Hamilton Institute	133
American Express Company	115
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	97
American Gas Machine Co., Inc.	69
American Rolling Mill Co., The	104
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	55
American Well Works, The	125
Armstrong Cork Company	63
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, The Great	116
Auburn Automobile Company	37
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	57
Bauer & Black	64
Beckley-Ralston Co., The	132
Blackhawk Mfg. Co.	89
Bridgeport Hdwe. Mfg. Corp., The	133
Buick Motor Company	70, 71
B. V. D. Company, Inc., The	138
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	23
Canadian National Exhibition	98
Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co., Inc.	133
Chrysler Sales Corporation	33
Coca-Cola Company, The	1
Corbin, P. & F.	74
Crofut & Knapp Co., The	111
Dixon Crucible Company, Joseph	133
Dodge Brothers Corporation	41
Du Pont Cellophane Company	61
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	96
Estate Stove Company, The	113
Faultless Caster Company	119
Fisher Body Corp.	28
Flax-li-num Insulating Co.	79
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	106
Ford Company, The J. B.	128
Ford Motor Company	58, 59
General Baking Company	140
General Electric Company	56
General Foods Corporation: Postum Company, Inc.	38
Glo-Co Company	132
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F.	43
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	50, 51
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	39
Grigsby-Grunow Company	80
Gulf Refining Company	73
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., The	75
Hertel Co., The John A.	132
Hudson Motor Car Company	54
India Tea Bureau	122
Indian Refining Co.	88
Industrial Refining Co., Inc.	132
Ingersoll-Waterbury Co., The (Division of Waterbury Clock Co.)	124
Insurance Company of North America, The	53
International Harvester Company of America	107
International Nickel Company, Inc., The	68
Invincible Metal Furniture Co.	132
Iron Fireman Mfg. Co.	112
Jantzen Knitting Mills	72
Kendall Refining Company	127
Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc., The	135
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation	100
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	III Cover
Ladies' Home Journal	118
Lavoris Chemical Company	87
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	108
Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company	103
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	62
Lorillard Company, P.	40
Middle West Utilities Company	77
Mollé Company, The	84
Motor and Equipment Association	131
Motor Improvements, Inc.	136
Moto Meter Gauge & Equipment Corporation	120
Nelson Corporation, The Herman	139
New Haven Clock Company, The	105
Niagara Hudson Power Corporation	137
Northern Pacific Ry.	90, 91
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	117
Oakland Motor Car Company	35
Olds Motor Works	30
Paramount Publix Corporation	48
Philco	66, 67
Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.	IV Cover
Plymouth Motor Corporation	76
Polk Miller Products Corporation	121
Postum	38
Probak Corporation	57
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
RCA Radiotron Co., Inc.	47
Reo Motor Car Company	78
Robbins & Myers, Inc.	101
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	95, 133
Sharp & Dohme	114
Sikes Company, The	109
Simoniz Co., The	102
Sterling Clock Co., Inc.	99
Stokes Rubber Co., Jos.	81
Swift & Company	25
Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation	44, 45
Tricolator Co., Inc.	132
Universal Pictures	60
Vacuum Oil Company	27
Valentine & Company	82, 83
Van Cleef Bros.	110
Wanamaker, John	132
Warner-Patterson Co.	134
Western Co., The	85
Wheeling Steel Corporation	65
White Company, The	93
Wilcox, Crittenden & Co., Inc.	92
Wilkening Manufacturing Co.	94
Wolverine Lubricants Co., Inc.	106
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.	86

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

NEW YORK STATE still offers Pioneer opportunities

The pitfalls in the path of manufacturers today are just as real as the dangers confronting the pioneer of covered wagon days.



THE motor-truck replaces the covered wagon. The riveter's rat-a-tat drowns out the frontier rifle. Yet certain hazards still await the manufacturer.

Of these, the growing cost of distribution is the worst. Too many factories waste their profits in excessive marketing expense.

In the new science of plant-location, the search is no longer for a site on the far-flung frontier where raw materials happen to be. Six other factors are now weighed. Of these, the two most favorable to New York State are:

1. ***Lower cost of distribution***
2. ***Lower cost of electricity***

Naturally, distribution expense is at its lowest. Here you are in the center of the world's greatest group of consumers. At your back-door, there are ships to carry your goods to the four corners of the earth.

Quite as outstanding, although not as vital, are your savings in power costs. Niagara Hudson's rates are far less than the nation's average. This, too, is a definite, demonstrable fact.

You will have all the other advantages too: Transportation facilities are unexcelled. Basic raw materials are available either within the borders of the State, or close by. Unlimited capital is available. Labor is plentiful and productive.

For further information, please write for new 28-page illustrated booklet, "New York, the Great Industrial State." You will receive the booklet, but no personal follow-up of any kind. If you then wish further facts as to your own business . . . its costs and its profits . . . you can command the services of our engineers. They will give you technical analyses entirely free from the usual salesmanship. Address Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Industrial Development Bureau, Albany, N. Y.

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ALBION	CARTHAGE	FRANKFORT	HUDSON	MASSENA	PULASKI	TONAWANDA
AMSTERDAM	COBLESKILL	FREDONIA	HUDSON FALLS	MEDINA	RENSSELAER	TROY
ANTWERP	CORTLAND	GENESEO	ILION	MOHAWK	ROME	UTICA
BALDWINSVILLE	COHOES	GLENS FALLS	JAMESTOWN	NEW YORK MILLS	ROTTERDAM	WATERFORD
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			LYONS			

Write for our new book, describing the industrial territory served by Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, including among others the localities listed at the left.

NIAGARA HUDSON

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

"Next to myself I like 'B. V. D.' best"

your COMFORT comes first

If you are like most men, you have declared for freedom—and comfort! You have substituted a neat, soft collar for the old choker, soft cuffs for starched cuffs, soft shirts for "hard boiled" shirts, low shoes for high shoes—and so on.

In underwear, comfort means a garment that neither hugs or binds the body—a garment that has one thickness at the waist instead of two—a garment that permits the free circulation of air—the best antidote for uncomfortable perspiration.

All this is simply another way of describing the famous B. V. D. Union Suit....Wear one and see for yourself.

Other B. V. D. Products—Coat Shirts and Drawers of B. V. D. nainsook, Pull-over Shirts and attractive Shorts, Knit Union Suits, Swimming Suits and Sweaters. The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc.—it will pay you to look for B. V. D.

B.V.D. THE B. V. D. COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

union suit

(Continued from Page 134)

The spirit of craftsmanship may be in everyone, but the ability to become a real craftsman is reserved for the very few, and these few will come to the top under any circumstances. The usual average man will learn just so much and no more about any job that he is put at, and there is no point in pretending that he is a mentally hungry human being with a gnawing appetite for knowledge. Possibly he ought to be and possibly he will be all that, but he never has been and is not today. The run of journeymen mechanics or artisans have only a certain skill that they bring to their tasks, and only the most exceptional man can meet an unusual situation. They must be both led and supervised in order to do first-class work.

The tendency in the crafts, therefore, is, on one side, toward greater specialization and, on the other, toward greater freedom. In carpentry, for example, the special parts of buildings which were formerly made by the carpenter on the job are now put together by special machinery in the factory and only set in place by the carpenter on the job. This release from special requirements brings the opportunity or the necessity to widen the individual's field of work, so that now we find a generation of men who know how to be helpful along many lines; who, in fact, have a very moderate amount of knowledge of half a dozen jobs instead of a knowledge of only one job. The old gibe about a Jack-of-all-trades is out of fashion. No knowledge now comes amiss to a man in doing his work. So many formerly unrelated lines of work now enter into the production of the simplest article that a man must be made versatile in spite of himself. We have discovered that though a man may never attain the status of a specialist on any job, which few ever attained even under the old system, he can attain a moderate mastery of half a dozen different kinds of jobs as easily as of one. An ability to work at a wide variety of tasks with an understanding of what he is doing is a necessary characteristic of the new kind of general workmen that modern industry needs. Such workmen are developing rather rapidly, but in changing over our industries we could have used many more of them had they been available.

This is a world of change. No industry ever stands still, and no industrial unit ever stands still. Every company in this country is either going forward or going back, according to the necessity for the service which it performs and the quality of its performance. It is very comforting to think of a great manufacturing company as an institution which will go on forever and be a source of livelihood to a large body of people. That simply cannot be, but, fortunately, as one industry passes out, another greater and more important industry always takes its place. Neither the factory nor the job can be regarded as permanent. Both are transient. The view of a job as a fixed income producer will need revision. There can be no such fixity. An industry will exist only so long as it is useful. Beyond that point it should not exist.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Ford and Mr. Crowther. The second will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

July 12, 1930

Cover Design by Lawrence D. Toney

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Baby Milly and the Pharaoh—*Ben Hecht* — *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett* — 6
Fishers of Men—*Leonard H. Nason* — *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* — 8
Red-Flannel Petticoats—*Margaret Culkin Banning* — *Illustrated by R. M. Crosby* — 10
The Limestone Tree—The Long Hunter—*Joseph Hergesheimer* — *Illustrated by F. R. Gruger* — 14

ARTICLES

The Fear of Overproduction—*Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther* — *Decorations by Wyncie King* — 3
Why Drown?—*Capt. Charles B. Scully* — *Photographs* — 12
I Was Your Old "Hello" Girl—*Katherine M. Schmitt* — *Photographs* — 18
They Told Barron—*Edited by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore* — *Photographs* — 21
The Problem of Haiti—*Josephus Daniels* — *Etching by Herbert Pullinger* — 32

SERIALS

The Long Rifle (Conclusion)—*Stewart Edward White* — *Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner* — 16
Mirthful Haven (Conclusion)—*Booth Tarkington* — *Illustrated by Orison MacPherson* — 24
Gunman (Fourth part of six)—*Charles Francis Coe* — *Illustrated by H. J. Mowat* — 29

MISCELLANY

Editorials — 20
Post Scripts — 22
The Poets' Corner — 38
Out-of-Doors — 40

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

BEHIND THAT GRILLE IN THE WALL

There's a radiator that says... "This home is modern"

Study any room heated by a Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator and you will see why radiators have ceased to be a "hopeless problem."

You will observe that there is no object in the room to interfere with the tasteful arrangement of furniture—nothing to cause discord in the decorative scheme. For the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator is encased *within the wall*—not merely concealed from view but completely out of the way.

You simply have it installed in connection with a steam, hot water, vapor or vacuum heating system—then never give it another moment's thought or attention. It is sturdily and scientifically built—without joints of any kind to fail and leak. It has no parts that can rust or get out of order.

If you are planning a residence or any other type of building—and if you would have a heating system as modern as the building itself—consider the wisdom of equipping each room with a Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator.

Consult your architect or heating engineer, or get in touch with our nearest sales office (see list below). If you prefer, write for our descriptive catalogue. THE HERMAN NELSON CORPORATION,* Moline, Ill.

HERMAN NELSON *Invisible* RADIATOR

* Makers of the *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator*, for residences, apartments, hotels, offices and monumental structures—the *Univent*, for the ventilation of schools, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem—the *Herman Nelson hi Jet Heater*, for economical distribution of heat in factories, mills, garages, warehouses, and smaller buildings.

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Its *flavor* tells you that Bond Bread is fresh

HOW can you tell whether or not a loaf of bread is fresh? Certainly not by pinching it with your fingers. Pinching breaks the delicate walls of the bread cells. A crumbly loaf, either for you or for your neighbor, is the result. Even more important—mere softness tells you nothing of the loaf's goodness. When you want fresh bread, you want bread that is newly baked, and rich in flavor. A close-textured, substantial loaf such as Bond Bread, even when fresh from the oven, is firmer than a loose-textured, fluffy loaf. No. Pinching the loaf will not do. Your own taste must be the judge. There simply can't be a more convincing test of freshness than your own enjoyment of Bond Bread's rich, home-like flavor.

43,040 *home-bakers helped to perfect* **Bond**

The *home-like* bread

Bond Bread *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

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GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

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Three matchless, super-values in smart living room suites

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At each of the prices quoted here, Kroehler sets entirely new standards of value in living room suites *of proved quality*. Just read the descriptions and imagine this finely built furniture in your home.

Whether you pay the highest or the lowest of these prices, you are guaranteed style, beauty and two famous Kroehler features that assure long service. (1) A non-warping, life-time frame of fine hard woods. (2) The patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction instead of ordinary webbing.

Kroehler dealers everywhere are now exhibiting these three Super-Values and many other attractive designs. See them before you make any selection for your living room.

Should you not recall the Kroehler dealer in your locality, write us direct. His name and address will be sent promptly, also a copy of our valuable booklet on modern room arrangement, entitled, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or STRATFORD, CANADA

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a harmonious three-piece suite where desired, $63 . . . . . $190

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75 $230

All prices slightly higher in Western Canada

No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality line. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces, $150. Extra chair, $48.50. . . . $150

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

Is "safety first" the only rule in baking?

Is the elimination of failures the only thing to be considered in baking? Isn't there something else, just as necessary?

Of course, avoiding failures is extremely important. That's the reason Pillsbury's Best Flour is constantly tested, by daily baking, by every scientific method known — to make sure that it will never fail you, that every sack will work perfectly for any baking purpose — bread, biscuits or pastry.

But after all, really successful baking is more than this. You've heard one woman say to another, "Why do the things you bake always taste better than mine — although mine look just as good?" She is asking for the secret of the real baking artist — *perfect flavor*. It isn't a mystery — simply choose ingredients (flavorings, shortening, etc.) with greatest care, and use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable—Pillsbury's Best. For Pillsbury's baking chemists have found one reason for this finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat that make a richer flour — and that foods made from this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best Flour is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It gives you double value — dependability, plus finer flavor.

It's a wonderfully comfortable feeling, to know that your flour will never fail you — and, more than that, to know that all your foods will have that delicate, unmistakably richer flavor that is the mark of finest baking. All good grocers have Pillsbury's Best Flour — ask for it by name — for better flavor and more certain success in all your baking!

BRIDGE COOKIES

½ cup shortening	1½ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
1 cup sugar	2 teaspoons baking powder
4 egg yolks	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Cream the shortening and sugar together; add the egg yolks, well beaten, and the vanilla. Sift the dry ingredients together; and add to the first mixture. Transfer to a board dusted lightly with Pillsbury's Best Flour; and roll the dough to one-fourth inch thickness. Cut in fancy shapes with a bridge cookie cutter set; and decorate with halved candied cherries, chopped nuts, colored sugar and silver candies. Transfer to an oiled cookie sheet; and bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees F., about twelve minutes.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home Makers' Club.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.
Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

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